

The Journal.

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1869.

THE NEW YORK PAPERS are discussing the question, "Is Protestantism a failure?" Some of the Protestant clergymen think it is, while all Catholics, of course, think ditto. We don't think a speedy conclusion will be arrived at from this discussion; at least the question will not be speedily settled.

STILL the issue of the President's proclamation, friends of the prominent rebels yet absent from the country begin to call the wanderers home. Mr. John C. Breckenridge, who has so long refused to be entreated, is expected to return at once. Ex-Secretary Thompson, Ex-Senator Mason, and Sheridan's Early are also coming. Kentucky is thought to be pinning for a chance to send Mr. Breckenridge back to the Senate. If things keep on after this fashion we shall have the old leading rebels back in Congress again, Jeff Davis among them.

NEIGHBOR Bowles of the Republican is making a good thing out of his one night's lodging in jail. The newspapers throughout the country have come to his rescue and made him a hero. Such a sensation has been created over the outrage that the Republican will be read and circulated more than ever. We are not sure but it will pay Mr. Bowles, though the notoriously unjust New York courts condemn him to pay \$50,000. Next to having his obituary written, are the favorable notices which appear in all the papers concerning neighbor Bowles.

SEVERAL candidates are suggested for the place of Revenue Commissioner, when Mr. Rollins' term expires, but it seems difficult to find just the right man for that place. We would, therefore, suggest the name of Charles N. Emerson of Pittsfield. He has had experience as U. S. assessor in one of the best districts in the country, and under him all the taxes have been honestly and faithfully assessed. He has also written several works on the revenue service which are standard authority. After Mr. Rollins, there is probably no better man for the office than Mr. Emerson, of which fact will Gen. Grant please take notice?

THE Eight Hour Law advocates are rather discouraged in their efforts to bring about a labor millennium. The law of Congress establishing eight hours as a day's work has resulted so disastrously that there is a desire to have the law repealed. As a reward for eight hours Government employees get four-fifths pay for their work, and they are a long time getting that. The difficulty is that eight hours do not constitute a fair day's work, and that employers cannot afford to pay as much for eight hours labor as they can for ten. Where twelve and fourteen hours are expected for a day's work, there is reason for complaint, but with ten hours little fault can be found.

THE Conference for settling—or, we should rather say, for attempting a solution of, the Eastern Question, is to meet the present month at Paris. All the great Powers are reported to have adhered to it, and the adhesion of Greece is probable. Whether the Turks have reconsidered their refusal to accept, the Conference we have not learned; but the European Powers have long been accustomed to settle Turkish questions without consent of the Turkish Government, and if the opposition of the latter should have any influence at all upon the Conference it will be certainly not in the favor of Turkey. The American Consul, it is stated, has promised to extend the protection of the American flag to the Greeks who are expelled from Constantinople by order of the Sultan.

THE conference which was fixed for the 21 of January has been postponed to an indefinite time. A dispatch from Constantinople states that Petropouloski and the Greek volunteers in Crete have surrendered to the Turks, and it is officially announced at that city that the last of the insurgents of the island of Crete have surrendered to the porte.

ANOTHER Legislature will assemble next Wednesday, and a very different one it will be from that of last winter. If we may judge from the list of members elected. There will be something of a contest for presiding officers in both branches. Judge Pitman is a candidate for president of the Senate, and as he represents the prohibition sentiment of the State, and the Senate is supposed to be of the same character, Mr. Brastow, the president of last year, will not find a reelection an easy matter. Harvey Jewell, the last speaker of the House, is a candidate for the same place this year, but John I. Baker, once after the temperance heart of Judge Pitman, wants the position. He would not make so good a speaker as Mr. Jewell, though an excellent man in any place. There will be no opposition to the old clerks of both branches, but Mr. Morrissey, Sergeant-at-arms, will have to fight for his place again this year. Gardner Tufts is after that office, and he will be strongly backed by the soldiers, for whom he did a great deal during the war. The new Governor will not give us his inaugural address before Friday. We predict that it will not be a long one, but a business-like document, with more good sense than eloquence.

SMALL FOX.—The Pacific coast is terribly afflicted with small fox, and the number of deaths is very large.

The Old Year and the New.

THE Old Year, 1868, is dead and gone. It departed in the midnight and moonlight of Thursday, resigning its life peacefully, like an aged pilgrim, whose journey is finished. A long obituary might be written on the death of 1868, giving an interesting record of its eventful life, but all the events of the year are well known to our readers. It has been remarkable for the number and destructiveness of its tornadoes and earthquakes and for its terrible railway disasters. In other respects it has not differed much from the years that have gone before. In closing it leaves the business world in a state of depression, and the people are anxiously waiting a change for the better.

But we have little now to do with the past. A new year dawns, and to its destinies we all commit our hopes, our fortunes and our lives. It is an excellent time to form good resolutions and to commence carrying them out—a good time to commence better lives; to do more good in the world; to forgive our enemies and love our neighbors better, for in doing this we shall become better Christians.

To our readers, one and all, we extend a cordial greeting, and wish them an honest, heartfelt Happy New Year!

The Tunnel Contract.

THE contract for completing the Hoosac Tunnel has finally been signed by the "high contracting parties," and the seal of the State has been affixed, thus settling the vexed question for the present. After an unparagonable waste of funds, and years of Legislative quarrelling over the enterprise, there is a prospect that the job will be completed in four or five years.

The Shanley brothers agree to complete the Tunnel and lay down four and three-quarters miles of substantial railway track through it, rated at fourteen thousand dollars per mile, for four million five hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars. They agree to commence operations at once with energy, and by the first day of May next to deepen the central shaft fourteen inches per day, and to advance from the east and west faces two hundred and fifty feet per month. They engage to carry down the central shaft to the base of the Tunnel by May 1, 1870, and hereafter to advance from four faces the full-sized tunnel at the rate of four thousand nine hundred feet per year, or two-thirds of a mile per year. At this rate of progress they would complete the enterprise in less than four years; but, as a safeguard against all casualties, they are allowed a year more for the completion. They expect, however, to complete the undertaking two years within the time prescribed by statute. Upon the completion of this work, the State will have in its possession a finished railway of forty-four miles, just the length of the Boston and Worcester Railway, at a cost for its completion of four million six hundred thousand dollars in round numbers, or one hundred and four thousand dollars per mile of track.

The State has, however, provided, by contracts with connecting lines, that this railway shall not only have its local business and pro rata share of the through business, but shall also have twenty per cent. of the profit of those lines doing joint business with it, and it is found by computation that this arrangement lengthens the line for income from forty-four to one hundred miles, and this virtually reduces the cost of the Tunnel line, from this time until the completion, from one hundred and four thousand dollars, to forty-six thousand dollars a mile, or less than the average cost of Massachusetts' railways.

A GOOD IDEA.—The Boston Transcript thinks it would be a good idea to give President Johnson a personal illustration of the beauties of his financial theories, and proposes that his salary be paid "in a treasury bond on interest, due in seventeen years, with the provision that the interest as it accrues be deducted from the principal instead of being paid to Mr. Johnson."

ROBBERY IN CHICOPEE.—A daring robbery was committed at Chicopee Tuesday afternoon. As G. H. Shumway, express agent, was going to the depot with an express bag, two men suddenly threw red pepper in his eyes, and, wrenching the bag from him, made good their escape. The amount stolen is \$25.

INGENIOUS CHINAMAN.—Two San Francisco policemen tried to arrest a Chinaman. They found it necessary to leave him a moment, and so handcuffed him with his arms behind his back. When they returned their prisoner was gone—he had climbed up the post and swung his arms over the top.

ANOTHER WONDER.—They have got a rival for Blind Tom in Mississippi in the person of a negro woman, eighteen years of age, who does not know a letter of the alphabet or a note of music, and yet plays everything she has heard on the piano in the most correct and beautiful manner.

LIBERALITY.—In the past six years Mr. Peabody of London has given one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars (gold) to help the poor of that city. Including his donations in America he has given away between four and five millions of dollars.

CHEAP OCEAN PASSAGE.—A petition, signed by a great many members of Parliament, has been presented to Her Majesty, requesting her to urge our Government to adopt a system of penny postage between the United States and Great Britain.

TERRIBLE CONFESSION.—A woman who recently died at Lafayette, N. J., confessed before she died that she had killed her child, husband and father-in-law with poison. She had always borne a good reputation, and was a church member.

OLD FASHIONED.—A farmer and his wife in Webster have kept house 28 years, and have never used a cooking-stove—or any other kind of stove. They have adhered to the good old open fire-places.

LETTER FROM SPRINGFIELD.

From our own Correspondent.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 30th, 1868.

MR. EDITOR:—For the last time in old '68 will I make an attempt to write you, for surely now that the excitement and excitement attending Christmas festivities are well over, we should find breathing space in which to remember an old friend and the duties of the New Year begin. Last week was a joyous one indeed, a "holiday of the heart," as it were. Our streets were literally thronged with eager people, young and old, on Christmas gifts intent. And truly the display of goods was tempting—to the purse (?) as well as the eye. Store windows were filled to overflowing, in token of the laden counters within, the arrangement of which must have been carried on under the supervision of Kriss Kringle himself, so great the variety, so unique the quality. We heard no complaints of "dull trade"—indeed, there could have been no occasion for such, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." The churches throughout the city were beautifully decorated with evergreens; Christmas trees abounded, gifts were plentiful, and Santa Claus reigned supreme.

Here let me mention the event of the week, to wit: The reception of our Vice-President, Schuyler Colfax, at the rooms of the Springfield Club, in Sherwin's Block, which was altogether a satisfactory and happy occasion, giving the people of this city and surrounding towns an opportunity, as it did, of shaking this worthy personage by the hand and looking into his genial face. A large crowd gathered about the rooms long before they were opened, eager to catch a first glimpse of this great and popular guest, who, at about half past eight o'clock made his appearance, with his bride on his arm, escorted by our (just now) notorious citizen, Samuel Bowles, Esq. Then commenced the handshaking and congratulations of over five thousand, it is said, each of whom were favored with a smile and a bow. Need I add that full as much curiosity was expressed to see Mrs. Colfax as her husband? Judging from the popular qualities the minor ascribes to her, for the benefit of lady readers who would like to know how she looked and what she wore, we would say: Firstly, that Mrs. Colfax is not handsome, in the common acceptance of the word, but has a countenance of rare womanly dignity and intellect, and in manner is winning and graceful. We chanced to overhear the following comment in regard to the handshaking process: "She gave us not merely the tips of her fingers, but a good warm grasp of the hand." Which seemed to us to be characteristic. Her dress was pink satin, with a long train, a low, square corsage, finished by a pulling of lace. Her dark hair was neatly and tastefully arranged, adorned merely with a wreath of pure orange blossoms. Her only ornament aside from this, was a rare and exquisite pearl necklace. The Springfield Club, in immaculate white kites, led the honors of the occasion. The Army Band tendered a serenade to Mr. Colfax, which was heartily appreciated. The speech of the Vice-President, which shortly followed, though brief, was full of good points, and was received with hearty applause. Mr. Colfax and lady left Springfield on the following day, proceeding to Albany and Troy, where they were the guests of Gov. Fenton and Hon. John A. Griswold. On Monday they passed through Springfield on their way to Boston, where Gov. Claflin gave them a reception. From thence they went to New York, and on Thursday proceeded homeward, to Washington, in season to receive their friends on New Year's Day.

And now, may I not dwell for one moment on the Kellogg concert which took place on Monday evening of last week? or is it "late in the day?" The Opera House was filled to overflowing, and never was the beauty and gallantry of Springfield more fully represented than on this occasion. In all, it was the most radiant assemblage we have seen at the Opera House this season. As for Miss Kellogg, personally she is pretty, coquettish, and altogether bewitching. Her dress of Metcher green and white, with glitter of diamonds on her neck and arms, were irresistible, as a matter of course. (Her toilets were universally admired when abroad, it is reported.) In regard to her singing we cannot say too much. She has a really marvellous voice, and executes the most difficult passages with the greatest ease imaginable. Though many assert that her forte is opera, we give it as our opinion that she is charmingly airy and everywhere. Her selection from Puritani was exquisitely rendered, and elicited a hearty encore ever as it deserved. But we are inclined to think that her "Kiss Song" was generally considered the gem of the evening. She was repeatedly encored, and responded each time with that suitable grace which is her greatest charm. She was compared, not unfavorably, to Parepa—indeed, some think that she even surpasses the latter. But when both are so great, and withal so different, it is almost impossible to decide which is the greater. Miss Topp, who also made her debut here on this occasion, is certainly an extraordinary pianist—more so, perhaps, than Miss Kellogg in her sphere. Her execution is perfect—we can not say more. With the modesty and grace of her manner we were charmed, whilst we felt that her rare and unmistakable genius must always commend admiration and respect.

On Monday night, Maggie Mitchell appeared in her pet in representation of "The Little Barefoot" to a crowded house. On New Year's night the annual firemen's ball occurs at City Hall, when the youth and beauty of Springfield will, doubtless, turn out en masse. On Friday and Saturday nights, Major Pauline Cushman is announced for light theatricals at the Opera House, which completes the list of entertainments for this week. There are hints abroad of other good things coming, of which more anon. And now, with many wishes for a happy New Year, and all success to you, I am

Yours truly,
MOLLIE.

ISABELLA AT THE OPERA.—Queen Isabella went to the opera in Paris, lately, and sat in the Imperial box. She was received with absolute silence, but soon there was a buzz of curiosity to see the dethroned Queen. There was no cheering from any part of the house, and when she retired the same stillness was as marked as when she entered.

CATCHING PICKEREL.—The law of Massachusetts says: "Whoever catches any pickerel or trout in any river, stream, or pond, in any other manner than by hooks and lines, or who takes and catches pickerel from the first day of December to the first day of May, shall be fined \$1 for every pickerel or trout so taken."

WILL MADE BY SPIRITS.—A curious case is now on trial before the Supreme Court at Bath, Me., in which Marianne Robinson contests the will of Mrs. Mary Green, late of Topsham, on the ground that it was made under the control of the spirit of Mrs. Green's deceased husband. A large number of communications, said to have been received from the spirit world, have been put into the case.

HAD TO POSTPONE.—One of the jurymen in the trial of Mrs. Clum at Indianapolis, has been obliged to postpone his marriage day on account of being forced into the jury box. He offered many excuses, but was too modest to offer the true one. If he had done so, says a local paper, the gallant Judge would undoubtedly have excused him.

MURDERED.—Gabriel Martin and two maiden sisters, residing in Columbus county, Georgia, were murdered and robbed Thursday night of last week, their house set on fire and the bodies consumed. Suspicion is laid to rest on some negroes residing in the neighborhood as the perpetrators of the crime.

RESCUED.—Two men who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life for murdering a negro at Shreveport, La., were rescued by an armed crowd from the custody of the sheriff while on their way to the jail, on the 19th ult. Gov. Warmouth has offered \$1000 reward for the arrest of the offenders.

IN A BEEHIVE.—Philip Arman fell into a boiling beehive at Philadelphia, Christmas morning, and was so severely scalded that he died.

ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has arrived at New York, and was welcomed by the Fenians.

SIX hundred and fifty students have entered Kentucky University during the present year.

Small pox of a malignant type is prevalent in Montreal.

Philadelphia is paying 70 cents a pound for butter, and in some cases 85 and 10 cents.

The "old Elhan Allen house" at Remington Centre, Va., was destroyed by fire a night or two since. It was occupied as a livery-house.

It is estimated that when the distillers in Fayette county, Kentucky, all get into operation they will manufacture 25,000 gallons of whiskey per day.

There are 30,000 blind people in Great Britain. A large majority of them have lost their sight since childhood.

A man in Bath attacked his wife with a knife last Sunday, intending to kill her, because she had been baptized against his wishes.

A collision between two Egyptian mail steamers recently occurred near Suwaym, and two hundred persons were killed.

A citizen of West Virginia whipped his wife recently, for eating both butter and molasses on her bread.

The snow sheds on the Central Pacific Railroad extend a distance of twenty-two miles.

Seal skin coats are the latest agony with wealthy young swells in Gotham.

Five Aix-la-Chapelle wives recently poisoned their husbands, and are on trial for it. A fortune-teller prompted the crime.

Two children in Portsmouth, N. H., were badly poisoned a few days ago by eating confectionery containing vermilion.

A Washington lady recently answered the door bell, when in walked a cow and laid herself down in the dining room.

Mr. S. Augustus Mitchell, the venerable author of the geographical series that bears his name, died in Philadelphia on Monday of last week.

A Lexington, Kentucky, paper says that a firm in that place has contracted to furnish the Boston market with two hundred and fourteen tons of turkeys.

A SOUTHERN TRAGEDY.—A horrible tragedy occurred at Salt Lake about forty miles from Clatskanie, Tenn., a few days since. It seems that Mr. Beane, a school teacher, attempted to whip a boy named Hutchison, who resisted and left school. A day or two afterward young Hutchison, accompanied by his brother and a man named Smith, visited Beane's house for the avowed purpose of chastising him. Beane saw them coming and anticipating their errand, armed himself, as also did Mr. Moore, who happened to be at the house. On their arrival Hutchison said they intended giving Beane a thrashing. Moore renounced, when Smith drew a pistol and shot him dead, this was a signal for all to produce pistols. Beane shot and instantly killed Cyrus Hutchison the school boy's brother. He had scarcely fired when Smith who had instantly killed Moore, fired another barrel of his repeater at Beane, the ball struck him, but failed to immediately disable him. Beane then turned on Smith and lodged three balls in his body, inflicting wounds which resulted mortally in a few minutes. Twenty minutes after the affray commenced, Moore, Cyrus Hutchison, and Smith lay dead on the ground within a few feet of each other. Hutchison's brother was the only person that escaped unhurt.

MARRIAGE OF A SCHOOL GIRL TO A LAWYER'S CLERK.—Among the local sensations at New York, just now is a running away affair, the young lady being a Fifth Avenue school girl, and the "gay Lothario" a clerk in a downtown lawyer's office. He met her often with her books, and carried them out of politeness. Their intimacy in this wise soon grew into love, and fearing their parents would not consent, they went to an elegant hotel near Union square, and instead of following the directions of her teacher, she obeyed the instructions of an Episcopalian clergyman. At the accustomed hour she returned to her home, and only after ten days, when her parents objected to the visits of the youthful barrister, did she disclose her marriage. Naturally, the parents were indignant, and when they went to her father's house, her father is a man of great wealth, and at the head of a large wholesale dry goods house, and as yet no reconciliation has been accomplished.

MINNESOTA AND CONSUMPTION.—Minnesota climate is by no means a certain cure for consumption in any stage. Its effects are different upon different individuals. Some unfortunate cases show no sign of being alleviated, while those in more advanced stages of the disease recover rapidly. One condition seems peremptory—the patient must remain in the State. Few who regain health in Minnesota are able to keep it long in other regions.

CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—A house on the farm of Mr. Joseph West, near Pleasant Valley, N. Y., occupied by the family of one of his hands named Adams, caught fire from some unknown cause, during the absence of both Adams and his wife, on Tuesday afternoon, and was entirely consumed together with two children, a boy and a girl, one six and the other two, who had been locked up in the house and left alone.

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PALMER AND VICINITY.

COAL has got up to \$13 per ton in Palmer, which fact should suggest economy in the use of fuel.

THE New Year opened with a driving snow storm, and the good sleighing so long prayed for may not be distant.

BILLINGS AVERY, of Stillwater, N. Y., is about to start up the long idle lampblack factory owned by Blanchard & Co.

DEPUTY SHERIFFS.—James S. Loomis of this village and Edward Newton of Monson have been commissioned deputy sheriffs, by Sheriff A. M. Bradley.

A COMMITTEE of Holyoke men has been chosen to procure the survey of a railroad from Holyoke to Palmer, to intersect the N. E. & R. R. here.

CHOCORUS officers have been chasing some men through Palmer, supposing them to be robbers of the expressman at that place, but they turn out to be the wrong men.

THE Christmas tree at the Baptist Church Friday evening of last week, called together a pleasant company of children and their friends, and the time spent in merriment and the tree of its precious gifts occupied over an hour.

GEORGE ROBINSON, formerly employed by E. Brown as clerk, but for several years past a resident of Ware, has returned to Palmer, and to the clerkship in Mr. Brown's store, to which he will be welcomed by all his old customers.

MESSRS. FOX & HOLBROOK have got into their new quarters in the old freight building removed to the site of the Commercial Block, and have very good accommodations. F. Dodge & Co., have also reopened their meat market in the same block.

THE annual meeting of the Palmer Public Library Association will be held at the school house, in this village, on Wednesday, Jan. 6th, at 7 o'clock p. m. All members are requested to be present, to choose officers for the ensuing year, and to transact any other business that may be brought before the Association.

BRIMFIELD.—At the regular semi-annual meeting of Post 65, G. A. R. Department of Massachusetts, held at Brimfield, Dec. 30th, the following officers were elected, viz: M. H. Woods, P. C.; E. H. Hammond, S. V. C.; J. B. Bixby, J. V. C.; F. H. Moore, Q. M.; J. W. Charles, Agent; J. W. Hastings, Surgeon; A. Bliss, Chaplain; F. P. Shaw, Q. S.; Edwin Hobbs, S. M.; Capt. S. C. Warriner was elected delegate to the department at Boston. The next regular meeting will be held at Warren, Jan. 8th.

SOUTH WILHELMIA ITEMS.—The fair and festival held in Academy Hall Christmas Eve, was concluded Tuesday evening, the 23rd ult. The numbers present each evening were not large, being almost entirely confined to their own society. Yet their contributions were fully realized. The whole amount received was \$450. Some of the articles of the fair were purchased, so the net proceeds are less some \$150 or \$175. I understand the amount received is to be appropriated to carpeting and furnishing the inside of the church when completed, which it is hoped will be by the 1st of Feb. next.

A. B. NEWELL has commenced a term of high school in the Academy building, which looks like a success. The district schools are also in running order, and Mr. Isham, the town committee, says the schools were never doing better.

ANGUSTUS N. THOMPSON had a valuable horse stolen and died. He was first taken while driving, and fell so rapidly that he was unable to get him home. Our horse doctors were consulted, but could give no relief. Dr. Craven of Springfield was summoned, who pronounced it an incurable spotted and putrid fever. Dr. Pease of Somers, Ct., who is the Leviathan among the doctors, called it a kidney disease. After the death of the horse, Drs. Geo. W. Walker and Ormsby held a post mortem examination. They found and report the cause of death to be "the bilious content retained in the gall-bladder, which excited adhesive inflammation. The exit not being removable, the inflammation extended to the diaphragm, cholera, which was also closed. There being excretion of the liver and gall-bladder, and acting on the nervous center, was the immediate cause of death." This is certainly a very complicated case, and the examination and report must be of benefit to the common people in treating sick horses.

MONSON.—Mr. Editor: Please inform your readers in Monson, as well as those who do not subscribe, that when any items of news occur in town worth relating, they will probably be noted in the Palmer Journal during the coming year, and that if they wish to get a good home paper the subscribers who have heretofore perused its columns can testify that it is the paper for them to take. There is no paper here that is so eagerly asked for, and so great disappointment manifested if Monson items are not conspicuous, as the Journal. If there are no items of course many will be disappointed; but in this locality (for we are not Metropolitan) it is not the easiest matter to manufacture out of whole cloth where the materials are not to be had. It is, however, expected that cloth will be manufactured as heretofore in this section, and perhaps to a larger extent than formerly.—Anassa Harvey has purchased of Isaac Plimley the Harvey farm on the East Hill.—J. M. Tucker exhibits a cob from which he has taken 1255 kernels of corn, and wants to see some farmer do better.—The Good Templars met a few evenings since, and concluded to give up their charter, having struggled quite hard for the past six months to make their meetings interesting. It is rumored, however, that a new temperance society will soon be formed on some plan which will tend to instill the true temperance doctrine into the minds of its members, and it is hoped, do much good.—A colored person of African persuasion, about 6 ft. 3 inches high, of dark complexion, was somehow persuaded that an overcoat belonging to William Carroll would be a grand thing to have these cold days; and, acting on these persuasive influences, he purloined in the day time, from the fence, and made tracks a little less than Dexter's best time, but was soon overtaken by Constable Park and Sol Pierce (who has heretofore rendered the constable efficient service), and the overcoat found and recognized. The culprit was taken before Justice Collins of Palmer, and sent to board on State Street in Springfield for ninety days.

The selectmen offered for \$200, and Mr. James Tufts \$200 reward for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who set fire to his barn on the 18th of Nov.—Geo. E. Grant, in the post office block, is making great reduction in prices of goods, and parties in want of articles in his line will do well to examine his stock, which consists of many valuable articles.—The various changes and contemplated plans for spring operations would seem to indicate that business for another year will be more prosperous than heretofore, as every branch seems to have received a new impetus, and whether it is owing to the election being over, or that the business men have concluded "nothing ventured nothing made," it matters not, so long as the public sees that Monson still lives and the prospect brightens for the future.

MURDERED BY A BOY.—A quarrel between two students at the Collegiate School of Engheim, in Belgium, has resulted in a tragedy. One of the boys was 16 and the other 13. The youngest opened a penknife in the heat of passion and stabbed his schoolmate to the heart.

ENGLISH SERFDOM.—In one parish in England the forty electors voted to a man with the land owner from whom they rented. This case is cited as only one instance out of a thousand. "Call it," says a British paper, "by whatsoever name you like, there is serfdom still in England."

NEW EXPRESS CO.—It is said that another new express company is forming, having its headquarters at Springfield. Is it not true that these rival express companies should cease to be born unless they can do something besides humbug the people?

LARGE BETTING.—Upward of \$200,000 changed hands in San Francisco in favor of Republicans, after the November elections. Democratic gamblers had been persistent, and even importunate in offering odds for Seymour's Electoral State ticket.

MILD SENTENCE.—The mild sentence—18 months' imprisonment—of the sea captain who maltreated and murdered the little stowaways of the ship Arran, is pronounced in London "the most astounding failure of British justice on record."

NEW FEATURE.—One of the San Francisco papers has added a new feature to its birth, marriage, and death column—"Divorces." This department is as well supported, and as much a public convenience, as its companions.

PROPERTY QUALIFICATION.—The laws of Rhode Island still require a property qualification of all naturalized voters. A Suffrage Association in Providence has been formed to influence public opinion against this restriction.

GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.—The petrified skeleton of a man has been discovered in Minnesota which is nearly 11 feet high, and measures around the chest 53½ inches. It is estimated that when the bones were covered with flesh it must have weighed 900 pounds.

FIRE AND DEATH.—One woman was suffocated, and two were badly injured, by a fire in the south ward of the Lunatic Asylum in Amherstburg, Canada, on Wednesday night. The building was saved.

A GREAT CANAL.—The Suez canal is to be about 100 miles long. The sea water now reaches 50 miles inland. The canal is finished to its full breadth for this distance. The last 50 miles is in every possible stage of progress.

KILLED BY A TOWER.—During a recent storm that raged over the town of Fritzler, in Hesse, the cathedral tower fell down, burying twenty-six persons who were attending divine service, in the ruins.

Literary Notices.

JUST AS REPRESENTED.—The firm of Hunter & Co., Bookbinders, Ke., Hindsale, N. H., are one among a thousand. Their business is immense, their daily mail numbering frequently over five hundred letters. Our readers in want of books, cards, prints, &c., &c., cannot do better than send for Hunter & Co.'s catalogue.

The Advertiser's Gazette for Dec., in an extended editorial says: "We believe there is no other paper in the country which has carried the special, if it specially it can be called, to such a degree of perfection. It matters not what you may desire, if, at our Broadway palaces, your favorite book cannot be obtained, forward an order for it to Hunter & Co., and it will be forthcoming by return mail. There is no firm more reliable, and no other establishment where an order can be filled with less trouble to the customer."

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WE have received No. 2 of the Mount Auburn Index, a holiday edition, containing twelve pages. This number, like those which have preceded it, contains articles from members of the school, and shows in part the work done by the classes.

The Index is published by the Mount Auburn Young Ladies' Institute of Cincinnati, and is edited by the Senior Class, assisted by Rev. A. J. Rowland, President.

This school stands in the front rank of Female Seminaries in the entire country, and we advise all having daughters to educate at sent for a catalogue. The next session will commence Monday, February 1st.

THE AMERICAN COOKING STOVE.—Having been so eminently successful at the New York State Fair for the past six years, having been brought in competition with all the best stoves in the country, and having each year taken the first premium, and some years two, and having gained a world-wide reputation, and a record of which any one may be justly proud, we would now announce for the consolation of those who have so signally and repeatedly failed in competing with it, and have been so sorely chagrined at their numerous and repeated defeats, that this stove is not entered at this fair for a premium, as premiums have ceased to be of any account; but it is entered only for exhibition, that its thousands of friends and admirers may have the opportunity of examining its various improvements.

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BY C. W. SCHILLER.

The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XIX.

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GORDON M. FISK & CO.

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Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me the hand that I may believe the;
Soft is the hand of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy woman;
Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never!
Give me the hand that is friendly forever!
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has not forewarned;
Give me the grasp that I may adore it;
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden;
Torn the hand of the workman overladen;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever!
Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty;
Free as the breeze and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give the grasp that becomes her—
Close as the time of the time of summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has not wronged another;
Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever!

"Over the Stones."

Oh we wander with smiles or sighs,
Laughter or tears, in our wringing eyes,
Aches and pains in our stiffening knees,
Belted to gages, pale and thin;
Friends have gone to the distant zones,
Yet we are still pattering over the stones.
Youth—ha! many have gone since then,
Fast and forgotten by angels and men,
Belted to gages, pale and thin,
With their follies and faults, and virtue and sin;
Yet still in our ears sounds their friendly tones,
As we go pattering over the stones.
The streets are changed, and houses, too,
Forgotten the good that we tried to do;
The sea has some of our friends once dear,
Earth has swallowed the rest, we fear;
Acids and salts have fled from their bones—
Yet we are still pattering over the stones.
—Once a Week.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

Some years ago, when the American Fur Company and the Hudson Bay traders carried on a powerful opposition to each other in the wild and rocky territory of the Oregon, several little forts were erected in the interior, whence the commerce in peltries was made with the Indians. One of these, to which our tale refers, was planted in a green and secluded valley, where pasture for cattle and comfort for man were as much as possible combined with security and safety. A little stream, bordered with cotton wood and aspens, afforded a constant supply of water; while in the grand and magnificent valley of the Bayou Salade, at no great distance, pastured, in inexhaustible thousands, the buffalo and the elk; its rivers abounding, moreover, with the beaver, whose skins principally induced the hunters to tempt the dangers of the great American wilderness. In this spot, known as Spokane Fort, dwelt James M'Pherson, the owner and governor of the wild locality. M'Pherson was a Scotchman, who, in early days had left his native country, a poor lad, and now, by the exercise of that perseverance characteristic of his countrymen, had attained the position of a well-to-do merchant. Of an enterprising disposition, he had penetrated into the interior in search of further wealth; and having for some two years settled himself at Spokane, had there driven a thriving trade with the Indians, despite the impediments thrown in his way by his rivals. Nothing can equal the excitement of this precarious commerce. It is the constant effort, on the part of opposition companies and traders, to out-general the others, to mutually blind their opponents as to their destination and plans, as well as to be ever in the field first. These efforts give rise to almost superhuman exertions, and tend to sharpen the wits of all parties in a very sensible manner. He who shows the greatest knowledge of Indian tastes, of the habits of the beaver and buffalo, of the time to move and the time to go into winter quarters, is sure to make the most successful campaign. M'Pherson was shrewd and acute, and these qualities serving him in good stead, his affairs advanced in a satisfactory manner. It was about two years after the establishment of the fort, and when all were in activity and bustle, that Edward Ray, a young Louisianian, obtained an appointment under the owner, and traveling the whole distance from New Orleans, had conveyed a cargo of merchandise for the use of the company. In addition to this he had taken up, to remain with his father, Miss M'Pherson and a female attendant. So peculiar and so long a journey had thrown the young people much together, and, without any regard to their difference of position, a mutual affection had arisen between them. Under the circumstances, the voyage up the Mississippi and across the vast interior plains was of a most agreeable character. Both lingered upon deck to admire the bluffs and grassy plains, the vast, interminable prairies, and never wearied of their gaze. The desert even had charms, and when the Rocky Mountains burst upon them, in all their sublimity, their pleasure was complete. At length, however, they arrived at their journey's end. Ray became a clerk, and Miss M'Pherson presided over the establishment, as the daughter of the owner was in duty bound to do. Whatever might have been the lady's feelings the good clerk sought not to learn. He felt the difference of station, and, shrinking from any manifestation of his aspiring hopes, attended to business honestly and diligently, but without ever showing the slightest enthusiasm for the avocation. Under these circumstances he was considered useful in his way, but failed to excite that notice which might have led to his advancement. Reserved and taciturn, even his mistress thought herself deceived in him. With the excitement of their happy journey, all his energies appeared to have de-

parted. The truth was that Ray, who was not of a sanguine disposition, saw no means of rising to a level with his master, and allowed despondency to unnerve his spirit.

About three months after his arrival, the time approached when the annual interview with the various Indians took place; a meeting of much importance, and then the whole fortunes of the year were decided. It was usual to appoint a place for the natives to camp with their beaver and other skins, where the rival traders then repaired, and whoever offered the best price obtained a ready market. About two days before the time appointed, the heads of the fort were seated at their evening meal. Plenty and variety made up for delicacies and seasoning. Buffalo, deer meat, trout, salmon, wild fowl, all abounded on the board—round which sat M'Pherson, his daughter, Ray, and three other clerks. The whole party were engaged in discussing the good things before them, when a bustle was heard without, and, after the pause of a moment, a half breed hunter appeared on the threshold.

"What news, Nick?" said M'Pherson, who recognized in the intruder a scout sent out to learn the proceedings of the rival traders.

"Bad," said Nick, advancing. "Master Sublette got ahead of Spokane. The Indians all at camp already, with plenty beaver. Master Sublette buy up all, but him got no tobacco; so he sent away to Brown for some, then smoke, and buy all the beaver."

"Why, that is good news," said M'Pherson, laughing. "If Sublette has no tobacco, all is right. We have plenty; and not an Indian will sell a skin until he has had a good puff at the pipe of peace. So, up, my men," he continued, addressing his clerks, "you must away and out-general Sublette, by taking Johnson a good supply of the weed."

"All very fine," said Nick, with a knowing jerk of his head; "but Sublette himself know a trick worth two of that. A hundred Blackfeet are out lying in the woods, and not a soul will reach the market until they are gone."

"The Blackfeet!" cried M'Pherson; "then we are defeated surely; what's to be done?"

"How many bales will suffice?" said Ray, quietly.

"If Johnson, our agent, had but one," replied the trader, despondingly, "all would be right. It is impossible, however, and this year is lost to me."

"By no means," said the clerk, rising, with all his native energy and fire beaming in his eye; "Johnson shall have the bale, or my scalp shall hang in a Blackfoot lodge before morning!"

"Edward!" exclaimed the daughter, with an alarmed glance, which opened the father's eyes to what hitherto had been a profound secret.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Ray?" said M'Pherson, gravely, and even sternly.

"I am, sir. Give me Wild Polly (a favorite mare), and trust to me for accomplishing your wishes."

"You will go alone, then?"

"I will."

M'Pherson ordered the mare he valued so much to be saddled; and, in half an hour, Edward Ray, with two bales of tobacco behind, and armed to the teeth, sallied forth from Spokane, amid the plaudits of the whole party, whose astonishment regarded less the perilousness of the adventure, than the character of the man who undertook it. Miss M'Pherson, conscious of the interest she had betrayed in her father's clerk, hastily retired to her chamber; while the father, after carefully fastening the gates, and posting proper sentries, lit his pipe, and seated himself absorbed in reflection by the huge fireplace in the principal apartment. Great smokers are your Indian traders, who, in more things than one, resemble the men with whom they have to deal.

Meanwhile, Edward Ray, after leaving the fort rode slowly down the valley, reflecting on the wisest course to pursue. Before him was a journey of seventy miles, with a hundred wild Indians thirsting for a pale face victim—the no less welcome that he owned a horse and carried a rare prize in the shape of two bales of tobacco. Ray felt he had rashly ventured on a wild and doubtful enterprise, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have soon turned back; but he knew the opinion that his fellows had of him, and felt with pride that no one had offered even to accompany him. Besides, in the presence of her he had loved, he had undertaken his bold task and was determined she should not think him in different or timid. A ride of half an hour brought him out of the valley, and upon the skirt of a plain of some extent. Here Ray halted, and gazing upon the prairie that lay at his feet, endeavoring to discover some sign of the Blackfeet. The moon shone brightly upon the waters and woods, and not a sound disturbed the stillness of an American wilderness. Ray felt the influence of the hour and the place; and forgetting all the delight of travelling by moonlight over that plain removed thousands of miles from civilization, set spurs to his mare, and trotted swiftly along the path leading in the direction of the Indian

mart. It was some time ere the young clerk paused, then a sudden hesitation on the part of his mare brought him back to consciousness. Raising his eyes, he found himself close upon a wood, between which and a somewhat broad river he had now to pass. A single glance told him that Indians were near, as a light smoke rose from amid the trees; whether they had discovered him was a matter of uncertainty. Ray therefore determined to make a bold dash; and, trusting to his beast, rode at hard gallop along the skirt of the forest. The moment he neared the trees, his hand upon his ride, he listened with the utmost attention. Not a sound, save the clatter of his mired mare, was heard, until he had cleared the dangerous cover. Then came the sound of horses in pursuit, then the Blackfeet warwhoop, with the crack of rifles. His enemies were in full chase. Now it was that the gallant steed put forth her energy, and now it was that Ray's spirit rose, and that he felt himself a man, with a man's energies and also with all a man's love of life. Looking back he saw the wild Indian warriors coping fast toward him, but still not gaining ground, and he felt sure, did he loosen his precious merchandise, and give it up to the pursuers, that he could with ease outstrip them. But he was resolved to serve his master's interests and he urged his laden steed to her utmost. An hour passed in this manner. The howling, whooping Indians, half a hundred in number, galloped madly after him, their long spears waving in the moonlight, and their black hair streaming in the wind.

Before him lay a cane-brake; where the reeds rose ten feet, dry, parched and crackling. Through this lay the path of the fugitive. Ray looked forward to the welcome shelter, determined to make a stand; and there at the very entrance, stood, mounted on a tall horse, an opposing foe. Clutching a pistol, the clerk clenched his teeth, and rode madly against his new opponent, who just in time to save himself, cried, "All right.—Saucy Nick!" There was no time for greeting, and away they scampered through the cane-brake; not before, however, the half breed had cast a brand amid the reeds. They had not proceeded a hundred yards before a wall of fire rose between them and their pursuers.

Magnificent was the scene which now greeted the eyes of Edward Ray as he halted on the other side of the brake. The reeds scorched by the summer sun, were as inflammable as straw, and the flames spread with astonishing rapidity to the right and left. The poor birds that sheltered in the morass below, alarmed, rose on the wing and flying a few hundred yards, halted to gaze at the fire, which seemed to fascinate them; the wild animals, too, clinging to their hairs until the fire touched their very nostrils, would unwillingly rise, and leaping over it, scoured over the black plain of clusers in the rear of the flames. As the two fugitives retreated, the scene became more magnificent, for the blaze was then seen in the distance creeping to the right and left, in sparkling and brilliant chains. Then, as the wind arose it hurried after them; as the roar of a distant cannon it was heard; while the heavens were overcast with the dense volumes of smoke that ascended.

"Away!" cried Nick, urging his steed to the utmost. "The Fire-spirit is awake; he rides in yonder cloud! Away! or our bones will be mingled with the red men on this plain."

"But Nick," said Ray, as side by side they dashed across the prairie, "how mad we? I left you at the fort."

"No! Nick start half an hour before. Wouldn't let brave warrior go by himself. Found him chased by Indians—Blackfeet; but Indians no take Master Ray. Nick know a trick worth two of that. But hush!" he added, as they gained the entrance of a valley; "the hoofs of our horses have awaked the great Fire-spirit; but we are not yet free. Blackfeet in valley."

At this intimation of their being about to meet a party of their enemies, Ray prepared his arms once more, and then patting the neck of his gallant steed, urged him at a rattling pace through the valley. A flash and the crack of guns fired in haste showed that Nick was right; but, giving a volley in reply, and without pausing to discover its effect, the pair went on, and once more emerged upon the plain. Nick owed the way and diverging from the ordinary route entered a stream, the course of which they followed for some time. At length, satisfied that he had baffled pursuit, the half-breed once more entered upon the usual track, and before daylight reached the great camp, where the Indians had pitched their tents with a view to traffic with the rival white men.

To the right were the wagons of Sublette; to the left those of Johnson, M'Pherson's agent. They found the latter in very bad spirits as his rival was expecting to receive the necessary supply of tobacco in the course of the afternoon, when all chance for Spokane would have been over. As Ray, however, detailed the object of his journey, and the success which had attended it, the agent's eyes glistened, and at length he exclaimed, with a chuckle: "Bravo, Mr. Ray! I should just like to be in your shoes, for if you haven't made old

Mae's fortune, my name's not Johnson. Such prime heavers you never saw. By the immortal of General Jackson, but you are a lucky dog?"

Ray expressed his satisfaction at having been of such great service; and after a hasty meal, the traders began their day's work. First, the chiefs were summoned, and regaled, to the consternation of Sublette, with a liberal and plentiful smoke. Seated round the agent's tent, the Spokane, Kamloops, Clamdivers, Simpoil, and other Indians, enjoyed, with unmixed satisfaction, what to them is a most precious luxury. The agent was most liberal of the weed; not a single Indian was forgotten; and when the barter commenced, the gratified aborigines testified their delight by disposing of their skins in an equally liberal manner. Such, indeed, was the activity of the Spokane agent, and of his assistant, Ray, that, when Sublette received at length his supply of tobacco, not a beaver, nor even a skunk-skin, remained for which he could trade.

Well aware that the Blackfeet, when once discovered, would draw off Ray, after a brief hour of repose, borrowed a fresh horse and hurried back towards the fort. His journey was tedious in the extreme; for the smoldering grass rendered it as unsafe as it was disagreeable. At length, however, the young clerk, to whom he had returned much of his former despondent feeling, came once more in sight of Spokane, where he was received with open arms, as was Nick, who accompanied him.

M'Pherson, eager to learn the result of the young man's journey, drew him to his counting-house, and motioning him to be seated, installed himself at his ledger, with pen in hand. Ray began his story, and, to the evident surprise of the merchant, related the dangers that had befallen him, and the manner in which he had escaped. At length he came to the part of his story which referred to the extraordinary quantity and excellence of the beavers which he had obtained by means of this bold undertaking.

"Know, lad," said old M'Pherson, quite delighted, "that you have brought me the best year's trade I have had yet? Besides, man, I count it no small thing to have beaten Captain Sublette—the most cunning trader on this frontier."

"I am very much gratified," said Ray, "that I have been in any way instrumental in serving you."

"Ah, that is all very well," interrupted M'Pherson, pushing his spectacles from their proper position to one above his eyes; "but just tell me frankly, Mr. Ray, why you who are generally so cold, should all of a sudden take so much trouble to do me a service?"

"It was the first time," replied Ray, "that I have ever had an opportunity of doing what others would not do."

"Oh," said the trader still more enlightened, "and do you not expect any share in the great advantage of last night's adventure?"

"That I leave to you, sir."

"Now, Mr. Ray," said the trader with a smile, "I wish you would be thoroughly frank with me." I can see plainly enough that you have had some reason for your constant lack of energy, and some equally good reason for suddenly, when you could serve me, risking your life to do so. I say again, speak out. Have you any conduct of mine to complain? Your chances of promotion—do they seem too remote? You have doubled my fortune; let me do you some service in return."

Ray deterred not to be plain. He saw that the worthy merchant was still in part in the dark, and he resolved to enlighten him. "My ambition, sir, has been to share your good fortune; and, did my hopes extend as far as my wishes, I might say, I have hoped one day to possess all you now hold." This was said with a lurking smile that still more puzzled M'Pherson.

"What would you be a partner, young man? The idea is a bold one; but, after what you have done, I see no insuperable bar to it."

"Sir," said Ray, hurriedly, "I am contented to be your clerk, if you will, all my life; but you have a daughter, without whom wealth would be contemptible, and poverty insupportable."

"Where?" cried the astonished merchant; "sit the wind in that quarter? And pray, does my daughter know of this?"

"She does. You will recollect our journey, when we were inseparable companions?"

"O, I recollect all. And pray, does my daughter encourage you?"

"She will speak for herself, dear father," exclaimed the young girl, who, entering, had caught the import of their conversation. "I did encourage him, because I thought he deserved to be your son. Of late Mr. Ray had almost induced me to regret my resolution; but his recent conduct in your service convinces me that he is still the Edward Ray I had travelled with from New Orleans."

"And so," said the old man, pettishly, "you have arranged it all, it seems; and I am to have no voice or will?"

"We have arranged nothing, dear father; and leave it all to you."

It will readily be believed that Edward Ray and Mary M'Pherson had no great difficulty in talking over the kind-hearted trader. In a few weeks after, Ray was not only son-in-law, but partner at Spokane; and I believe that none of the parties has had as yet any cause to regret the "midnight ride" over the bluff-surrounded prairies of wild Oregon.

SENDING TO HEAVEN FOR A MINISTER.

The people of one of the out parishes of Virginia wrote to Dr. Rice, who was then at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward for a Minister. They said they wanted a man of first-rate talents, for they had run down considerably and needed building up. They wanted one who could write well, for some of the young people were very nice about the matter. They wanted one who could visit a great deal, for their former minister had neglected that, and they wanted to bring that up. They wanted a man of gentlemanly deportment, for some thought a great deal of that. And so they went on describing a perfect minister. The last thing they mentioned was—they gave their last minister three hundred and fifty dollars; but if the Doctor would send them such a man as they described they would raise another fifty dollars, making it four hundred dollars.

The Doctor sat down and wrote them a reply, telling them they had better forthwith make out a call for old Dr. Dwight in heaven; for he did not know any one in the world who answered that description. And as Dr. Dwight had been living so long on spiritual food, he might not need so much for the body, and possibly he might be able to live on four hundred dollars a year.

COLOR OF THE CLOUDS.—The varied colors which the clouds assume at various times, especially at sunrise and sunset, are explained by Mr. Sorley on the principle that the clear transparent vapor of water absorbs more of the red rays of light than of any other, while the lower strata of the atmosphere offer more resistance to the passage of the blue rays. At sunrise and sunset the light of the sun has to pass through about two hundred miles of atmosphere within a mile of the surface of the earth in order to illuminate a cloud a mile from the ground. In passing through this great thickness the blue rays are absorbed to a far greater extent than the red, and much of the yellow is also removed. Hence clouds thus illuminated are red. When the sun is higher above the horizon, the yellow light passes more readily, and the clouds become orange, then yellow, and finally white. Clouds in different parts of the sky, or at different elevations, often show these various colors at the same time.

CRIMINAL HABIT.—A curious habit of the "gordins," or, as the boys call it, the "horse-hair snake," is given by Professor Agassiz, as follows: "Soon after being hatched in the water, and while mere little transparent bodies, they creep into the legs of grasshoppers, and burrow their way into the abdominal cavity, where they undergo further development as worms, sometimes growing to be two or three inches in length before they are freed. When they have grown so long that the grasshopper becomes distended by the size of its strange inhabitant, it bursts, the worm is released, and returns to its aquatic life." A gentleman living in Yorkers says that his little girl recently pulled a gordin six inches long, and another somewhat shorter, from the body of a cricket. They seemed to be protruding like horns. The cricket hopped away, apparently as well as ever. Here is a new fact, perhaps, for the naturalist.

THREE CHILDREN FROZEN TO DEATH.—Last week a family consisting of the parents and three children, the eldest about fourteen years of age, living about eight miles from Bloomington, Ill., started in a wagon for that place, to take the cars. As it was extremely cold, the children were put down in the bottom of the wagon on some straw and wrapped up in a buffalo robe, the parents thinking they would thus ride comfortably. Nothing was heard from them until they arrived at Bloomington, but when uncovered, they were found frozen to death. They had thus passed away without a struggle, and while the parents were pleasing themselves that they were warm and comfortable, death came and bore away the angel spirits, leaving nothing but the cold and stiffened bodies.

WHAT A STORY.—In a recent French press trial, one of the lawyers urged that there should be more calmness and gravity in French politics, saying that in America the people prepared themselves for election by several days of fasting.

"A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way, said:

"Do not let any one else rumple it."

"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

Mrs. Muffles says it is "dreadful" hard to lose a husband. She never got used to it until she lost her fourth.

The Journal.

SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1899.

Judge Foster of the Supreme Court has resigned, and Gov. Chaffin will have the delicate duty of appointing his successor. Mr. Foster finds that the judgeship don't pay as well as his profession.

The exiled rebels, Mason, Slidell, Breckinridge and others are preparing to return home, feeling themselves safe under President Johnson's amnesty proclamation. Johnson himself can join them after the 4th of March. A nice company of fellows they will make.

It is now confidently asserted that both Turkey and Greece will participate in a Peace Conference, which will be held in Paris on the 9th inst. Should the Conference fail to agree upon a basis of settlement, and bring about peace, it is said that Russia will demand strict non-interference on the part of the European Powers.

The women are moving for the right of suffrage. Petitions are in circulation through the State asking Congress and the legislature to take steps for amending the Constitution so that women may be allowed to vote. Having won over to their side many of the opposite sex who hold places in the halls of legislation, they will receive much encouragement from them.

One Joseph Medill of Chicago is very anxious we should annex Canada to the United States, and says if Great Britain refuses to cede it to us, we must take it, and shows how easily we could do this. These plans may all look well to Mr. Medill, but our Government will be slow to see things in the light that he does, and he will have to carry out the project himself if he expects it to be realized.

It is said that at a meeting of Congressmen at New York last week, the question of Speakership of the next House was freely discussed. It was generally conceded that the office lays between Daves and Blake, with the chances in favor of Daves, as the New York delegation will throw its vote for him. The House could not do a better thing than elect Mr. Daves for its presiding officer, and we feel quite sure that it will do so.

The Emperor Napoleon made his usual New Year speech at the reception of the Diplomatic Corps. He complimented the conciliatory spirit of the European nations, which enabled them to unravel international difficulties, and hoped 1899 would be as satisfactory in this respect as the year just closed. King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy, also made a speech to the military officers, who paid their respects to him, in which he said that the present situation of affairs was good, but if trouble should arise he should continue to rely upon the loyalty of his army.

The Bostonians are going to do a big thing next June. It is nothing less than to hold a mammoth jubilee on the Common to celebrate the return of Peace. A building is to be erected on the common capable of holding 50,000 people. The school children of the city—who, it must be remembered, are never left out in any Boston musical festival—forming a choir of twenty thousand or so, will begin the concert by singing "Hail Columbia," accompanied by the orchestra of ten thousand, and, moreover, by the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, &c., by electricity, from the conductive desk. The jubilee is to last a week, and tickets admitting three for the session are \$100 each.

The warden of our State prison "solemnly protests against pardons being so freely granted to prisoners." What would the warden have done? Would he act as judge of every case that comes up for pardon? When any man connected with our reformatory institutions comes to feel and talk like that it is time a new officer occupied his place. It is pretty apt to be the case that officers connected with such institutions become unfeeling and unmerciful towards the prisoners. If such men held the destinies of their fellow mortals at their disposal, few persons who sin would be permitted to enter the gates of paradise if a door could be found through which to thrust them into perdition. It is fortunate for humanity that the Governor and Council have power to pardon, instead of the warden of our State prison.

There are 60,000 U.S. Government office holders, who draw pay from the treasury. This is a large army, and yet there must be postmasters, custom house officials, revenue assessors and collectors &c., in order to run the vast machinery of the Government. It is a fact, however, that not one office holder in a thousand gets rich out of his office, while the majority are generally poor. With this fact staring them in the face it is not strange a million men are at the present moment pressing earnestly forward to obtain office? Any well conducted business pays better than a Government office, with the exception of a few of the highest ones, to which very few men can attain. The number of good paying offices is less than five hundred, but men will actually scramble for positions that are a damage to them pecuniarily. The pay of the Secretary of the Treasury is about one-half that of a good bank President; that of a member of Congress is one-half of a good country lawyer; while the smaller departmental offices are notoriously insufficient to support a family.

The Legislature.

Our annual legislature convened at Boston Wednesday noon, and was speedily organized by the choice of presiding officers. Hon. Robert C. Pitman was chosen President of the Senate, receiving 24 votes to Geo. O. Brastow 12 and Joshua N. Marshall 8. Mr. Gifford, who has served many years as clerk, was reelected, receiving every ballot cast.

The House reelected Harvey Jewell for its speaker, who received 132 votes to 103 for John I. Baker. Wm. S. Robinson was chosen clerk, and both branches were duly qualified by the Governor. There is a dead lock between the Senate and the House on the matter of Sergeant-at-arms, Major Morrissey having been reelected by the Senate while the House has elected Gardner Tufts, the latter receiving 134 to 111 for Morrissey. The presiding officers encourage a short session, but with the example of previous legislatures before them the people of Massachusetts need not expect less than a four months' session.

After organization, the two branches, with the Governor and Council, marched to the South Church where the annual election sermon was preached by Rev. Benjamin F. Clark of North Chelmsford, from 1 Timothy, 1st chap. 8th verse: "But we know that the law is good if a man use it lawfully."

On Thursday, Gov. Bullock sent a valedictory address to the legislature, which was read by both branches. It recapitulates the financial and business results of his administration during the past three years, and contains many statistical facts worth preserving. The House elected Rev. O. T. Walker, of Boston, chaplain, and the Senate again voted for Sergeant-at-arms, giving Morrissey 14 of its 26 votes. Gov. Chaffin was to deliver his inaugural address on Friday, but we go to press too early to give any portion of it.

The latest reports from the Indian territory announce the arrival of Gen. Sheridan at Fort Cobb with 1,500 men, including Gen. Custer's Seventh Cavalry. The Cheyennes, Arapahoes and one band of Comanches, with fifty lodges of Kiowas, are at the Washita Mountains, and one lodge of the latter are on the way to Fort Cobb, by command of Gen. Sheridan, who holds Santanna and Live Wolf as hostages. He proposes, when the Kiowas come in, to punish those who are known to have been concerned in personal acts of murder, and to order the Cheyennes and Arapahoes to come in and submit to like treatment. If they refuse, he promises to carry on war at once against them in their mountain retreat. The General states that the Cheyennes have been very humble since their punishment by Gen. Custer, and he has no doubt that they, together with the Arapahoes, will soon appear, surrender and abide by his terms; after that he has no fear of renewal of hostilities.

Congress is hesitating about repealing the "Tenure of Office Act," which was designed to keep Johnson from doing mischief by turning out loyal men and appointing rebels in their places. We cannot see if Gen. Grant desires to appoint any loyal men the Senate will readily approve. If he should wish to remove a good officer, he should have the law to protect him. It would certainly look suspicious to repeal the act at this time.

RAILROAD PROJECTS.—Northampton people having failed in repeated efforts to get the town to take stock in a railroad from that place to North Adams, are now (the opponents of the project) uniting with the Amherst people for a road from Northampton through Amherst, Granby, Belchertown and Ware, to link with the proposed route from Sterling Junction to the Hudson. It looks like all moonshine, and these men know that it can only mean a railroad from Northampton to Amherst. That is just what Amherst people want, and nothing more. When the road from Sterling Junction runs up that way the Northampton people will be a great deal older than now.

SETTLING TIME.—Every man should settle his accounts at the beginning of the New Year. The old adage that frequent settlements make long friends is just as true now as it was in the days of our forefathers and should be as faithfully practiced. Settle, if you cannot pay; but pay if you can, that others may pay their debts and all misunderstandings may be avoided.

SPED FOR DAMAGES.—Mr. Parmelee has sued the town of Killingworth, Conn., for \$20,000 damages, sustained by him in the death of his wife, who was fatally injured while crossing a bridge in that town, the horse becoming frightened and backing the wagon, in which he and his wife were seated, off into the stream below.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—The floor of the school house of St. Peter's and St. Paul's Roman Catholic church at Rochester gave way Wednesday evening, while a festival was in progress there, and several hundred persons were precipitated to the ground; killing eight outright, and wounding thirty more very seriously.

DEATH OF AN OLD NEGRO.—Robert McKee, a negro, who went with the loyalists from Virginia to Canada at the breaking out of the war of the revolution, died in St. Johns, N. B. last Saturday, aged 107 years. His wife was over 100 years at his death.

A bill has passed the Dakota house of representatives by five majority, giving women the right to vote and hold office. Women are scarce in Dakota, probably, and suffrage is held out as an inducement to female immigration.

ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

NEVER before so much water in Maine as this. —Gift furniture is the thing just now in New York—pretensions drawing 100 lbs. —Windsor county, Vt., is the coldest yet in New England thus far this winter.

—Vampires in London have increased fifty per cent. in eight years.

—Gen. Sheridan's commissary feeds his Indian prisoners on roast horse and dog flesh.

—In Charleston they kill and distribute to the poor all hogs found in the streets.

—More than half the territory of Idaho is said to be suitable for agricultural purposes.

—There are nearly thirteen thousand opium eaters in New York, many of whom are ladies residing in "upper-tendons."

—The wife of John E. Seavy of Kennebecport, Me., presented him on Christmas with three living daughters.

—Lady Franklin, the widow of Sir John, patronizes the English "woman's rights" movement.

—All the peaceable Indians have united in a protest against the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department.

—Vanderbilt is said to have cleared about \$6,000,000 by his recent "corner" in New York Central.

—A Philadelphia clergyman, on Christmas day, presented all his clerks life insurance policies, amounting to nearly \$200,000.

—The King of Bavaria is preparing to leave for St. Petersburg to ask for the hand of Princess Maria, the only daughter of the Emperor.

—Michigan has an elopement and marriage case where the bride was fourteen and the bridegroom seventeen years of age.

—Haywood county, Tenn., claims the oldest man in the State, Mr. Joseph Adams, who has attained one hundred and eight years.

—Highly important information respecting the Alabama claims negotiations will be announced by the President within a few days.

—Fright caused by fears that her house was on fire, caused the death of an aged lady of Mt. Vernon, N. H., named Betsey Odell, last week.

—Two dwarfs, the "gentleman" a famous circus performer, were married at Rouen, France, recently, and twelve hundred persons were present at the wedding. The bride was a seamstress.

—But few large parties are given in New York this winter. Social gaiety runs to receptions and musicales.

—A white quail was shot in Adrian county, Mo., last week.

—A Woonsocket man advertises a reward of one hundred dollars for the detection of the person who, last week, poisoned his three pet kittens.

—The man who shirks the pay of his income tax is termed a "revenue cutter."

—A thief recently stole a hundred prayer-books in Chicago.

—Every Wednesday morning two thousand loaves of bread are distributed at the American Theatre, Philadelphia.

—The railroads in Ireland will probably be purchased and run by the British Government.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of Wilmington, Del., endorse the whipping-post punishment of the State.

—An only daughter and the only heir of one of Portland's wealthiest Protestant citizens has become a convert to Roman Catholicism.

A SERIOUS JOKE.—Two girls were arrested in Belfast, Me., last week, charged with poisoning the family of Gen. Webster. One named Eliza Pendleton, had lived with the family, and one named Maria Carr, was temporarily stopping with her. On Saturday evening of the previous week, the Gen.'s wife and daughter, ate some cake for tea and noticed that it had a peculiar taste. Soon afterward all three were taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and only recovered through careful medical attention. On recovering the Gen., having his suspicions aroused, took the plate of cake into the kitchen, and invited the girls to partake liberally, which they did with some reluctance. For an hour or two afterward they had a pretty busy time, and in their troubles confessed that they had put rotten oil in the cake. They said, however, it was done for a joke. The Pendleton girl has since been discharged.

DEPUTY SHERIFFS FOR HAMPSHIRE COUNTY.

Sheriff Bradley has made the following appointments of deputies for this county: Philip T. C. Sloan of Tolland; Edward D. Dickinson of Granville; Timothy M. Cooley of Westfield; Edward C. Colton of North Wilbraham; Frederick K. Latrop of South Wilbraham; Thomas H. Vail of North Wilbraham; Wm. H. B. of Blanford; David A. Adams and Alexander H. G. Lewis of Springfield; Jas. S. Loomis of Westfield; Edward Newton of Monson; Nathaniel Cutler of Chicopee; Morris Morton of Chicopee Falls; L. B. Wakley of Westfield; George Moore of Thorndike; Davenport L. Fuller of Ludlow.

THE DEAD OF THE YEAR.

The necrological record of the year comprises the names of Charles Keen, Sir James Brewster, Lords Brougham, James Rothchild, Berryer, Schuchert, Copner, the sculptor Marchetti, Rossini and Dean Milham in Europe, and in this country the following: Bishop Hopkins, Lentze, Elliott, the Mount brothers, the sculptor Bail Hughes, Seba Smith, Charles G. Halpine, Professor Adler, Julia Dean Haynes, James Buchanan and Thaddeus Stevens. Admiral Le of our navy, died on service abroad, and Adah Isaac Menkin died in Paris.

A MAN LIVES WITH A BROKEN NECK.—In Mahaska county, Iowa, a Mr. D. C. White, who, 20 years ago, fell to the ground in the winter in such a manner as to dislocate his neck and fracture the skull. By some strange circumstance the spinal cord was not severed. For five years he was confined to his bed, but finally so far recovered that he could go about his business. His head is kept in position by a band around it, and connected with supports which pass down the back and around the body.

SHOCKING AFFAIR.—A fearful scene was witnessed in Douglas harbor, Isle of Man, Dec. 12. The schooner Three James, being in danger, was abandoned. The captain subsequently induced five harbor men to accompany him in a boat, with the view of towing the vessel into safe anchorage, but a wave struck the oars from their hands, and after they had been tossing about an hour in view of thousands of spectators, another wave overturned the boat. All the six men were drowned.

BURNING FORESTS.—The burning of the forests in Eastern Oregon this season caused the death of many sheep. Hundreds of them in passing over the charred districts had their feet so burned that the drivers were obliged to shoot them. The bears and wolves feasted on mutton. Deer and elk collected along the mountain streams in surprising numbers, and were at the mercy of panthers, wolves, and hunters.

TWO YOUNG MEN SHOT.—Joshua Sharp and Richard Taylor got into a quarrel at Louisville, a few days ago, and fired at each other from opposite sides of the street, each killing the other at the first fire.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

Rev. Dr. VAIL of this village offered the opening prayer of the legislature.

We are soon to have a way mail in the morning between Springfield and Boston.

Two weeks of prayer by the churches was observed by the Congregational Church in this village, which held daily services of prayer.

LARGE COW.—S. W. Lawrence has just killed for his market a fat cow which dressed 967 lbs. The animal was fattened by James Bates of Monson.

CONDUCTOR WHITNEY'S express train hence for Boston, that had stopped an hour at this station Monday, on account of the blowing out of a cylinder head of the locomotive. Another engine from Springfield took the train and passengers to Boston.

TWO MORE.—In addition to the appointment of Mr. Loomis of this town as deputy sheriff, George Moore of Thorndike, and George W. Randall of Three Rivers have been commissioned as deputies. Mr. Randall is also commissioned for Hampshire county.

JAMES McELWAIN, whose death we published this week, was a brother of Jonathan McElwain of this town and, formerly resided here. He lost two sons in the rebellion, one starting to death at Andersonville, the other dying while an amputee was being performed.

WILBRAHAM.—The students of Wesleyan Academy enjoyed themselves with a New Year's supper on Friday evening last week. Rev. Wm. Chamberlin, the new pastor of the Cong. Church at South Wilbraham, received gifts to the amount of \$100 last Monday evening.

EXHIBITION AT THE STATE PRIMARY SCHOOL.—The children at the State Primary School will repeat next Monday evening the exhibition given by them on Friday evening last week. The storm on the latter occasion prevented many from attending who wish to hear the little folks. The exhibition will commence at 6 o'clock.

SOME EGGS.—Ephraim Allen of South Wilbraham has left with us two eggs which are monsters. They were laid by a hen which is a cross between a Brahma and Dorking, one on Christmas morning, the other New Year's. The largest measures 8 1/2 by 7 inches and weighs 5 ounces, and the others a trifle smaller. It will take a pretty good hen to beat that.

THE snow storm on Friday of last week did a good deal of blocking on the railroads, delaying trains for many hours. On the Boston and Albany road most of the trains got through Friday night or Saturday forenoon. On the N. Y. N. H. railroad the boat train down on Friday evening did not get along till Saturday evening. The snow drifted badly in some places, and the snow was very tedious.

A PALMER CASE DECIDED.—In the case of Jane L. Allen against Dwight M. Stephens, administrator of the estate of Ruby Carter, to recover for services claimed to have been rendered by the deceased, the Supreme Court has decided that the action could not be maintained, having been commenced after the two years limitation had expired.—J. H. Blair for the plaintiff; Allen and Gardner for the administrator.

PALMER LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of the Palmer Library Association, held Wednesday evening, Jan. 6th, the following officers were chosen:—Chas. L. Gardner, Pres't.; O. P. Allen, Sec.; L. Dincock, Treas.; Chas. L. Gardner, Rev. E. M. Haynes, Rev. B. M. Fullerton, O. P. Allen, Wm. Merriam, Board of Directors. Sixty-eight volumes have been added to the library during the past year. The Association now numbers one hundred and five members. The library is well patronized by readers, and it is hoped all the old members will become members this year, which can be done by paying the small sum of one dollar. We hope, however, that more care will be observed by those drawing books to read. Many of the books have been sadly used by carelessness. Let every one be careful, and the books will last many years to afford pleasure and instruction to others.

The probate court for January granted administration on the estates of Henry L. Choate, Henry Charles of Ludlow, administrator; W. A. Webber, A. W. Webber of Holland, administrator; Wm. Blodgett, Lewis Blodgett of Palmer, administrator.

Will proved.—Deborah K. Eddy, George Eddy of Monson, executor. Guardians appointed.—Albert Norcross of Monson, over Alvin W. Thumstead, minor; Adaline J. W. of Holland, over Ida C. Willis, A. and Charlie A. Webber, minors; Ephraim B. Gates of Palmer, over Mary E. Gardner, minor.

Inventories filed on the estates of—Albert W. Webber of Holland; James Fenton of Brimfield.

Licenses granted to sell real estate of—Elmer E. and Albert D. Nelson of Wales; Mary L. and Eda J. Ferry of Brimfield; Mary E. and F. Arabel Niles of Wilbraham. All licenses granted to the widow of Albert W. Webber of Holland.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—The well-known temperance lecturer, Geo. M. Dutcher, of New York, will deliver a lecture on this important subject, in the Baptist Church of this village, next Wednesday evening, 10 o'clock. We quote one of the many extracts before us, from prominent newspapers, by which it will be seen that this is an opportunity which none should lose, of hearing a really gifted orator and earnest temperance advocate.

It was estimated that 1000 people went away for the want of standing room. That vast audience was held in breathless stillness by the power of his eloquence and the genuine truthfulness of his pictures of destruction and woe wrought by the demon rum. His denunciations of the horrors of delirium tremens were terrible. It seemed almost as though the fiends of hell were there and there struggling with their miserable victims. We feel grateful that Providence has raised up such a man as Mr. Dutcher, for by his great eloquence and forcible appeals, he carries conviction to the hearts of many. May God spare him, and may his days be many to stand as a beacon light to warn others from the paths in which he had so nearly fallen to ruin.

MONSON.—Geo. W. Burdick has purchased the Ristey blacksmith shop, and will commence operations forthwith. He has sold his house and lot near the quarry to W. N. Plynt, and will build near his shop the coming season. Lewis King recently killed a 6 months' old pig which weighed 300 lbs. Mr. Alfred Norcross has in his possession an invitation card, written on the back of which is the following ball

ticket of 62 years ago: Monson, March 30, 1837. The pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Norcross's company is requested at Mr. Amos Norcross's Hall, on Thursday, the 30th day of April next, at 6 o'clock p. m. J. S. Norcross.

The title page of the card is Jack of Spades.—One of the Japanese (Kudo) who is attending the Academy, was baptized and joined the Cong. Church last Sabbath.—The festival and exhibition of the Methodist Church, which was in many respects superior to previous entertainments, netted the Society \$275.—The scarlet fever, though in a mild form, is distributing itself quite freely in this locality.

David G. Green was awarded by the referees in the case of land damages on the new road at the terminus of Green street, \$150—being \$100 more than the selection had previously awarded.—A narrow escape from quite a serious accident occurred a few days since, by the rolling stones from the hill near Suttle's corner, which caused the horse driven by an aged and infirm man to suddenly turn round and nearly capsize the wagon. It should call the attention of somebody to the orders of the County Commissioners, which were made two or three years ago in regard to removing obstructions, which it is more than probable if not soon attended to, will be a serious bill of expense to the town.—The public library at the Academy opens on Wednesday evening, the 20th inst.; and as this is about all the public literary exercises for the season, those who wish to attend will do well to secure seats early, as there will, undoubtedly, be a rush.

HOLIDAY CIVILITIES.—Not only did Gen. Butler, who was the ferocious and acrid manager of impeachment, a few months ago, pay his profound respects to President Johnson, on New Year's Day, but Senator Morton, who voted for impeachment, and several others of the prominent impeaching members, did the same thing. We thus see one of the most excellent uses of the American custom of making New Year's calls.

INTERESTING TO THOSE WHO DRINK IT.—A few days since a lot of snuff was sold in Portland for rum by the United States, being seized as contraband from abroad; the true history of which was that some parts of the human body were sent to St. John, N. H., for the use of a medical professor, preserved in alcohol. The janitor took the liquor and sold it to a smuggler for export—sold as Santa Cruz.

OUR SARDINES.—We see the remarkable statement made that the sardines generally sold by grocers at from thirty to sixty cents a box, according to size, are not the genuine fish, and are far inferior to them in richness and flavor. They are brought chiefly from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the coast of Maine, where they form the principal food of the running-up salmon in the spring.

A GROWING CITY.—The last mushroom city created by the Pacific Railroad is called Ogden, and is situated about forty miles north of Salt Lake City. Many prophecy that this new city will before long be the largest in the Territory, and its commercial centre. The Union and the Central Pacific Roads meet there, and it is expected that soon both will build large depots in the place.

WIFE MURDERER ARRESTED.—A person giving his name as Smith has been arrested in Hamilton, C. W., charged with being an atrocious wife murderer, for whose apprehension the New York State authorities have offered \$3,000 reward. The Hamilton Times says if Mr. Smith is not the man he is certainly the victim of astonishing coincidences.

SUFFOCATION BY COAL GAS.—Persons who use coal cannot be too careful of their stoves and furnaces, especially when leaving them at night. If the draft is clogged or the doors are left open, there is danger of gas escaping into the room and suffocating those who may be asleep. Several accidents of this nature have occurred recently.

A LOVER STEALS THE CORPSE OF HIS SWEETHEART.—The Nashville Press says a romantic young lover near Ashland, Tenn., stole the dead body of his sweetheart while she was lying in its coffin at her father's house on Christmas eve, and hid it in a cave. He was not detected until they went to bury the coffin, when he confessed and was forgiven.

A WOMAN IN BREECHES.—A woman in the northern part of New York State has given the authorities and public notice that she prefers the costume worn by males, and that usually adopted by her own sex, and that she will hereafter use the former exclusively. But the police persist in arresting her for this. She pants for notoriety.

INGENUOUS ROBBERY.—The French Minister at Washington was recently robbed of a gold watch and several medals of honor which had been presented to him by the Emperor of France. The thief climbed the lightning-rod and entered a window of the upper story of his house in Washington.

A GOOD BUSINESS.—The Boston & Albany Railroad did a good business last year, showing excellent management. The earnings for 1898 were \$6,074,605.02; expenses, \$4,156,172.81, leaving a net income of \$1,918,432.21. The capital of the corporation is now \$18,000,000.

OUTRAGE AND MURDER.—A family of three women were seized, bound and outraged by eight men, near Zacatecas, Mexico, last month, while returning from a bath. A little girl accompanying them was stabbed when she cried for assistance, and her head severed from her body.

SLEIGH RIDE.—A great sleigh ride is to come off at North Adams, next week to celebrate the Hoosac Tunnel contract. The supper is to be taken on the return of the party at the Wilson House.

BURIED ALIVE.—The wife of a negro man near Byhalia, Miss., recently, with her lover, buried her husband alive, the lover having first struck him with an axe.

A GOOD PAPER.—The Boston Post advertised in another column is one of the best papers in Boston, and we commend it for its news, correspondence, &c.

New York city expended about \$9,000,000 on her public schools last year.

Small Cuts.

It costs \$5 and court expenses to wink at a lady in Oshkosh, Wis.

Illinois this year has a potato crop of 25,000,000 bushels.

The editor of the Paris "Pays" has already fought upward of sixty duels.

Fifteen hundred acres of Virginia land were recently sold for \$3000.

Dacotah Territory gives its women the elective franchise and eligibility to hold office.

Janetropolis is the name of a newly established station on the Pacific Railroad in Utah.

If Queen Victoria lives as long as her grandfather George III., her reign will extend into the next century.

In Adams county, Ill., having a voting population of ten thousand, ninety-six divorces have been granted within a month.

There is scarcely a fashionable avenue or street in the upper part of New York where the Jews do not hold the best sites.

A gentleman just from Havana saw there two regiments of black volunteers, of about fifteen hundred men. They were taken from the free negroes in and around Havana.

DEBT OF OUR CITIES.—The inauguration of the several cities of Massachusetts took place Monday, and the annual statements of the financial condition of the cities were made. The total debt of Boston, unfunded and funded, is \$18,925,502.75; increase \$1,412,210.51; assets on hand for redemption of debt, \$5,618,309.75.

Cambridge.—\$1,188,400; increase, \$175,000; assets \$21,635.

Charlestown.—\$1,718,206.19; increase \$164,490.37; assets 179,127.

Chelsea.—\$138,500.

Lynn.—\$707,800; increase \$50,000.

Lawrence.—\$415,620.63; increase \$66,749; assets about \$25,000.

Lovell.—\$313,247.80.

New Bedford.—\$709,150.

Newburyport.—\$1,114,000.

Worcester.—\$228,240.07.

Springfield.—\$109,500; increase \$27,200; assets \$120,978.

HORRIBLE.—A brakeman on a train running between Harrisburg and Marysville, Pa., a few days since, fell from a car and was dragged along the track a distance of over two miles, with head downward, before his sad fate could be discovered.

MAKES A BEAST OF HIMSELF.—Senator Sanbury was lately arrested at Wilmington, Del., for drunken and disorderly conduct at the residence of Senator Bayard, his colleague. When the officers found him he was lying on the floor partially undressed.

WON'T ACCEPT PRESENTS.—The New York Post advises Gen. Grant to give notice that neither he nor his family will receive presents, as those testimonials of esteem and admiration have probably, without exception, some ulterior motive.

FEMALE POISONERS.—Mrs. Elizabeth Farrar and Miss Anna Moulton are on trial in Laconia, N. H., charged with an attempt to poison George T. Farrar, the husband of the former. The case excites considerable interest.

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.—Telegraphic reports have been received from Alexandria of an earthquake at or in the neighborhood of Tabrecz, a Persian city of about 60,000 people, on Sunday last.

FIRE IN BANGOR.—A fire broke out in Bangor, Me., on the evening of Jan. 1st, which destroyed a row of ten large blocks, and involving a loss of \$300,000.

Buildings costing \$13,760,000 were erected in Boston last year.

SEE the advertisement of "Chambers' Information for the People" in another column. It promises to be one of the most valuable works of the kind ever published, and we think any one desiring an agency will do well to send for a circular.

IF we can benefit the readers of the Journal any by recommending "Parson's Pungitive Pills" to be the best anti-bilious medicine in the country, we are willing to do so. We have had about as good a chance to know as anybody.

WORTHY OF NOTES.—An exchange says, there is scarcely a day passes that we do not hear, either from persons coming into our office or in some other way, of the success of "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" in the cure of coughs and colds, so prevalent about town just now.

HEALTH-GIVING.—Speer's Wine Bitters are pure and really excellent health-giving. The debilitated, from whatever cause, use them with the fullest confidence of receiving advantage by them. They are pleasant to the taste, and are mainly the pure juice of the grape, diuretic, sudorific, and tonic in their effect. Sold by Druggists.

AGENCIES FOR PROMOTING PATENTS.—Among the multiplicity of agencies, we take great pleasure in referring to one which has gained a deservedly high rank from a test of more than twenty years' practice—that of R. H. Egan, Esq., of Boston. Highly honorable, prompt, devoted to the interests of his clients, and possessing a thorough knowledge of the intricacies which necessarily involve the granting of patents, and their reissue, in a country where mechanical and scientific ingenuity have so broad a field, Mr. Egan is known as one who often succeeds in obtaining patents where others have failed. All documents necessary to secure the rights of inventors are executed in a careful manner, and special attention is paid to procuring patents in foreign countries. We refer all interested in any way in patents and inventions to his advertisement in another column, which gives fuller details.

Bitter Sweet.—C. A. Richards & Co.'s SOXO-MIA WINE BITTERS sweetens the breath and cleanses the stomach; they also restore the appetite, and make things taste good. C. A. RICHARDS & CO., 99 Washington street, Boston.

That's What's the Matter.—The Golden Sheaf Bourbon is made right, and good, and goes to the right spot. That's the reason it sells so fast. C. A. RICHARDS & CO., 99 Washington street, Boston, largest retail wine and spirit house in America.

Twenty-five Years' Practice in the Treatment of Diseases.—Dr

To Physicians.—New York, August 15, 1887.
Allow me to call your attention to my preparation of COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The compound consists of BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBEBES, JUNIPER BERRIES.
MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu in tincture, Juniper berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin—Cubebes extracted by displacement by liquor obtained from Juniper berries, containing very little sugar, a small proportion of spirit, and more palatable than any now in use. The active properties are, by this mode, extracted.

Buchu, as prepared by druggists generally, is of a dark color. It is a plant that enters the fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this, its active principle, leaving a dark and glutinous decoction.—Thus is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation. Upon inspection, it will be found not to be a tincture, as made in Pharmacopoeia; nor is it a syrup—and therefore it can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exists. In the preparation, the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Having that you will favor it with a trial, and that, upon inspection, it will meet with your approbation. With a feeling of confidence,
I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMOLD.

Chemist and Druggist of 16 years' experience in Philadelphia, and now located at his Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 334 Broadway, New York.

[From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.]
"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmold; he occupies the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."
WILLIAM WEIGMAN.

Firm of Powers & Weigman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown streets, Philadelphia.

HELMOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, for weakness arising from indiscretion. The exhausted powers of Nature, which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms, among which will be found indigestion to exertion, loss of memory, weakness, horror of disease, or forebodings of evil, in fact, universal lassitude, prostration and inability to enter into the enjoyment of society.

The Constitution, once affected with organic weakness, requires the aid of medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. (No treatment is attended to, consumption or insanity ensues.)

HELMOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, in affections peculiar to females, is unequalled by any other preparation, as in chlorosis, or retention, painfulness, or suppression of the menses, or in uterine, ulcerated or scirrhus state of the uterus, and all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from habits of indiscretion, imprudence, or the decline or change of life.

HELMOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, and IMPROVED ROSA WAST will radically cure all diseases from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience, and no loss of time. It is a powerful, safe, and reliable remedy, in all these diseases. See HELMOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU in all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, "immediate" in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken-down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is important to affect the bodily health and mental powers. All the above diseases require the aid of a diuretic.

HELMOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is the great diuretic.
Sold by druggists everywhere. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or by express, \$1.50. Delivered to your door, in any quantity, at special rates.

Address H. T. HELMOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 334 Broadway, New York.

Some are genuine unless done in steel engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed,
H. T. HELMOLD.

Despair Not. YOU ARE NOT YET INCURABLE. REMEDY IS AT HAND. Listen to the voice of experience. Turn your back to the voice of alarm, and the attention and make the alarm of your men in the community, where so many are sinking under that long array of evils that arise from that dreadful scourge, solitary vice, in other words, debauchery and youthful indulgence. Listen, young men, ere it is too late, and suffering in enervated youth a premature old age, arising from that habit which undermines the bodily health and the mental powers. Remember and seek the true physician, Dr. FREDERICK MORRILL, of No. 108, Howard St., Boston. Do not procrastinate, but go early—go when morning symptoms tell you your condition, when you are sensible of weakness in the back and limbs, loss and prostration of the animal functions and muscular power, derangement of the digestive organs, dyspeptic ailments, general debility, and the common symptoms of debility, such as weakness of mind, alienation and loss of memory, restlessness, sleep, confusion of ideas, depression of spirits, habitual sadness and disquietude, a longing for change, evil foreboding, avoidance of society and love of solitude and retirement, timidity, mental weakness, headache, and indeed a degree of insanity almost terminating in absolute mania. Go, young man, when you are in this state, and you will find that the remedy which restores health when the body is overthrown and the mind wrecked; he can and has cured innumerable cases of nocturnal emission, and other terrible infirmities from this fruitful cause of disease.

In cases, too, of gonorrhea, syphilis, venereal complaints, and others of a similar nature, have no fears of the result. If it is your case, your change; his is the voice of experience, and he has cured more cases than any other living physician—he has administered to every form of Gonorrhea, and his remedies are sure, safe, speedy and infallible. A perfect cure is guaranteed, and a radical cure is always secured.

The Doctor's Female Monthly Drops are the only sure cure for all Suppressions and irregularities that were ever known to exist in this city. These Drops are acknowledged to be the best in the world for removing obstructions and producing regularity in all cases of Female irregularity, Suppressions, etc., etc., whether originating from cold, or any other causes. They are remarkably mild, safe and sure, and the most convincing proofs of their virtues are the benefits which have been realized by the afflicted in their use. The Drops can be obtained at my office, No. 48 Howard street, Boston, with directions. All letters attended to, and medicines, directions, etc., forwarded immediately.
may 30 y

Summer Roses.—The perfume of roses is not more agreeable to the senses than C. A. Richards & Co.'s celebrated WINE HITTERS, that are made from pure Sonoma wine, Persian saffron and other health-giving things. Sold almost everywhere by grocers and druggists.

Caution to Females in Delicate Health.—Dr. Dow, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7, Endicott street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system: Prolapsus Uteri or Eluvio Alvi, Suppression and other menstrual derangements, are all treated on new pathological principles, and speedily relief guaranteed in a very few days. So invariably certain is this new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.

Dr. Dow has, no doubt, had greater experience in the cure of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston.

Boarding accommodations for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1845, having confined his whole attention to an office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, acknowledges no superior in the United States.

N. B.—All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered.
Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Boston, Sept. 1, 1887.

Gilman's Pulmonary Troches.—Especially recommended for clearing the throat and relieving hoarseness. Much valued by singers and actors. At once the best and cheapest. Sold everywhere by Druggists. Only 25 cents per box. May be had in quantity of GEO. C. GOULD, BOSTON, MASS.

To be Used and not Abused.—C. A. Richards' Extract of Rye, when used with a proper understanding of its effects, is undoubtedly the best and most harmless stimulant you can have. It is a real help in time of need. Sold by grocers and druggists all over the country. C. A. RICHARDS & CO., 29 Washington street, Boston, largest retail wine and spirit house in America.

Information.—Information guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair upon a bald head or hairless face; also a recipe for the removal of Pimples, Blisters, Eruptions, etc., on the skin, leaving the same soft, clear, and beautiful, can be obtained without charge by addressing
THOS. P. CHAPMAN, Chemist,
my 25-ly
223 Broadway, New York.

Don't get Drunk.—What is the use of intoxicating the brain with a dose of cheap spirits of some kind, bittered with some pungent drugs. C. A. Richards & Co.'s SONOMA WINE HITTERS can be taken by the weakest system, and none of the above effects will ensue. You will get hungry, not drunk. Sold everywhere.

The Best Gin you can use is Dunster's old London Dock Gin. It is kept by most of the druggists in the country. Try D. C. A. RICHARDS & CO., 29 Washington street, Boston, largest retail wine and spirit house in America.

BORN.
In Ware, 3d, a daughter to WM. KENNEDY.

MARRIED.
At Palmer, 31st ult., by Rev. W. M. Hubbard, ALBERT A. SMITH and ESTELA Y. ALLEN, both of Brimfield; also, HOMER SELGWICK and ELIZ A. SQUIRE.

At Woonsocket, 1st, by Rev. E. M. Haynes, WILLIAM C. GREEN of Palmer, and ALICE CALKINS of Woonsocket.

At Belchertown, 1st, by Rev. C. H. Vinton, IRA CURRIE of Enfield and JOSEPHINE M. HASKELL.

At Mansfield, Ct., 31st ult., by Rev. E. F. Clark, D. C. THORNTON, Messenger M. C. Express Co., and MARY E. CARROLL of Mansfield.

At Ashland, 2d, by Rev. Webster Woodbury, LEWIS M. BLODGETT of Palmer and Mrs. KATE M. YOUNG.

At Brimfield, 30th ult., by Rev. L. Partridge, HONORABLE HAMILTON of Worcester and JULIA M. BACON of Palmer.

DIED.
At Belchertown, 24th ult., Miss HANNAH SMITH, 62, 30th ult., Mrs. ELIZABETH MOORE, 57.

At Lyons, N. Y., 27th ult., JAMES MCLEWAIN, 70, formerly of Palmer.

FLLOUR, FEED AND GRAIN, &c.
Having secured the services of MR. ALFRED TRUMBULL, formerly of the firm of Hall & Trumbull, I am prepared to furnish

MEAL, FEED AND FLOUR
At the Very Lowest Prices, and at Short Notice.
COIN MEAL at \$2.25; also, GROCERIES of all kinds VERY LOW.

JOSEPH THOMPSON.
Palmer, Jan. 9, 1889.

QUARTERLY REPORT of the Mouson National Bank Jan. 4th, 1889.

RESOURCES.
U. S. Bonds, \$167,000 00
Due from Banks, 135,700 00
Due from Merchants, 18,721 06
Deposits, 5,100 00
Stock in Nat'l Bank of Redemption, 1,171 46
Legal Tenders and cash items, 2,500 00
Real Estate, 3,354 51

LIABILITIES.
Capital Stock, \$150,000 00
Reserve Fund, 141,300 00
Profit and Loss, 47,317 07
Deposits, 15,803 81
Dividends unpaid, 6,800 00
Taxes unpaid, 1,473 63

E. F. MORRIS, Cashier.
QUARTERLY REPORT of the Ware National Bank, Jan. 4th, 1889.

RESOURCES.
Loans and Discounts, \$360,880 28
U. S. Bonds, 47,300 00
Due from other Banks, 58,051 31
Real Estate, 3,785 30
Expenses, 1,215 25
Deposits, 4,912 00
Bills of other Banks, 3,910 07
Specie and Fractional Currency, 40,000 00
Legal Tenders, 40,000 00

LIABILITIES.
Capital Stock, \$450,000 00
National Circulation, 314,000 00
State, 6,400 00
Profit and Loss, 8,132 00
Deposits, 76,516 05

W. S. HYDE, Cashier.
1869. BOSTON POST. 1869.

THE BOSTON POST, DAILY.
\$10 A YEAR!
The Cheapest Large Paper in Boston.

Delivered anywhere in Boston proper, or mailed to any address.

THE BOSTON PRESS AND POST.
Semi-Weekly—Mondays and Thursdays—\$4 per annum, in advance.

BOSTON STATESMAN AND WEEKLY POST.
Weekly—Fridays—at \$2, in advance.

IN CLUBS
Of five or more, to one address, the Daily will be furnished at \$9 per year; Semi-Weekly at \$3; Weekly at \$1.50.

For clubs of ten or more one additional copy will be given to the organizer of the club.

The Publishers of these newspapers will spare no pains to render them fully equal to the demands of the public at this important crisis of our Nation's History. They will be prompt in news, abundant and excellent in correspondence, Democratic in sentiment, and as varied, interesting and intelligent in their contents as they can be made. With these assurances we look to the public for a continuance of the generous patronage which for so many years past we have been deemed worthy to receive.

THE BOSTON POST
Has now a larger circulation than ever, and a circulation that is eminently advantageous to advertisers. Every large town in New England, every city in New York and New Jersey, and in fact almost every place of note in the Union, is now receiving the Post or Statesman either through the news agents or by offering every possible inducement to attract and merit to the contents of the papers in the shape of

GENERAL NEWS MATTER.
Special Washington Dispatches, Special New York Dispatches, Foreign and Domestic Correspondence. Full Local Reports. Reports of Conventions and Political Meetings. Special Telegrams from all points of interest. Cable dispatches from Europe. Full Market Reports. Financial Record. Commercial Intelligence. Correct list of prices current. All sorts of Paragraphs. Minor Items. Lecture Reports, &c., &c.

The Boston Post, the Boston Statesman and Weekly Post, and the Semi-Weekly Press and Post will be Democratic hereafter as they have been Democratic for nearly forty years. They will seek to secure a reunion of the States, to give to every State its constitutional rights, to lessen the burdens of taxation, and to uphold the Constitution as transmitted by our fathers, and as interpreted by partisans whose aims are selfish and prejudicial to national prosperity. Political events will be fully recorded as they may transpire, and in order to furnish a complete record as well as all other news.

FOREIGN, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY, COMMERICAL, &c.

we have made arrangements for the establishment of Correspondents at Washington and other central points, whose competency and fidelity have been fully proved, and whose enterprise and industry will be equal to their responsibility duties. We assure all who may favor us with their orders that we shall endeavor to furnish them with good newspapers, as useful, prompt and interesting in all its departments as it is possible to make. The sentiment of the public welfare—presenting opinions fairly, arguments free from acrimony, and all in a spirit of candor and good temper.

We hope to see Boston Post Clubs formed in every town in New England.

TERMS: Cash in advance. Single subscriptions per annum: Post, Daily, \$10. Semi-Weekly, \$4. Weekly, \$2.

CLUB RATES.
Clubs of five or more, to one address, will be furnished as follows:
Boston Post, Daily, at \$9 per year per copy, do. Semi-Weekly, \$3
do. Weekly, \$1.50

For clubs of ten or more, one copy will be given to the organizer of the club.

No variation from the above terms in any case. Subscriptions can begin at any time. Specimen copies sent when requested.

BEALS, GREENE & CO., Proprietors,
Office, Nos. 40 and 42 Congress St., BOSTON.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

R. H. EDDY, Solicitor of Patents.
Late Agent of the U. S. Patent Office, Washington, (under the Act of 1837.)
78 STATE ST. (Opposite Kilby), BOSTON.

After an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years, continues to secure Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries. Caveats, Specifications, Drafts, Assignments, and all papers and drawings for Patents executed on liberal terms, and with dispatch. Researches made into American or Foreign works, to determine the validity or utility of Patents or inventions, and legal or other advice rendered in all matters touching the same. Copies of the claims of any patent furnished by remitting \$1. Assignments recorded at Washington.

No Agency in the United States possesses superior facilities for obtaining Patents, or ascertaining the patentability of inventions.

During eight months, the subscriber, in the course of his large practice, made, on twice rejected applications, sixteen appeals, every one of which was decided in his favor by the Commissioner of Patents.

TESTIMONIALS.
"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse."
CHAS. MAXON, Commissioner of Patents.

"I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they cannot employ a person more competent and trustworthy, and more capable of putting their applications in a form to secure for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office."
EDMUND BURKE, Late Commissioner of Patents.

"Mr. R. H. Eddy has made for me thirteen applications, on all but one of which Patents have been granted, and that is now pending. Such unmistakable proof of great talent and ability on his part, leads me to recommend all inventors to apply to him to procure their Patents, as they may be sure of having the most faithful attention bestowed on their cases, and at very reasonable charges."
JOHN TIGHART, Jr.
Boston, January 1, 1889.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW GREAT STANDARD WORK, CHAMBERS' INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE!
The largest, best and cheapest subscription book ever published, and endorsed by all Literary People in Europe and America.

As well to supply a much needed want in our own country by diffusing correct information in a form best adapted to our people, as to gratify repeated solicitations from friends to issue an American edition of this valuable work, the publishers have undertaken the enterprise. The vast amount of illustrated trash that has flooded the country for some years past demands a book of this character, for the benefit of those who wish to read for instruction and entertainment, instead of cheap pictures and sensational newspaper clippings bound up in the form of and sold for books.

This great work is of itself a complete and selected library for every family, containing over 3000 clearly printed pages, on all subjects of popular interest, and has been carefully and especially adapted to the wants of the people. The daily interest received as to date of issue give assurance of an extraordinary sale. By applying at once, agents will secure a choice of territory for a book that will sell to everybody, regardless of sect, party, or section. Send for circulars, and see our terms and a full description of this mammoth work.

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO.,
411 BROADWAY ST., NEW YORK.

NOTICE.—To whom it may concern.—I hereby give notice that I have given my son, George L. F. Clark, his true, I shall demand none of his earnings nor pay any bills of his contracting after this date.
LUTHER CLARK.
Three Rivers, Dec. 21, 1888.

CLOSING OUT SALES!
—AT—
GREAT BARGAINS!
FOR THIRTY DAYS, WE SHALL OFFER ALL OF OUR SUMMER GOODS, AT PRICES THAT MUST INSURE THEIR SALE.

CALL EARLY AND GET THE BARGAINS.
NICHOLS, FRENCH, & TINKHAM.
Palmer, July 25, 1888.

FARM STOCK AND MAY FOR SALE.
Said farm lies one mile north of Palmer Center, on the road leading from Palmer Depot to Ware Village, and contains about one hundred and forty acres of land, suitably divided into plowing, mowing, and pasture land, and will keep twenty head of cattle. There is a good house and land, if sold in market, to pay for the farm. On the farm is a house 30x40, with a land wood-house, and two good barns. The house and barn are well supplied with running water; also plenty of fruit trees. Said farm will be sold at a bargain, together with all the stock, farming tools, and household furniture, and about thirty tons of hay. Also, one bay mare, nine years old, sound and kind, and one colt one year old and half spring. Any one wishing to purchase any or all of the above named property, can examine the same by calling on the subscriber at the farm, which, if not previously disposed of, will be sold at auction on the 20th of January at 10 o'clock, a. m.

HARVEY SELGWICK.
Palmer, Dec. 26th, 1888.

A MUSICAL GEM.
Just published, a beautiful collection of Vocal and Instrumental Music, entitled
THE OPERA BOUFFE,
Comprising the choicest pieces from Offenbach's celebrated Operas of
LA GRANDE DUCHESSE, LA BELLE HELENE, BARBE BLUE (Blue Beard), DR. PHEU, GENIEVE DE BRAHANT.

Boards, \$2.50; Cloth, \$3.00; Cloth, full gilt, \$4.00. Sent post-paid on receipt of price.

Also, in press, a new book, entitled "WREATH OF GEMS" comprising nearly 100 of the choicest songs, Ballads and Duets of the day. Price, same as "THE OPERA BOUFFE." OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston. C. L. HEDSON & CO., 211 Broadway, New York.

SOMETHING NEW!
MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS,
Made and inserted in Rings, Slides, Spy and Opera Glasses, at the
PHOTOGRAPH SALOON, NEAR THE SITE OF COMMERCIAL BLOCK.

LUMBER, OF ALL KINDS!
LATIN, SHINGLES, &c.,
For sale in quantities to suit purchasers, by
ALBERT BURLEIGH,
Knox's Building,
Palmer, June 29, 1887.

MOODY'S CHEROKEE LINIMENT.
A sure cure for RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, and CHILBLAINS.
M. S. BURR, CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS,
CARTER & WILEY, Boston, Mass.

For sale by WOOD & ALLEN, Palmer, Mass.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to make immediate payment, Jan. 1, 1889.
S. W. SMITH.

WINTER BLEACHED SPERM OIL,
the very best for lubricating purposes.
At S. W. SMITH'S.

GOODS

ARE
LOWER.

CASH BUYS CHEAP!
AT

EDWARDS & COMPANY'S

FULL LINE OF
NEW FALL GOODS!
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

LOOK AT THE PRICES.

Best Prints, including Merrimac, Cochecho, Allen's, etc., 12 1/2c
Common Prints, 8 to 10
Yard wide Brown Cottons, 12 1/2c
(Same as sold last year for 15c.)
Yard wide Bleached Cottons, 12 1/2c
(Regular 17 cent goods.)
Good Fall Gingham, 12 1/2c
Heavy Shirting Flannels, 25
White Domestic Flannels, 20 to 25
Red and Gray Wool Flannels, 25
Good Cotton Flannels, 15
Good Wool Undershirts, 50
Ladies' Heavy Undervests, 1.00
20 Spring Hoop Skirts, 50
All Wool blue mix yarn, per lb., 1.25
Holyoke & Russell's Spool Thread, 4
New Dress Goods, Very Cheap.
Men's Union Suits, 8.00
Men's Union Suits, extra quality, 10.00
Men's all wool Cassimere Suits, 12.50
(Good style and fine quality.)
Our Best Thick Boots, 4.00
(Double Sole and Tap. Sold last year for \$4.75.)
Our Custom Made Calf Boots, 5.00
(Double Sole and Tap. Sold last year for \$6.50.)
Good Double Sole Calf Boots, 3.75
Women's Pegged Balmorals, 1.25
Misses' Pegged Balmorals, 1.12
Children's Gaiter Balmorals, 75
Ladies' Sewed Goat Balmorals, 2.00
Ladies' 14th d Serge, double sole Congress, 1.62
Men's Rubber Boots, best quality, 4.00
Boys' " " " 2.75
Ladies' " " " 1.50
Men's Rubber Shoes, 90
Ladies' " " 70
Misses' " " 55

REMEMBER!
That our goods are sold at the
LOWEST RATES.

EVERY PURCHASER
OUR SPLENDID STOCK!

EDWARDS & CO.,
SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.

J. H. STORRS

WILL SELL, FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS.
DRY GOODS, CARPETS.

AND
MILLINERY GOODS,
AT LESS PRICES THAN CAN BE FOUND
AT ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT IN
HAMPSHIRE COUNTY.

We shall offer goods at the following prices
FOR 30 DAYS ONLY.

Best New Styles DeLaines, 20 cts.
Best New Styles Prints, 12 1/2 "
Merrimac, Cochecho, and others, 12 1/2 "
Good Prints, 8 & 10 "
Fine 4-4 Cotton, 12 1/2 "
Heavy Amoskeag 4-4 Cotton, 15 "

CLOAKS, CLOAKS, CLOAKS,
AT REDUCED PRICES—from \$6.00 to \$20.00.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS
Just received, in New Designs.

FEATHERS, FEATHERS,
Received Fresh Every Week, and will be
SOLD AS LOW
AS CAN BE BOUGHT IN BOSTON OR
NEW YORK.

We have now received our
FALL AND WINTER
MILLINERY GOODS,
NEW STYLES OF HATS, RIBBONS,
PLUMES, WREATHS, &c., at LOW PRICES.

SHAWLS, SHAWLS, SHAWLS,
IN A GREAT VARIETY.

We shall offer goods in every department at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BARGAINS!
—AT—
J. H. STORRS.
Ware, Mass., Oct. 9, 1888. Sept 11

\$15 GET THE BEST. \$15
SENT BY EXPRESS, CASH ON DELIVERY.
THE GENUINE
OROID GOLD WATCHES,
IMPROVED AND MANUFACTURED BY US, are all the best make. Having cases, finely chased and beautifully enameled, Patent and Detached Levers, full jeweled, and most costly styles and patterns, and adjusted, and GUARANTEED BY THE COMPANY to keep good time, and wear and not tarnish, but retain an appearance equal to solid gold as long as worn.

These celebrated watches we are now sending by mail and express, C. O. D., anywhere within the United States and Canada, at the regular wholesale price, payable on delivery.

No MONEY is REQUIRED IN ADVANCE as we prefer that all should receive and see the goods before paying for them.

A SINGLE WATCH TO ANY ADDRESS, \$15.
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Splendid Russian or Siberian Squirrel Furs, and fine imported Sable, will be sold at the BOTTOM PRICES, at the
NEW YORK CHEAP STORE.
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Ware, Dec. 12, 1888.

STAGE NOTICE.—On and after Nov. 1st, 1888, Stages will run to West Warren as follows: 7 o'clock and 9 1/2 o'clock A. M., to meet trains going West; 4 o'clock P. M., to meet trains going to Boston. Way bills at the Hartwell House.

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GRAHAM AND BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
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BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS.

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The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XIX.

PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

NUMBER 45.

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BY
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WEDDING CARDS Neatly Printed at

this office.

Smile and be Contented.

The world grows old, and men grow cold
To each while seeking treasure,
And what with want, and care, and toil,
We sooner have time for pleasure;
But never mind, that is a loss
Not much to be lamented;
Life rolls on gaily if we will
But smile and be contented.

If we are poor and would be rich,
It will not be by pining;
No, steady hearts and hopeful minds
Are life's bright silver lining.
There's never a man that dared to hope,
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth are those
Who smile and are contented.

When grief doth come to rack the heart,
And fortune bids us sorrow,
From hope we may a blessing reap,
And consolation borrow.
If thorns may rise where roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented;
So make the best of life you can
And smile and be contented.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

The gossips of Lynn have been quite busy of late over a romantic love elopement and capture of "a boy in blue" by a Southern heiress. It appears that during the rebellion, while one of our State batteries with a portion of the Union army was encamped for a few days in a certain town in a Southern State, one of the drivers was in the habit of evading the pickets and doing a little foraging on his own account. While on one of his daily visits to the plantations in the vicinity of his camp he was snuggly entertained by a beautiful and wealthy young lady. Being fond of adventures, he made several calls upon his new and delightful acquaintance, but was considerably startled as he one day approached the house for the purpose of enjoying another *te te te* with his romantic friend, by her rushing out to meet and inform him that several rebels were skulking near by, and that his safety depended on a hasty return to his comrades. During their short acquaintance the lady had learned her gallant's Christian name and that he enlisted from Massachusetts; but further than this his history was to her a blank. A change of base by the Union forces prevented further meetings of this romantic couple, which, according to the lady's own statement, caused her much sorrow and many sleepless nights, for she had learned to love the "boy in blue" with her whole soul. Almost frenzied at her loss, she cut her hair short, assumed male attire, made her way to the Union lines, and enlisted as Quartermaster's clerk. She served until her regiment was mustered out of service, but failed to gain any tidings of her handsome blue-eyed soldier. She returned to her home, and found that during her absence her parents had died, leaving her alone and heirless to a large amount of real estate and personal property. Having no home ties, she immediately started for this State, and for the past two years she has wandered from city to city, and town to town, sometimes a guest at the best hotels, and frequently a transient inmate of ordinary respectable boarding houses.

The "boy in blue" is a resident of Lynn, and is a worthy and industrious mechanic. Happening to call a few days since at one of our boarding houses, he mentioned while there that he was about to visit Boston, at which the lady of the house remarked that a young lady, a stranger, who was stopping at her house, was desirous of visiting that city, and he would confer a favor by acting as escort. The young lady, upon being summoned to the parlor, immediately complied, glanced at the gentleman, uttered his Christian name, and fell to the floor in a swoon. Restoratives were applied and she soon recovered, when mutual explanations followed, and she soon learned that while she was in search of her "boy in blue" he had become a husband, father, and a widower. But loving him none the less for that, and seeing Cupid in his eyes, she fell upon his shoulder and wept tears of joy. A sensational wedding is likely to occur soon.

WILLING TO HELP ON THE PLAY.—An old weather worn trapper was recently seen sauntering along the main street of one of our Western villages. Pausing in front of a little meeting house for a moment, he went in and took his seat among the congregation. The preacher was discoursing on the text of "the sheep and wolves," and had evidently been drawing a contrast between the two subjects. Says he, "we who assemble here from week to week and do our duty and perform our part are the sheep, now who are the wolves?" A pause, and our friend the trapper rose to his feet; "Wal, stranger, rather than see the play stopped I will be the wolves!" The preacher was vanquished.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.—The famous Black Hole of Calcutta has at last been discovered by Dr. Norman Chevers, a sanitary writer. It has never been identified before, though its whereabouts have been suspected. The historical description makes it only 20 feet square. The southern curtain of the old fort of Calcutta is being pulled down, and in one part of it Dr. Chevers has come upon a room or space which is the exact compartment to the Black Hole. On the night of June 21-22, 1756, 146 Englishmen were confined in this small room. Only 23 of them came out alive in the morning.

The only chance for some men's hats ever to contain anything valuable is to pass them around for pennies.

A LEGEND OF 1776.

Night had set in deep, and in a small log hut, situated a few miles from Trenton, N. J., sat five men, four of whom were seated at an old oaken table in the center of the room engaged in playing cards, while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from an earthen jug that stood on the table.

They were heavily bearded, coarse looking men, and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform, they were evidently Tories. The other was a stout built young man clad in the Continental uniform. He sat in one corner of the room with his face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner, for such he evidently was, "Tom, you and I were school boys together, and I love you yet. Now, why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You are our prisoner, and if you don't we shall hand you over to the headquarters to-morrow, while if you join us your fortune is made, for with your bravery and talents you will soon distinguish yourself in the royal army, and after the rebellion is crushed out, your course shall be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now of these two alternatives which do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, raising his head and looking the Tory steadily in the eye.

"I am now, as you say, your prisoner, but when the clock strikes twelve I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, and neither your comrades, nor even myself, can prevent it. You may watch me closely as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I shall leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow, his mind wanders," said the Tory; "he'll talk differently in the morning." And he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head again resting in his hands.

When the clock struck eleven the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objections to his smoking.

"None in the least," he said, adding with a laugh, "that is, if you'll promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

The young man made no reply, but immediately filled his pipe, having done which he commenced packing the door.

He took half a dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer the table each time, when, having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and refilled it.

He continued to smoke until the clock struck twelve, when he arose from his seat and slowly knocking the ashes from his pipe, said:

"There, boys, it's twelve o'clock and I must leave you. Good bye!"

Immediately all around the room were seen streaks of fire hissing and squirming; the cabin was filled with dense sulphurous smoke; amidst which was a clap of thunder. The Tories sat in their chairs paralyzed with fright.

The smoke cleared away, but the prisoner was no where to be seen. The table was overturned; the window was smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside the building.

The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance around the room and sprang out of the window, followed by his comrades. They ran through the forest at the top of their speed, in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames which had now begun to devour the cabin.

The next day, two young men, dressed in the Continental uniform, were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One was our prisoner of the night previous.

"Let us hear all about it, Tom," said the other.

"Well," said he, "last evening, as I was passing this place two Tories ran out of the cabin and took possession of me. Before I could make any resistance they took me in, and who do you suppose I saw as a leader of their party but John Barton, our old schoolmate. He talked with me and tried to induce me to join them; but I told him I couldn't do it, that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape, disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke; but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head. About eleven o'clock I asked him if I might smoke. He said he had no objections; so I filled my pipe and lighted it and commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked strewed it over the floor. When the clock struck twelve I hid them good bye, knocked the ashes out of my pipe, the powder ignited, and a dazzling flame of fire shot across, around and all over the room, filling it with suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away I hurled a chair through the window and departed, leaving them to their own reflections. You know the rest."

In reply to a young writer, who wishes to know "what magazine will give me the highest position quickest," the Petersburg Express says "a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

PASSING AWAY.

It is astonishing how rapidly time passes away; how the days, the weeks, the months and the years roll round, carrying with them the life, the beauty and the hopes of this world into a vast and unknown future. It seems but a short time, indeed, since we all felt and enjoyed the spring and buoyancy of youth, the delights of home, the influences of parental love, the society and counsel of friends, who now sleep in the grave; and yet some of us are aged, and the majority have attained to mature manhood. The youth of the present generation are growing up around us, but in our youth we knew them not. While we have been passing on, in the direction of the grave, they have sprung up to occupy our places and follow rapidly in the rear. Before us we see the aged tottering along in their feebleness and leaning upon their staves; behind us is the youth flushed with promise, and the infant prattling in its mother's arms. Our life is a moving panorama—the pictures on canvas pass before our eyes, delighting us for the moment, but each containing a solemn lesson and warning. He is but an indifferent observer who does not study himself. There is the ocean, the lake, the river, the mountain and the vale; the one swells in its majesty and murmurs its defiant tones, which are heard on the shore, the other rests like a calm mirror, reflecting the light of the millions of stars that sparkle in the blue canopy; the river dashes on its way to the sea; the mountain lifts its head among the clouds and casts its frowning shadows into the vale below; the vale echoes to the songs of its birds, while here and there is the busy town, with its active life, ceaseless commotions, its impetuous struggles, its attractive homes, and the spires of its churches pointing towards heaven. The bell rings, and the picture passes away from our sight, to be seen no more. Thus it is with human life. It is an association of objects, interests, attractions and beauties, which burst upon our sight, perform their mission and accomplish their purposes, and are then lost to sight. The bell tolls, the canvases move, the lights are put out, the vision is lost in darkness; silence reigns, the curtain drops, and all is ended in the sleep, the forgetfulness and the insensibility of the grave.

MONEY THROWN AWAY.

In the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, it will be seen that in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, the sum of one hundred and ninety-one million dollars was collected from internal revenue, the expenses of collecting which was five per cent. The heavy items in this account are the taxes paid on the indulgence of popular appetite. The amount received, for instance, from the tax on chewing and smoking tobacco was, in round numbers, fifteen million dollars. Add to this the cost of production and dealers' profits, which is estimated to be five times more than the revenue tax, amounting to seventy-five million dollars. All the railroads paid to freight less than seven millions, the insurance companies less than two millions, and the telegraph and express companies not a million between them, so that chewing and smoking tobacco—our small vices, as they are called—are really "bigger things" in the Commissioner's report than all the railroads, telegraph or express and insurance companies in the United States taken together. The number of cigars taxed was six hundred millions. It is calculated as many more are used through smuggling, making a grand total of yearly expenditure in the United States of one hundred and fifty million dollars for tobacco alone.

Will not some Philanthropist discover some remedy for this enormous and useless waste of money? Only think of it, one hundred and fifty million dollars annually thrown away! This would soon liquidate our national debt. The question recurs, where will an antidote be found for this greatest of evils.—N. Y. Herald.

BARON ROTHSCHILD.—The New York Sun thus helps ordinary intellects to estimate the enormous wealth left by the late Baron Rothschild: The estate left by the late Baron Rothschild of Paris is reported to be worth \$100,000,000. Few persons, we presume, have any definite idea of this immense sum, but it may help them somewhat to form one, to mention that it nearly equals the total cost of all the buildings and improvements in the city of New York. If the city were to be reduced to ashes to-morrow, from end to end, the Rothschild fortune would suffice to restore it. Think of one single man having such an amount of property.

"You can do anything if you only have patience to wait," said an old fogey to his son. Water may be carried in a sieve if you can only wait. "How long?" queried the son, an impatient and impatient Young America, who could hardly wait for the old man's obituary. "Till it freezes!" coolly replied the old fogey.

The Jews, who have heretofore been driven out of Spain, are now allowed to settle and enjoy the free exercise of their worship in that country.

The Modern Husband.

Finds home convenient place to rest,
So comes to it when he thinks best;
His manners with his hat puts down,
Puts on his slippers and a frown;
And very probably doth snore,
Whenever he finds his tea is cold;
Or if, to have it made must wait,
It makes it so "confounded late,"
He wonders "what on earth's the reason
Nothing is ever done in season."

Ten o'clock, "good nights" are quickly said,
Those "noisy children" sent to bed,
Takes his cigar from off the shelf,
And reads his paper to—himself!

A SAD STORY OF THE SEA.

It is difficult to imagine a sadder story or one better calculated to rouse a just indignation, than that related before the High Court in Edinburgh, Scotland. The barest statement of facts is sufficient to draw tears, or rouse decent men into a fever of indignation. Last April, five hails of Greenock, three of them quite children, resolved, in a passing caprice, to enjoy a pleasure sail, and stowed themselves on the Arran, a ship bound for Quebec. When they were fairly at sea they revealed themselves, to the great and not unjust indignation of the master, Robert Watt, and his mate, James Kerr, who avenged themselves for a month by inflicting a curious variety of tortures. All seemed to have been half starved, and one was repeatedly flogged, sonsed in ice-cold water, and ordered to stand naked in the Arctic cold, at the forecastle head. By May the Arran was off the coast of New Foundland, from fifteen to twenty miles from shore, imbedded in the ice, and the captain determined that the lads should be expelled from the ship. Two of them were only eleven and twelve years of age, half clad, with no shoes, and out of condition from continued hunger, while one, "a nice wee bit of a fellow, but not strong," says his mother, was spitting blood.

The ice was most unsafe, the shore was scarcely visible, and the Arran was full of provisions; but, no matter, the boys must go, and crying and frightened, they went. Three were saved almost by a miracle, getting so far on the ice that they were seen from shore; but the two little shoeless lads perished. One fell into the water almost at starting, the "lee" just closed over him, and he was drowned. The other, McGlucose, the youngest of all, walked on for two hours or more, and then, unable to exert himself, with his feet cut and his legs swollen, and that dreary waste of ice all round, he sat down to die. His companions did what they could to urge him on, but the lad could only sob, still, as they testify, "they hard him greetin' when they were a long way off," and so, still in sight of the ship, froze to death.

If ever there was murder done on the earth, that lad was murdered; but the Edinburgh jury found that the captain had a reputation for being "kind and gentle." Indeed, that reputation had originally tempted the lads—and they added a recommendation to mercy in their verdict of culpable homicide, and Lord Justice Clark, who had charged dead against the captain, sentenced him to eighteen months imprisonment, the most astounding failure of justice in a British court it has ever been our lot to record, the more astounding because Watt's only defence, that he urged the boys on to the lee in the full expectation that they would return, was exposed by the learned Judge himself.

ABOUT COAL.—A blacksmith in Wyoming Valley, whose name is unknown, was the first man who used the anthracite coal of Pennsylvania, as fuel. This was in 1708. A century later, in 1808, Judge Fell of Wilkesbarre, used it in a grate for heating his family mansion. In the year 1820 the production in all Pennsylvania did not exceed 365 tons—one ton for each day. In 1868 the annual production had reached 12,000,000 tons—34,000 tons per day.

EARTHLY TREASURES.—When Sheridan had bought him a beautiful place, he invited old Dr. Johnson to go and see it. The old cynic went, and looked through the house, and library, and tasted the wine in the cellar, and walked in the garden and said nothing. Sheridan said to him: "Well, Doctor, what do you think of it?" "Ah!" said he, "these are things that maketh death terrible."

"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he sees asleep." "I think," replied the other, "that it would be better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

A young lady who prided herself on her geography, seeing a candle astant, remarked that it reminded her of the "Leaning Tower of Pisa." "Yes," responded a wag, "with this difference—that is a tower in Italy, while this is a tower in grease."

A Methodist exhorter recently bewailing the coldness in his flock in religious matters, said very early that the church members of late attended too much to the conversion of seven-thirties.

When do literary ladies change color? When they are so deeply read that they become blue.

A SUBTERRANEAN VILLAGE AND SALT MINE.—A correspondent at Cracow, writing on the 1st, says: "The famous salt mine of Wieliczka, ten miles from Cracow, which brings a net revenue to the Austrian government of upward of 6,000,000 florins (£600,000), is threatened with total destruction by a stream of water which made its appearance on the 19th of last month, while the workmen were digging in one of the lower shafts in search of potash. The mine contains a subterranean village of about a thousand inhabitants, who are in imminent danger of losing their only source of living. All the means hitherto adopted of preventing the water from inundating the mine have been unsuccessful; it flows at the rate of 120 cubic feet a minute, and has already almost filled the lower passages, rapidly dissolving the salt, with which it comes in contact.

A Government engineer has arrived from Vienna, and a channel is being built under his directions for confining the water and leading it out of the mine, but it is feared that the salt columns which support the transverse shafts will be undermined before the work can be completed. These passages are so numerous that it is said their total length is equal to the distance from Cracow to Vienna and back again, and contain extensive stables and provision magazines, decorated with statues of salt which are illuminated on festive occasions. The mine is said to have been discovered by a shepherd named Wieliczka in 1250. It came into the possession of Austria in 1772, at the first partition of Poland.

How SAM WAS CAUGHT.—An old lady who was making some jam, was called upon by a neighbor. "Sam, you rascal," she said, "you'll be eating my jam when I'm away." Sam protested he'd die first; but the whites of his eyes rolled hungrily towards the bubbling crimson. "See here, Sam," said the old lady, taking up a piece of chalk, "I'll chalk your lips, and then, on my return, I'll know if you have eaten any." So saying, she passed her fore finger over the thick lips of the darkey, holding the chalk in the palm of her hand, and not letting it touch him. When she came back she did not need to ask any questions for Sam's lips were chalked a quarter of an inch thick.

A bashful youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was alone. After settling the merits of the weather, Miss said, looking slyly into his face: "I dreamed of you last night." "Did you? Why, now." "Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me." "Why, now. What did you dream that your mother said?" "Oh! I dreamed she wasn't at home." A light dawned on the youth's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack—perhaps his whip, and perhaps not—but in a month they were married.

"A Southern circus," says a contemporary, "gets its work done cheaply. At the closing performance in any place it admits the negroes free, taking their hats at the door. The confiscated head coverings are restored to the owners when the tent and fixtures have been taken down and carefully packed in the wagons, ready to be transported to the place where the circus is next to appear."

Now the farmers begin to have carpenter's tools, the next step is to have good ones. Let there be first-class saws, chisels, bits, and planes, and a good grindstone or friction rollers. The best use for poor tools is to lend them.

"My dear young lady," exclaimed a gentleman, "I am astonished at your sentiments! You actually make me start—upon my word you do!" "Well, sir," replied the damsel, "I've been wanting to start you for the last hour."

Did you know," said a cunning Gentle to a Jew, that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed," retorted Solomon, "den it ish vell dat you and I ish not dere."

An editor in the far west has been to see the White Fawn played. He says the girls were barefooted up to their necks.

How all of us would hate and despise the man who should misuse our gifts as we misuse those of heaven.

"Mary," asked Charles, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

Why is a person annoyed by a fool, like one who falls into the sea? Because he is like a man over-board.

Ladies who have won husbands by gay games in their hats, are said to have feathered their nests.

Why is a clergyman like a locomotive? Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

When a rich lady marries a poor man it must be with a view of husbanding her resources.

The Palmer Journal.

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S. W. SMITH, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, &c.
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WEDDING CARDS Neatly Printed at this office.

Smile and be Contented.

The world grows old, and men grow cold
To each while seeking treasure,
And what will want, and care, and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure;
But never mind, that is a loss
Not much to be lamented;
Life rolls on gaily if we will
But smile and be contented.
If we are poor and would be rich,
It will not be by pining;
No, steady hearts and hopeful minds
Are life's bright silver lining.
There's no man that dared to hope,
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth are those
Who smile and are contented.
When grief doth come to rack the heart,
And fortune hides us sorrow,
From hope we may a blessing reap,
And consolation borrow.
If thorns may rise where roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented;
So make the best of life you can
—And smile and be contented.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

The gossips of Lynn have been quite busy of late over a romantic love elapse and capture of "a boy in blue" by a Southern heiress. It appears that during the rebellion, while one of our State batteries with a portion of the Union army was encamped for a few days in a certain town in a Southern State, one of the drivers was in the habit of evading the pickets and doing a little foraging on his own account. While on one of his daily visits to the plantations in the vicinity of his camp he was sumptuously entertained by a beautiful and wealthy young lady. Being fond of adventures, he made several calls upon his new and delightful acquaintance, but was considerably startled as he one day approached the house for the purpose of enjoying another *tete a tete* with his romantic friend, by her rushing out to meet and inform him that several rebels were skulking near by, and that his safety depended on a hasty return to his comrades. During their short acquaintance the lady had learned her gallant's Christian name and that he enlisted from Massachusetts; but further than this his history was to her a blank. A change of base by the Union forces prevented further meetings of this romantic couple, which, according to the lady's own statement, caused her much sorrow and many sleepless nights, for she had learned to love the "boy in blue" with her whole soul. Almost frenzied at her loss, she cut her hair short, assumed male attire, made her way to the Union lines, and enlisted as Quartermaster's clerk. She served until her regiment was mustered out of service, but failed to gain any tidings of her handsome blue-eyed soldier. She returned to her home, and found that during her absence her parents had died, leaving her alone and heirless to a large amount of real estate and personal property. Having no home ties, she immediately started for this State, and for the past two years she has wandered from city to city, and town to town, sometimes a guest at the best hotels, and frequently a transient inmate of ordinary respectable boarding houses.

The "boy in blue" is a resident of Lynn, and is a worthy and industrious mechanic. Happening to call a few days since at one of our boarding houses, he mentioned while there that he was about to visit Boston, at which the lady of the house remarked that a young lady, a stranger, who was stopping at her house, was desirous of visiting that city, and he would confer a favor by acting as escort. The young lady, upon being summoned to the parlor, immediately complied, glanced at the gentleman, uttered his Christian name, and fell to the floor in a swoon. Restoratives were applied and she soon recovered, when mutual explanations followed, and she soon learned that while she was in search of her "boy in blue" he had become a husband, father, and a widower. But loving him none the less for that, and seeing Cupid in his eyes, she fell upon his shoulder and wept tears of joy. A sensational wedding is likely to occur soon.

WILLING TO HELP ON THE PLAY.—An old weather worn trapper was recently seen sauntering along the main street of one of our Western villages. Pansing in front of a little meeting house for a moment, he went in and took his seat among the congregation. The preacher was discoursing on the text of "the sheep and wolves," and had evidently been drawing a contrast between the two subjects. Says he, "we who assemble here from week to week and do our duty and perform our part are the sheep, now who are the wolves?" A pause, and our friend the trapper rose to his feet: "Wah! stranger, rather than see the play stopped I will be the wolves!" The preacher was vanquished.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.—The famous Black Hole of Calcutta has at last been discovered by Dr. Norman Chevers, a sanitary writer. It has never been identified before, though its whereabouts have been suspected. The historical description makes it only 20 feet square. The southern curtain of the old fort of Calcutta is being pulled down, and in one part of it Dr. Chevers has come upon a room or space which is the exact compartment to the Black Hole. On the night of June 21-22, 1756, 146 Englishmen were confined in this small room. Only 23 of them came out alive in the morning.

The only chance for some men's hats ever to contain anything valuable is to pass them around for pennies.

A LEGEND OF 1770.

Night had set in deep, and in a small log hut, situated a few miles from Trenton, N. J., sat five men, four of whom were seated at an old oaken table in the center of the room engaged in playing cards, while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from an earthen jug that stood on the table.

They were heavily bearded, coarse looking men, and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform, they were evidently Tories. The other was a stout built young man clad in the Continental uniform. He sat in one corner of the room with his face buried in his hands. "Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner, for such he evidently was, "Tom, you and I were school boys together, and I love you yet. Now, why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You are our prisoner, and if you don't we shall hand you over to the headquarters to-morrow, while if you join us your fortune is made, for with your bravery and talents you will soon distinguish yourself in the royal army, and after the rebellion is crushed out, your course shall be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now of these two alternatives which do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, raising his head and looking the Tory steadily in the eye.

"I am now, as you say, your prisoner, but when the clock strikes twelve I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, and neither your comrades, nor even myself, can prevent it. You may watch me closely as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I shall leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow, his mind wanders," said the Tory; "he'll talk differently in the morning." And he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head again resting in his hands.

When the clock struck eleven the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objections to his smoking. "None in the least," he said, adding with a laugh, "that is, if you'll promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

The young man made no reply, but immediately filled his pipe, having done which he commenced pacing the floor.

He took half a dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer the table each time, when, having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and refilled it.

He continued to smoke until the clock struck twelve, when he arose from his seat and slowly knocking the ashes from his pipe, said:

"There, boys, it's twelve o'clock and I must leave you. Good bye!"

Immediately all around the room were seen streaks of fire hissing and spluttering; the cabin was filled with dense sulphurous smoke; amidst which was a clap of thunder. The Tories sat in their chairs paralyzed with fright.

The smoke cleared away, but the prisoner was no where to be seen. The table was overturned; the window was smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside the building.

The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance around the room and sprang out of the window, followed by his comrades. They ran through the forest at the top of their speed, in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames which had now begun to devour the cabin.

The next day, two young men, dressed in the Continental uniform, were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One was our prisoner of the night previous. "Let us hear all about it, Tom," said the other.

"Well," said he, "last evening, as I was passing this place two Tories ran out of the cabin and took possession of me. Before I could make any resistance they took me in, and who do you suppose I saw as a leader of their party but John Barton, our old schoolmate. He talked with me and tried to induce me to join them; but I told him I couldn't do it, that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape, disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke; but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head. About eleven o'clock I asked him if I might smoke. He said he had no objections; so I filled my pipe and lighted it and commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked strewed it over the floor. When the clock struck twelve I bid them good bye, knocked the ashes out of my pipe, the powder ignited, and a dazzling flame of fire shot across, around and all over the room, filling it with suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away I hurled a chair through the window and departed, leaving them to their own reflections. You know the rest."

In reply to a young writer, who wishes to know "which magazine will give me the highest position quickest," the Petersburg Express says "a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

PASSING AWAY.

It is astonishing how rapidly time passes away; how the days, the weeks, the months and the years roll round, carrying with them the life, the beauty and the hopes of this world into a vast and unknown future. It seems but a short time, indeed, since we all felt and enjoyed the spring and buoyancy of youth, the delights of home, the influences of parental love, the society and counsel of friends, who now sleep in the grave; and yet some of us are aged, and the majority have attained to mature manhood. The youth of the present generation are growing up around us, but in our youth we knew them not. While we have been passing on, in the direction of the grave, they have sprung up to occupy our places and follow rapidly in the rear. Before us we see the aged tottering along in their feebleness and leaning upon their staves; behind us is the youth flushed with promise, and the infant prattling in its mother's arms. Our life is a moving panorama—the pictures on canvas pass before our eyes, delighting us for the moment, but each containing a solemn lesson and warning. He is but an indifferent observer who does not study himself. There is the ocean, the lake, the river, the mountain and the vale; the one swells in its majesty and murmurs its defiant tones, which are heard on the shore, the other rests like a calm mirror, reflecting the light of the millions of stars that sparkle in the blue concave; the river dashes on its way to the sea; the mountain lifts its head among the clouds and casts its frowning shadows into the vale below; the vale echoes to the songs of its birds, while here and there is the busy town, with its active life, ceaseless commotions, its impetuous struggles, its attractive homes, and the spires of its churches pointing towards heaven. The bell rings, and the picture passes away from our sight, to be seen no more. Thus it is with human life. It is an association of objects, interests, attractions and heavities, which hurst upon our sight, perform their mission and accomplish their purposes, and are then lost to sight. The bell tolls, the canvas moves, the lights are put out, the vision is lost in darkness; silence reigns, the curtain drops, and all is ended in the sleep, the forgetfulness and the insensibility of the grave.

MONEY THROWN AWAY.

In the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, it will be seen that in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, the sum of one hundred and ninety-one million dollars was collected from internal revenue, the expenses of collecting which was five per cent. The heavy items in this account are the taxes paid on the indulgence of popular appetite. The amount received, for instance, from the tax on chewing and smoking tobacco was, in round numbers, fifteen million dollars. Add to this the cost of production and dealers' profits, which is estimated to be five times more than the revenue tax, amounting to seventy-five million dollars. All the railroads paid together less than seven millions, the insurance companies less than two millions, and the telegraph and express companies not a million between them; so that chewing and smoking tobacco—our small vices, as they are called—are really "bigger things" in the Commissioner's report than all the railroads, telegraph or express and insurance companies in the United States taken together. The number of cigars taxed was six hundred millions. It is calculated as many more are used through smuggling, making a grand total of yearly expenditure in the United States of one hundred and fifty million dollars for tobacco alone.

Will not some Philanthropist discover some remedy for this enormous and useless waste of money? Only think of it, one hundred and fifty million dollars annually thrown away! This would soon liquidate our national debt! The question recurs, where will an antidote be found for this greatest of evils.—N. Y. Herald.

BARON ROTHSCHILD.—The New York Sun thus helps ordinary intellects to estimate the enormous wealth left by the late Baron Rothschild: The estate left by the late Baron Rothschild of Paris is reported to be worth \$400,000,000. Few persons, we presume, have any definite idea of this immense sum, but it may help them somewhat to form one, to mention that it nearly equals the total cost of all the buildings and improvements in the city of New York. If the city were to be reduced to ashes to-morrow, from end to end, the Rothschild fortune would suffice to restore it. Think of one single man having such an amount of property.

"You can do nothing if you only have patience to wait," said an old fogey to his son. Water may be carried in a sieve if you can only wait. "How long?" queried the son, an impatient and impatient Young America, who could hardly wait for the old man's obituary. "Till it freezes!" coolly replied the old fogey.

The Jews, who have heretofore been driven out of Spain, are now allowed to settle and enjoy the free exercise of their worship in that country.

The Modern Husband.

Finds home convenient place to rest,
So comes to it when he thinks best;
His manners, with his hat puts down,
Puts on his slippers and a frown;
And very probably doth scold,
Whene'er he finds his tea is cold;
Or if, to have it made must wait,
It makes it so "confounded late."
He wonders "what on earth's the reason
Nothing is ever done in season."
Tosses, "good nights" are quickly said,
Those "noisy children" sent to bed,
Takes his cigar from off the shelf,
And reads his paper to—himself!

A SAD STORY OF THE SEA.

It is difficult to imagine a sadder story or one better calculated to rouse a just indignation, than that related before the High Court in Edinburgh, Scotland. The barest statement of facts is sufficient to draw tears, or rouse decent men into a fever of indignation. Last April, five hails of Greenock, three of them quite children, resolved, in a passing caprice, to enjoy a pleasure sail, and stowed themselves on the Arran, a ship bound for Quebec. When they were fairly at sea they revealed themselves, to the great and not unjust indignation of the master, Robert Watt, and his mate, James Kerr, who avenged themselves for a month by inflicting a curious variety of tortures. All seemed to have been half starved, and one was repeatedly flogged, sanded in ice-cold water, and ordered to stand naked in the Arctic cold, at the forecastle head. By May the Arran was off the coast of New Foundland, from fifteen to twenty miles from shore, imbedded in the ice, and the captain determined that the lads should be expelled from the ship. Two of them were only eleven and twelve years of age, half clad, with no shoes, and out of condition from continued hunger, while one, "a nice wee bit of a fellow, but not strong," says his mother, was spitting blood.

The ice was most unsafe, the shore was scarcely visible, and the Arran was full of provisions; but, no matter, the boys must go, and crying and frightened, they went. Three were saved almost by a miracle, getting so far on the ice that they were seen from shore; but the two little shoeless lads perished. One fell into the water almost at starting, the "ice just closed over him," and he was drowned. The other, McGlimes, the youngest of all, walked on for two hours or more, and then, unable to exert himself, with his feet cut and his legs swollen, and that dreary waste of ice all round, he sat down to die. His companions did what they could to urge him on, but the lad could only sob, still, as they testify, "they hard him greet" when they were a long way off; and so, still in sight of the ship, froze to death.

If ever there was murder done on the earth, that lad was murdered; but the Edinburgh jury found that the captain had a reputation for being "kind and gentle"—indeed, that reputation had originally tempted the lads—and they added a recommendation to mercy in their verdict of culpable homicide, and Lord Justice Clark, who had charged dead against the captain, sentenced him to eighteen months' imprisonment, the most astounding failure of justice in a British court it has ever been our lot to record, the more astounding because Watt's only defence, that he urged the boys on to the ice in the full expectation that they would return, was exposed by the learned Judge himself.

ANOTHER COAL.—A blacksmith in Wyoming Valley, whose name is unknown, was the first man who used the anthracite coal of Pennsylvania, as fuel. This was in 1708. A century later, in 1808, Judge Fell of Wilkesbarre, used it in a grate for heating his family mansion. In the year 1820 the production in all Pennsylvania did not exceed 365 tons—one ton for each day. In 1866 the annual production had reached 12,000,000 tons—34,000 tons per day.

EARTHLY TREASURES.—When Sheridan had bought him a beautiful place, he invited old Dr. Johnson to go and see it. The old cynic went, and looked through the house, and library, and tasted the wine in the cellar, and walked in the garden and said nothing. Sheridan said to him: "Well, Doctor, what do you think of it?" "Ah!" said he, "these are things that maketh death terrible."

"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he sees asleep." "I think," replied the other, "that it would be better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

A young lady who prided herself on her geography, seeing a candle aslant, remarked that it reminded her of the "Leaning Tower of Pisa." "Yes," responded a wag, "with this difference—that is a tower in Italy, while this is a tower in grease."

A Methodist exhorter recently bewailing the coldness in his flock in religious matters, said very early that the church members of late attended too much to the conversion of seven-thirties.

When do literary ladies change color? When they are so deeply read that they become blue.

A SUBTERRANEAN VILLAGE AND SALT MINE.—A correspondent at Cracow, writing on the 1st, says: "The famous salt mine of Wieliczka, ten miles from Cracow, which brings a net revenue to the Austrian government of upward of 6,000,000 florins (£600,000), is threatened with total destruction by a stream of water which made its appearance on the 19th of last month, while the workmen were digging in one of the lower shafts in search of potash. The mine contains a subterranean village of about a thousand inhabitants, who are in imminent danger of losing their only source of living. All the means hitherto adopted of preventing the water from inundating the mine have been unsuccessful; it flows at the rate of 120 cubic feet a minute, and has already almost filled the lower passages, rapidly dissolving the salt, with which it comes in contact.

A Government engineer has arrived from Vienna, and a channel is being built under his directions for confining the water and leading it out of the mine, but it is feared that the salt columns which support the transverse shafts will be undermined before the work can be completed. These passages are so numerous that it is said their total length is equal to the distance from Cracow to Vienna and back again, and contain extensive stables and provision magazines, decorated with statues of salt which are illuminated on festive occasions. The mine is said to have been discovered by a shepherd named Wieliczka in 1250. It came into the possession of Austria in 1772, at the first partition of Poland.

How SAM WAS CAUGHT.—An old lady who was making some jam, was called upon by a neighbor. "Sam, you rascal," she said, "you'll be eating my jam when I'm away." Sam protested he'd die first; but the whites of his eyes rolled hungrily towards the bubbling crimson. "See here, Sam," said the old lady, taking up a piece of chalk, "I'll chalk your lips, and then, on my return, I'll know if you have eaten any." So saying, she passed her fore finger over the thick lips of the darkey, holding the chalk in the palm of her hand, and not letting it touch him. When she came back she did not need to ask any questions; for Sam's lips were chalked a quarter of an inch thick.

A bashful youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was alone. After settling the merits of the weather, Miss said, looking slyly into his face: "I dreamed of you last night." "Did you? Why, now?" "Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me." "Why, now. What did you dream that your mother said?" "Oh! I dreamed she wasn't at home." A light dawned on the youth's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack—perhaps his whip, and perhaps not—but in a month they were married.

"A Southern crenel," says a contemporary, "gets its work done cheaply. At the closing performance in any place it admits the negroes free, taking their hats at the door. The confiscated head coverings are restored to the owners when the tent and fixtures have been taken down and carefully packed in the wagons, ready to be transported to the place where the circus is next to appear."

Now the farmers begin to have carpenter's tools, the next step is to have good ones. Let there be first-class saws, chisels, bits, and planes, and a good grindstone or friction rollers. The best use for poor tools is to lend them.

"My dear young lady," exclaimed a gentleman, "I am astonished at your sentiments! You actually make me start—upon my word you do! 'Well, sir,' replied the damsel, 'I've been wanting to start you for the last hour.'"

"Did you know," said a cunning Gentle to a Jew, that they hang Jews and Jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed," retorted Solomon, "den it ish vell dat you and I ish not dere."

An editor in the far west has been to see the White Fawn played. He says the girls were barefooted up to their necks.

How all of us would hate and despise the man who should misuse our gifts as we misuse those of heaven.

"Mary," asked Charles, "what annual dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

Why is a person annoyed by a fool, like one who falls into the sea? Because he is like a man over-board.

Ladies who have won husbands by gay plumes in their hats, are said to have feathered their nests.

Why is a clergyman like a locomotive? Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

When a rich lady marries a poor man it must be with a view of husbanding her resources.

Schenck's Pulmonary Syrup.—Sufferers from Cough, Hoarseness, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs, will find relief in this Syrup. It is a powerful expectorant, and will loosen the phlegm, and soothe the inflamed membrane. It is a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and restore the health. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cleanse the bowels, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will induce perspiration, and remove the heat of the system. It is a powerful anodyne, and will relieve the pain of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful sedative, and will calm the irritation of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful emetic, and will induce vomiting, and remove the phlegm from the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful purgative, and will induce evacuation, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and restore the health. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cleanse the bowels, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will induce perspiration, and remove the heat of the system. It is a powerful anodyne, and will relieve the pain of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful sedative, and will calm the irritation of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful emetic, and will induce vomiting, and remove the phlegm from the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful purgative, and will induce evacuation, and remove the impurities of the blood.

Gilman's Pulmonary Troches.—Especially recommended for clearing the Throat and Lungs, and for the cure of Cough, Hoarseness, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful expectorant, and will loosen the phlegm, and soothe the inflamed membrane. It is a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and restore the health. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cleanse the bowels, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will induce perspiration, and remove the heat of the system. It is a powerful anodyne, and will relieve the pain of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful sedative, and will calm the irritation of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful emetic, and will induce vomiting, and remove the phlegm from the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful purgative, and will induce evacuation, and remove the impurities of the blood.

Information.—Information guaranteed to produce a permanent cure of all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs, and for the cure of Cough, Hoarseness, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful expectorant, and will loosen the phlegm, and soothe the inflamed membrane. It is a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and restore the health. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cleanse the bowels, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will induce perspiration, and remove the heat of the system. It is a powerful anodyne, and will relieve the pain of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful sedative, and will calm the irritation of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful emetic, and will induce vomiting, and remove the phlegm from the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful purgative, and will induce evacuation, and remove the impurities of the blood.

THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.—Established in 1813, is now the oldest daily newspaper in this metropolis. From the first its position as a leading journal has been maintained, and its circulation has been steadily increasing. It is a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and restore the health. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cleanse the bowels, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will induce perspiration, and remove the heat of the system. It is a powerful anodyne, and will relieve the pain of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful sedative, and will calm the irritation of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful emetic, and will induce vomiting, and remove the phlegm from the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful purgative, and will induce evacuation, and remove the impurities of the blood.

Not Alone as a Beverage.—As a pure, diuretic, stimulant, and tonic, it is a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and restore the health. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cleanse the bowels, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will induce perspiration, and remove the heat of the system. It is a powerful anodyne, and will relieve the pain of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful sedative, and will calm the irritation of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful emetic, and will induce vomiting, and remove the phlegm from the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful purgative, and will induce evacuation, and remove the impurities of the blood.

To Physicians.—August 15, 1887. Allow me to call your attention to my preparation of COMPOUND EXTRACT BICHL. The compound is a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and restore the health. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cleanse the bowels, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will induce perspiration, and remove the heat of the system. It is a powerful anodyne, and will relieve the pain of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful sedative, and will calm the irritation of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful emetic, and will induce vomiting, and remove the phlegm from the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful purgative, and will induce evacuation, and remove the impurities of the blood.

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BICHL.—This is a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and restore the health. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cleanse the bowels, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will induce perspiration, and remove the heat of the system. It is a powerful anodyne, and will relieve the pain of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful sedative, and will calm the irritation of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful emetic, and will induce vomiting, and remove the phlegm from the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful purgative, and will induce evacuation, and remove the impurities of the blood.

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Every One who has a family of children knows the necessity of having something at hand, in case of a sudden attack of cholera, or any other of the ailments of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and restore the health. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cleanse the bowels, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will induce perspiration, and remove the heat of the system. It is a powerful anodyne, and will relieve the pain of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful sedative, and will calm the irritation of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful emetic, and will induce vomiting, and remove the phlegm from the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful purgative, and will induce evacuation, and remove the impurities of the blood.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.—**E. H. EDVY, Solicitor of Patents.**—Late Agent of the U. S. Patent Office, Washington, (under the Act of 1837.) 78 STATE ST. (Opposite Kilby), Boston.

After an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years, continuing to secure Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries. Caveats, Specifications, Drafts, Assignments, and all papers and drawings for Patents executed on liberal terms, and with dispatch. Researches made into American or Foreign Patents, to determine the validity of utility of Patents, or inventions, and legal or other advice rendered in all matters touching the same. Copies of the claims of any patent furnished by remitting \$1. Assignments recorded at Washington.

TESTIMONIALS.—“I regard Mr. Edvy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse.” **CLAS. MANN, Commissioner of Patents.** “I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they cannot employ a person more competent and trustworthy, and more capable of putting their applications in a form to secure for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office.” **EDMUND HICKS, Late Commissioner of Patents.**

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW GREAT STANDARD WORK, CHAMBERS' INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE!—The largest, best and cheapest subscription book ever published, and endorsed by all Literary People in Europe and America. As well to supply a much needed want in our own country by affording correct information in a form best adapted to the people, as to gratify the natural curiosity of the people to know more of the world, and the progress of civilization, we have undertaken the publication of this work. It is a powerful tonic, and will strengthen the system, and restore the health. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cleanse the bowels, and remove the impurities of the blood. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will induce perspiration, and remove the heat of the system. It is a powerful anodyne, and will relieve the pain of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful sedative, and will calm the irritation of the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful emetic, and will induce vomiting, and remove the phlegm from the Throat and Lungs. It is a powerful purgative, and will induce evacuation, and remove the impurities of the blood.

CLOSING OUT SALES!—**GREAT BARGAINS!**—FOR THIRTY DAYS, WE SHALL OFFER ALL OF OUR SUMMER GOODS, AT PRICES THAT MUST INSURE THEIR SALE. **NICHOLS, FRENCH, & TINKHAM.**—Palmer, July 25, 1888.

FARM, STOCK AND RAY FOR SALE.—Said farm lies one mile north of Palmer Center, on the road leading from Palmer Center to Ware Village, and contains about 100 acres of land, suitably divided into plowing, mowing, and pasture land, and will keep twenty head of cattle. There is a good well on the land, and a house and barn well supplied with running water; also plenty of fruit trees. Said farm will be sold at a bargain, together with all the stock, farm tools, and household furniture, and about thirty tons of hay. Also, one bay mare, blue yearling colt, and one yearling filly. Any one wishing to purchase any or all of the above named property, can examine the same by calling on the subscriber at the farm, which, if not previously disposed of, will be sold at auction on the 20th of January at 10 o'clock, a.m. **HARVEY SELIGER.**

MUSICAL GEM.—Just published, a beautiful collection of Vocal and Instrumental Music, entitled **THE OPERA BOUFFE,** comprising the choicest pieces from Offenbach's celebrated Operas of **LA GRANDE DUCHESSE, LA BELLE HELENE, BARBE BLEUE (Blue Beard), ORPHÉE, GENEVIEVE DE BRAHANT.** Boards, \$2.50; Cloth, \$3.00; Cloth, half gilt, \$4.00. Sent post-paid on receipt of price. Also, in press, a beautiful collection of **WREATH OF GEMS,** comprising nearly 100 of the choicest songs, ballads and duets of the day. Price, same as the OPERA BOUFFE. **W. E. GOULD.** C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

SOMETHING NEW!—**MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS.**—Made and inserted in Rings, Slides, Spy and Opera Glasses, at the **PHOTOGRAPH SALOON, NEAR THE SITE OF COMMERCIAL BLOCK.** **LATH, SHINGLES, &c.** For sale in quantities to suit purchasers by **ALBERT BURLEIGH,** Knox's Building, Palmer, June 29, 1888.

MOODY'S CHEROKEE LINIMENT.—A sure cure for RHEUMATISM, STRAINS, and CHILBLAINS. **M. S. MOODY & CO.,** WHOLESALE AGENTS, CARTER & WELBY, Boston, Mass. For sale by **W. O. D. & ALLEN,** Palmer, Mass. **NOTICE.**—To whom it may concern.—I hereby give notice that I have given my rights of my mercantile marine. I shall demand none of his earnings nor pay any bills of his contracting after this date. **LUTHER CLARK.** Three Rivers, Dec. 21, 1888. **NOTICE.**—All persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to make immediate payment. **S. W. SMITH.** Palmer, Jan. 1, 1889. **WINTER BLEACHED SPERM OIL.** the very best for lubricating purposes. **S. W. SMITH.**

J. H. STORRS. WILL SELL, FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS, **DRY GOODS, CARPETS,** AND **MILLINERY GOODS,** AT LESS PRICES THAN CAN BE FOUND AT ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT IN HAMPSHIRE COUNTY. We shall offer goods at the following prices **FOR 30 DAYS ONLY:**

Best New Styles DeLaines, 20 cts.
Best New Styles Prints, 12 1/2 “
Merrimac, Cochecho, and others, 8 & 10 “
Good Prints, 12 1/2 “
Fine 4-4 Cotton, 15 “
Heavy Amoskeng 4-4 Cotton, 15 “
CLOAKS, CLOAKS, CLOAKS, AT REDUCED PRICES—from \$6.00 to \$20.00. **CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.** Just received, in New Designs. **FEATHERS, FEATHERS,** Received Fresh Every Week, and will be **SOLD AS LOW** AS CAN BE BOUGHT IN BOSTON OR NEW YORK. We have now received our **FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY GOODS, NEW STYLES OF HATS, RIBBONS, PLUCHES, WREATHS, &c.,** at LOW PRICES. **SHAWLS, SHAWLS, SHAWLS,** IN A GREAT VARIETY. We shall offer goods in every department at the **LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.** **HEADQUARTERS FOR BARGAINS!** **J. H. STORRS.** Ware, Mass., Oct. 9, 1888. Sept 11

\$15 GET THE BEST! \$15 SENT BY EXPRESS, CASH ON DELIVERY. **THE GENUINE ORFÈRE GOLD WATCHES.** IMPROVED AND MANUFACTURED BY us, are all the best made. Having cases, finely chased and beautifully jeweled, and every watch perfectly regulated, and GUARANTEED BY THE COMPANY to keep good time, and wear and not tarnish, but retain an appearance equal to solid gold as long as worn. These celebrated watches we are now sending by mail and express, C. O. D., anywhere within the United States and Canada, at the regular wholesale price, payable on delivery. No MONEY IS REQUIRED IN ADVANCE as we prepare to ship them and see the goods before paying for them. **A SINGLE WATCH TO ANY ADDRESS, \$15.** A class of six, with an extra watch to the agent sending the class, \$80, making 7 watches for \$480. Also, a superb lot of most elegant Gents' watches, of the latest and most stylish styles and patterns, for ladies and gentlemen's wear, from ten to forty inches in length, at prices of \$2.50 to \$10.00 each. Send your order with watch at the regular wholesale price. Describe the watch required, whether ladies' or gentlemen's size, and address your order and letters to **THE ORFÈRE WATCH CO.,** 148 Fulton Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED! **OUR RULES AND OUR RIGHTS!** **OUTLINES OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT!** A timely work by JUDGE WILLIS. A useful and valuable book as an aid to families, teachers, students, business men, and persons of all classes, in understanding the origin, progress, development, theory, practice, and machinery of the United States Government, in all its departments. The best selling book yet offered. No general agency, but give the extra terms to canvassers. Send at once for choice of territory and circulars. You can save time by enclosing \$1.00 for outfit. We furnish also the best quarto Family and Pocket Bibles published. **FAIRBANKS & CO., Publishers,** 738 Sanson St., Phila., Pa. nov 11

GREAT REDUCTION! In all kinds of WOOLEN and DRY GOODS, consisting of the French Merinos, Fancy Plaids, Poplins, Alpines, and a beautiful variety of Silk Velvet and Silk Ribbons, and splendid Embroidered Corsets. **BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!** Splendid Russian or Siberian Squirrel Furs, and fine imported Sables, will be sold at the **LOWEST PRICES,** at the **NEW YORK CHEAP STORE.** A. L. COHAN, Next block to the New Church, Main St. ly Ware, Dec. 12, 1888.

STAGE NOTICE.—On and after Nov. 1st, 1888, stages will run to West Warren as follows: 7 o'clock and 9 1/2 o'clock A. M. to meet trains going West; 4 o'clock P. M. to meet trains going to Boston. Way bills at the Hartwig House. **W. E. GOULD.** Ware, Mass., Oct. 31, 1888. **BEST QUALITY OF GRAHAM AND BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.** At S. W. SMITH'S. Palmer, June 12, 1888.

WANTED.—A few good WEAVERS at once, where the best of wages will be paid. **W. G. FAY.** Agent for Brookfield Mill Co. East Brookfield, Dec. 23, 1888. **TURKISH ISLAND SALT.** 100 bushels just received, by **S. W. SMITH.**

FLOUR: FLOUR! To close the stock of E. CROSBY & CO., at the old stand of Elijah Nichols, McGuffey Block, 150 North Street, at LOW PRICES. **E. CROSBY & CO.,** E. NICHOLS, Agent. Palmer, Dec. 5, 1888. **BEST QUALITY INDIAN MEAL.** For sale in any quantity, **CHEAP FOR CASH,** by **S. W. SMITH.** **CROCKERY!** A FULL LINE JUST RECEIVED, and for sale cheap, by **S. W. SMITH.** **BEST SUGAR-HOUSE SYRUP!** At S. W. SMITH.

LOWEST RATES. That our goods are sold at the **LOWEST RATES.** **EVERY PURCHASER** Will find it for his or her interest to examine **OUR SPLENDID STOCK!** **EDWARDS & CO.,** SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.

HOLIDAY GIFTS! **HOLIDAY GIFTS!** **BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS!** **BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS!** At the Warerooms of **STIMPSON & CO.,** Consisting of **PIANO-FORTES,** **ORGANS,** **MELODEONS, &c.** **STEINWAY & SON.** **CHICKERING & SON.** **MAGNIFICENT PRESENTS!** **NEW YORK CO., HAZLETON BROS., and MAIR.** **SHALL & WENDALL PIANO-FORTES.** All beautiful instruments: Allen's, the Wonderfull Organ of all Organs, "THE BURDETT ORGAN." With the latest improved VOX HUMANA—perfectly Sweet Charming.

Don't fail to come and look at this stock before purchasing elsewhere. It is to be closed out in the next 3 weeks. **10 PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN AT ANY OTHER TIME!** Prices always LOWER THAN CAN POSSIBLY BE FOUND AT ANY OTHER PLACE. Therefore, **LET US SING:** "Shouldn't I be acquainted with you? And never forget to mind? Shouldn't I be acquainted with you? And days of such kind sing?" Principal Warerooms, **MAIN STREET, WESTFIELD, MASS.** **CHAS. PHIPPS, Agent, WARE, MASS.** may 23 15

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! Having leased the Photograph Saloon lately occupied by F. K. Houston, and located it near the site of Commercial Block, I am prepared to attend to **PICTURE MAKING!** In all its branches, for which I have facilities **UNRIVALLED, EITHER IN CITY OR COUNTRY.** **ALL STYLES FERRETYPES,** From the smallest gem, at 25 cents per dozen, to 10x12 in. Frames, at prices from \$1.25 to \$2.00. **All Desirable Styles of FRAMES, BOTH RUSTIC AND OVAL.** **PHOTOGRAPH AND TINTYPE ALBUMS,** **STEREOSCOPIES and STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,** A good assortment constantly on hand. **H. G. CROSS.** Palmer, December 12, 1888.

NEW GOODS! **NEW GOODS!** **E. L. DAVIS;** at the old stand of THEODORE KATHERS, is now prepared to show to his numerous friends and patrons, a fine new stock of **FANCY GOODS.** **CLOAKING, CLOAK AND DRESS TRIMMINGS;** **RIBBONS;** **HOOF SKIRTS, FRENCH CORSETS;** **BREAKFAST SHAWLS; KNT JACKETS;** **NUBIAS, LADIES' UNDERVESTS;** **ROSIERY; KID GLOVES;** **WOOLEN YARN, of all colors;** **LINENS, CAMBRICS, MUSLINS, COLLARS;** **CCPES, FRENCH AND GERMAN BASKETS;** and all articles usually kept in a first class Fancy Goods Store. Remember the place, under JOURNAL COMES. **Palmer, Mass.** November 14th, 1888. aug 15

GROCERIES! GROCERIES! **THE PLACE TO BUY** **THE BEST QUALITY OF GROCERIES!** **At this** **LOWEST MARKET PRICE!** **is at** **S. W. SMITH'S,** **WEST END OF PALMER HOUSE BLOCK** Palmer, April 18, 1888.

FLOUR: FLOUR! To close the stock of E. CROSBY & CO., at the old stand of Elijah Nichols, McGuffey Block, 150 North Street, at LOW PRICES. **E. CROSBY & CO.,** E. NICHOLS, Agent. Palmer, Dec. 5, 1888. **BEST QUALITY INDIAN MEAL.** For sale in any quantity, **CHEAP FOR CASH,** by **S. W. SMITH.** **CROCKERY!** A FULL LINE JUST RECEIVED, and for sale cheap, by **S. W. SMITH.** **BEST SUGAR-HOUSE SYRUP!** At S. W. SMITH.

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The Palmer Journal.

NUMBER 46.

PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1869.

VOLUME XIX.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY
GORDON M. FISK & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars a year. A discount of 25 cents made to those who pay in advance. Six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Single copies, 5 cents.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the following rates: One square, one week, \$1.00; 25 cents per square for each week after the first. One square, one year, \$7.00. Legal advertising, \$1.75 per square for three insertions. Notices in editorial columns, 20 cents per line; no charge less than \$1.00. Obituary notices, 5 cents per line; no charge less than 25 cents. Notices of funerals (under the head of "Deaths"), 25 cents each. Special Notices (before marriages and deaths), 30¢ per cent. advance of regular rates. The space occupied by twelve solid nonpareil lines constitutes a square. A liberal discount to merchants advertising largely and by the year.
JOB PRINTING, of all kinds, executed in the best style, and at short notice.
G. M. FISK. A. W. MINGS.

Four Little Girls.

Four little girls, happy, smiling girls I chanced one day to see;
They talked of coming years, and what they would like to be.
Fair Lucy, with the curling hair, would like to teach a school,
And learn the children how to read and mind their teacher's rule.
Miss Ellen, only eight years old, put on a woman's look,
And said that when a woman grown, she'd like to write a book;
And then the others had to laugh till tears were in their eyes,
To think about her writing books, and see her look so wise.
Matilda, with the stately head, would be a rich man's wife,
And dress in silks and satins fine, and lead a merry life;
She'd ride in costly carriages to party, church and hall,
And servants should her bidding do, and come at every call.
The last to speak was Mary, who had listened to the rest,
And wondered what she'd better do, and what would suit her best.
But she at last concluded that, as mamma had no other,
She'd better always stay at home and be a help to mother.

THE DIAMOND PIN.

A STORY OF AFFECTION AND FIDELITY.

It was in June, when the roses were blushing in myriads together, and the air was laden with their perfume, that Richard Crindall, with a small bundle in his hand, crept from the house stealthily and darted quickly away.
The sun was not up, and everything was quiet and still in the morning twilight. He stole along the little path in the orchard and soon stood in front of a large white house, surrounded by trees of almost every variety. No one was stirring within; all was silent as the tomb. He looked long and wistfully toward one of the windows of the house, and at last he called timidly to the sleeper within.

"Allie," he said, "Allie, look out of the window."
No answer was made, and he called again, this time with more boldness. The shutters were thrown open, and a bright head, with its wealth of golden curls, appeared at the window.

"Allie," whispered the boy, "I am going away, and I wanted you to come down before I go."

"I'll be down in a minute," was answered, in a pretty, childish voice. And the golden curls disappeared.

In a few moments, which appeared like hours to the anxious boy, the door was opened cautiously, and Allie Drummond came stealing out. Her shoes were untied, and her pretty curls had seen neither comb nor brush that morning.

"Dick," said she, "are you running away?"

"Yes," said the lad, in a solemn tone, "and I'm going to stay till I'm a rich man. I can't bear to stay at home any longer and be treated like a dog; though if mother was alive I'd bear anything rather than leave her."

The sweet blue eyes of the little girl were filled with wonder and sympathy.

"Dick," said she, "I shan't take any more comfort after you are gone; but you will be much happier, and I'm glad you are going; and when you get to be a man, and are rich, then you can come back and we will be married together, and never part any more."

"Yes," said Dick, "that is just what I am going to do, but it will be a good many years before I can come back, and you'll see a great many handsome men, and you may forget me."

"Forget you! Why, Dick, you know better," said the child, pouting. "If you never come back I'll never get married in all the world. Are you going to the great city that Uncle Allen told us about?"

"I don't know, Allie," said the boy. "I have only five dollars, and that will not carry me far. I shall go to the city if I can."

They were silent a moment, then Allie said:

"Dick, I must give you a keepsake, so that you'll not forget to come back to me. Wait here a moment till I come."

Softly she stole into the house and up to her room.

"Now," said she to herself, "he has got only five dollars, and I'll give him the money papa gave me yesterday to buy that necklace I liked so much."

She drew it from her purse—a five dollar bill.

"That will make ten dollars," said she; "but what are ten dollars? Sister Jane pays ten dollars a week for her board."

She went to a trunk, and taking therefrom a little white box, she opened it, and there lay a beautiful diamond pin.

"Aunt Emma gave me this," said she, softly, "to wear when I am grown up; but they say it is worth a great deal of money, and I would much rather Dick would have it than wear it myself."

So she placed the five dollars beside it in the box, and tied the cover on snugly; and putting it in her pocket, she glided down the stairs again, and out to the great elmtree where Dick was waiting for her.

"Now, Dick," said she, "promise me that you will not open this box till to-morrow night."

"I promise," said Dick, "and I thank you for the gift, Allie, whatever it may be."

A stir was heard in the house, and the sun was coming up behind the hills.

"I must go now, Allie," said the boy, with tears in his eyes. "Kiss me and don't forget me."

"I never will, Dick," said Allie, throwing her arms about his neck and pressing her red lips to his cheek.

"I never will, Dick," said Allie, throwing her arms about his neck and pressing her red lips to his cheek.

Richard Crindall was sixteen years old, and Allie Drummond was twelve. They had always been friends ever since Allie was a wee baby; and when the brave little girl stole back to her couch the tears were streaming down her cheeks. Richard was the son of a poor but honest man, who died when his boy was only two years old, leaving nothing for the support of his wife and child. Mrs. Crindall worked for years, and Levi Drew asked her to be his wife, and go to his house. She consented, thinking that by so doing her boy might be better provided for. But, alas, for her hopes! Richard, though worshipped by his mother, perhaps for that very thing, was hated by his step-father; and finally, when Squire Drummond asked him to come to his house and be his errand-boy, he went joyfully; and in the years he remained, there sprang up the friendship between himself and the wealthy Squire's daughter. Those days were happy ones to Richard; but when he had been there seven years his mother died, and his husband married again; and as Richard was a stout, capable lad, his step-father commanded him to return and labor for him. The boy obeyed; but he was miserable there, and at last resolved to run away. Pretty Allie Drummond was the only being on earth he loved, and to her only he said good-bye.

Years passed by, and Allie had grown to be a beautiful woman, admired and flattered. Many sought her hand; but she refused them all, for she had not forgotten the promises she made to Richard Crindall, eight years before. The winter of her twentieth year she was invited by a friend to spend the season in the great city.

She went, and was the star in the brilliant circle to which she was introduced. She had been there but a few weeks, when, one afternoon, as she was descending the steps of her friend's house, a boy accosted her:

"Please, ma'am," said he, "look at this beautiful diamond pin."

She stopped instantly, for she remembered the one she had given to Richard, and she could not but hope that this was the same come back to her.

The boy opened the little white box, and there it lay, the same that her aunt had given her years before.

"Will you buy it, ma'am?" said the boy.

A sick gentleman wished me to sell it for him. He loved the pin, ma'am, and he will die, he kissed it before he gave it to me; but money must be had, ma'am, or he will die. Will you buy it?"

She held the pin in her hand, and was gazing at it eagerly.

"What is the gentleman's name?" said she in tremulous accents.

"Richard Crindall," said the boy. "He is at my mother's house."

"I will go and see him," she said. "Show me where you live."

The boy started, and she followed; but they had walked only a short distance when the boy stopped at a small, neat looking house, in a pleasant street.

"This is the house," he said, gaily.

And she followed him up the steps, her heart beating tumultuously, and her step quick but tremulous. The room that they entered was neat and comfortable; and lying on the sofa was a pale young man, with his eyes closed in sleep. It was a beautiful face, with the shiny black beard rippling away from the red, classic lips, and the silken hair brushed away from the fair white brow. It was Richard Crindall. The eyes of love knew him instantly. Allie stepped lightly forward and knelt beside the sleeper. She pressed her lips to his forehead, and spoke his name softly. The eyes opened suddenly—those same eyes that used to look so tenderly upon her when a child—and he sprang to his feet and clasped her to his breast.

"Allie, Allie!" he cried, eagerly. "My little darling, you are the same, only taller and more womanly; but you did not forget me. You are mine as you promised, my faithful child."

She answered him by clinging close to his breast.

"I knew you would come," he said, "and I have waited patiently." She looked into his sparkling eyes.

"Dick," she said, playfully, "you have grown tall and handsome."

"Have I?" said he; "I never promised you that, but I promised to come back rich, and—" He stopped, and a shade of paleness passed over his face.

"Never mind," said Allie, gaily. "It was you I loved and not money. Besides, I have enough for us both."

"But what will your friends say," said he, "if you attempt to marry a poor man like me?"

"My father and mother are dead," said she, a moisture gathering in her eyes, "and I must act for myself."

The young man gathered her closer to his bosom, and kissed her drooping eyelids.

"My darling," said he "you shall never regret your faithfulness to me. I will be your father, mother and husband." He sat down and drew her beside him.

"Were you so poor," said Allie, "that you must sell that diamond pin?"

"Allie," said he, "you will not be angry with me, will you, when I tell you the whole story?"

The timid eyes were raised lovingly to his face.

"No, I will not be angry," she said. "Tell me all."

"When I left you," Richard began, "I came immediately to this city. I arrived here in the evening, and never having been in the city before, I knew not where to go. I took my bundle and walked along the street, when suddenly I heard screams and the prancing of hoofs. I looked up and saw a span of grey horses dashing down the road at a rapid pace. The people were screaming 'whoa' from every direction, but the horses only ran faster and faster. As they came nearly opposite to where I stood, I threw my bundle on the ground, and rushed toward them. You remember how much your father used to praise me for my management of horses. I caught the foaming animals by their bridles, standing directly in front of them, and spoke to them soothingly. They tossed their high heads and I was lifted from my feet; but others then rushed to my assistance and the horses were calmed."

"There was a lady and her child in the carriage, who proved to be the wife and daughter of Mr. Daggett, one of the wealthiest merchants in the city. The lady insisted on my riding home with her, and I was only too glad to do so; and, taking a seat beside the coachman, we soon stopped at an elegant mansion. Mr. Daggett won my affection and esteem at once. He seemed much affected when his wife told him of the accident, and he took me by the hand and thanked me over and over, while he inquired into my history. After I had concluded the account of myself—

"Well, my lad," said he, "what shall I do for you in part payment for the great favor you have done me and mine?"

"Nothing," said I, "to pay for what I have done, for it was only my duty; but I am in the city alone, and if you will give me work it is all I ask."

"You are a brave lad," said the kind gentleman, "and I have a place for you in my store."

"It was just the place I wanted most, and tears of gratitude came into my eyes. The next night I opened the little box you gave me, Allie, and I wept like a child over it. With the money it contained I purchased this golden circle on my finger and kept the diamond pin, which I have fondly gazed upon ever since. I continued in the store, rising steadily and rapidly, until I was taken in as a junior partner."

"Why," said Allie, "I thought you were very poor."

"I have not finished yet," said Richard, smiling. "Last Fall," continued he, "I found myself able to support a wife in elegant style; and with my heart beating fast with hope and fear, I went back to Oakville and called at your father's door. Madge answered my call, but she did not know me, and I asked her concerning the family. She told me of the death of your parents, and that you were in New York City to spend the winter. She gave me your direction, and added that she had heard you had found a nice lover there, and were going to marry him. I hastened back to the city; my fears increased and my hopes diminished. I did not call at your friend's house, but planned a little ruse for proving your affection and nobleness of heart. Mrs. Green, who lives in this house, and has been my landlady for years, is a kind and honest woman. I told my plan to her, and engaged her little son, Ben, to assist me. You know the rest, Allie; but you do not know how anxiously I awaited the result, nor what a flood of happiness ran through my heart when I felt your lips upon my brow. Now, Allie, can you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, I forgive you, Richard; but, had I known that you were a wealthy gentleman, I would have been less demonstrative."

"Then I have fresh reason to be glad that I played an untruth; but I forgot to tell you that I have been sick, and am fast recovering."

Richard walked home with Allie that night, and her young friend declared that Mr. Crindall was the finest looking and most genteel young man she had seen in the city. They were married in the merry month of June, and Allie wore the diamond pin upon her bosom, and forever afterward thanked God that she had waited for Richard Crindall.

THE CURSE OF THE HOUR.

There is too much lying. On every hand we meet with exaggeration, emphysema, deception. We call it lying, and every man or woman who varies one iota from the strictest fact and truth is indeed a liar. The expressman agrees most solemnly to deliver a trunk for you at a certain place by a certain hour. He delivers it the day after he promised, and thus lies. The grocer promises to send you the best tea in market. He takes the first his hands fall upon, without any care for the quality, and dispatches it to you without a twinge. He is a liar.

The tailor agrees to deliver a suit of clothes by six in the evening, without fail. You get them in the morning, and the tailor is a liar. The dentist pledges his word that your teeth as filled by him will be right for a dozen of years. The filling comes out in six months, and the dentist lies. A man over the way is in need of a temporary loan. You lend him a small sum, which he promises by everything to return at a given time. He keeps it a month after the time stated, and he is a liar. An auctioneer tells you that a certain picture is by a master artist, when he knows it is painted by a fourth rate painter. He lies, and is not worthy of trust. A salesman lies about his goods. A bootmaker lies about your boots. The jeweller lies about your watch.

The gossip at the dinner table tells exaggerated stories to astonish the ladies—and is nothing else than a liar. The florist assures you that his flowers were picked early in the morning, when they are nearly three days old. He lies, and will lie about anything. The book publisher advertises that his book is selling by the tens of thousands when he has not sold a thousand. He is a liar and one door off the murderer.

Everywhere—everywhere we hear lying, lying, lying. Men and women who would knock you down if you called them liars. He every hour. Deception is the rule rather than the exception. Canvassers lie about insurance companies. Brokers lie about stocks. Editors lie about politics. Exaggeration and misrepresentation rule the hour and are its curse.

Gentlemen—ladies—why cannot the truth be told always and even? Why all this deception and lying? Why so much falsifying and cheating?

DAY WITHOUT NIGHT.—One night in July we landed on the shore of a northern fjord in latitude 60 degrees north. We ascended a cliff which rose one thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was late but still sunlight. The arctic ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet. The sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout. Away in the north, the huge old sun swung around along the horizon like the slow, measured beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. When both hands came together at 12, midnight, the full moon orb hung triumphantly above the waves, a bridge of gold, running due north, spanned the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw; and its beauties will pale before the most gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze sprang up, and rippled over the fjord, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us. We had slid into another day.—Letter from Norway.

WINTER RYLES.—Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills which frequently end in pneumonia, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease. Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window. Let more covering be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach in case of a sudden and great change during the night. Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance. Never ride near an open window of a vehicle for a single half minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health permanently destroyed. Never put on new boots or shoes at the beginning of a walk.

A gushing "girl of the period," commenting on Mormonism, exclaims: "How absurd—four or five wives for one man; when the fact is, each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands. It would take about that to support her decently."

Tears are the magic blossoms of the heart at parting, smiles at meeting. Sometimes they bloom at once; then joy is sorrow, and sorrow is joy.

Gone Before.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
Thou I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand, and ringlet of gold,
Lie low in marble sleep;
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a shaven brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid low in the dust;
There's a smile where never a smile comes now,
And hears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and autumn is coming again,
Singing her same old song;
But, oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it deals in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

WORTHLESS MEN.—I think the most pitious thing in this world is never written.

I have read many a poem, and novel, and tale, that made me cry—and whether they were true or not, it was all the same; but of all affecting poems and novels and tales I think life itself is the most affecting—common life, just as it turns out in the world. And when I go out to measure men, I say to myself as one after another they pass before me, "Suppose that man should drop out of life, what would become of him?" It pains me to see how worthless men are—to see how men stand in life, and what they are. I am sometimes called to perform the burial service over men of whom I could not say a word, and of whom, if I had expressed what I felt, I should have said "I bless God that he has gone. The world is better off for his having been taken out of it." Look at human life; break through all the sentimental ways of society; weigh men as you weigh gold, unmixed with dirt or quartz or any other substance; take men up and see how much of them there is that really answers the end of the life to come, and how many there are that, dying, would not be missed. How few there are that, lying, would make the community feel poor. How few there are that, being dead, would yet speak.

MOON PHOTOGRAPH.—A correspondent of a Rochester paper writes: "On entering a Third Avenue street car, in New York, one morning last winter, at the Sixty-sixth street depot, I was pleased to find the floor strewn with rye straw. This car had stood upon the track during the latter part of the night, while the straw was in it. The frost upon the windows gave a perfect photograph of the straw, and every passenger looked with wonder and admiration upon the beautiful frost paintings."

A few evenings since, in passing a water trough which stood under a young elm, I noticed—the moon being full—that the shadow of the tree was thrown upon the water. The next morning the trough was slightly frozen over, but behold there was a perfect photograph of the drooping branches of the beautiful elm. Can you tell me how this was done? Has the moon gone into the photograph business, and has it been engaged in that business for a long time past?"

CAUGHT.—Baron Platt, once, when visiting a penal institution, inspected the treadmill with the rest, and being practically disposed, the learned judge trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, he had had enough of it, and called to be released; but this was not so easy.

"Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go."

So the judge was in duress until his term had expired.

At the marriage of a very young couple the other day, a gentleman inquired of a lady what fruit the bride and bridegroom reminded her of. "A green pear," was the response.

A young lady in the millinery line, having been deserted by her lover, exclaimed, "Such a mental ought to be battered to death with thimbles, and barbed in a hand-box!"

An English paper says that tight lacing is the greatest blessing of modern times, for it kills all foolish girls and leaves only the sensible ones.

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

The hog may not be thoroughly posted in arithmetic, but when you come to square root he is there—the hog is.

Man is an animal, so is a hog. It is a bad rule that won't work both ways. Therefore a man is a hog.

The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette has become a skillful stone cutter.

"When I kiss, you pout," as the wisp said to the swollen lips of the cottage beauty.

The most immoral of musicians is the fiddler; he is always in a scrape!

FIRESIDE CULTURE.

Our American homes have a great work to accomplish. No people, taken as a whole, have such an attachment to home; none lay such an emphasis of generous pride and pleasure upon its advantages; and none indulge in such an outlay of thought and money to obtain the very maximum of its comforts and joys. The passion for home is the chief strength of our civilization. It is growing, too, with our material wealth, but not growing as wisely as it should; for we are neglecting that domestic provision for the nurture of intellect, which next to good morals, is the surest sign of a substantial civilization. In this respect we have degenerated. Our fathers read more, thought more, talked more around the fireside than we do, and thereby contributed more to the real progress of the age than we can boast of doing. Recently, however, a signal change has been exhibited. The demand for home reading has increased, so that as respects the class of publications to meet this specific want, never did such an abundance exist. The culture of home is evidently increasing, and as culture takes deeper root and spreads more widely around, we may safely calculate that social fungi, native or exotic, will be starved out of our prolific soil.—Harper's Bazar.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHINA.—The Chinamen, who walk over bridges built two thousand years ago, who cultivated the cotton plant centuries before this country was heard of; and who fed silk worms before King Solomon built his throne, have fifty thousand square miles around Shanghai, which they call the Garden of China, and which have been tilled by countless generations. This area is as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined, and is all meadow land raised but a few feet above the river—lakes, rivers, canals—a complete network of communication; the land under the highest dith; three crops a year harvested; population so dense that, wherever you look, you see men and women in blue pants and blouse, so numerous that you fancy some fair or muster is coming off and all hands have turned out for a holiday.

A SUGGESTION.—An aged clergyman suggests that the President might have taken the 9th verse of the 16th chapter of Luke as a text for his amnesty proclamation: "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

A CLEVER MAN.—A benevolent citizen of Brunswick, Germany, supplies blankets to the poor during the winter months. They are stamped to prevent their being pawned or sold, and are returned in May of every year. The system has been in operation six years, and not a blanket has been lost.

AN HONEST FARMER.—A Maine farmer who raises many apples, invariably sells them at fifty cents per bushel, saying they are worth no more. He refuses to sell more than four or five bushels to any one man, being determined that they shall not enrich speculators.

ANOTHER NATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Another international exhibition is preparing, and this time Cologne is to be the place selected. The year 1870 has already been fixed, and the Prussian government is said to have taken the necessary preliminary steps.

THE NEXT CENSUS.—The next census is to be taken in 1870, and as that is only a year off, it will, it is thought, be incumbent on the present congress to make an appropriation and enact such preliminary laws as may be necessary in the premises.

PROSPERITY IN CANADA.—It is vexing to read the Canadian papers and their jubilant articles on the prosperity of the shipbuilding business, and to reflect, at the same time that, with all our native resources, the trade is so prostrate here.

A PRETTY SERVANT GIRL LUCKY.—A pretty servant girl in London has just got a wealthy husband by permitting an artist to take and exhibit her photograph, and this has set all other girls to having their pictures taken.

RAVAGES OF THE SMALL POX.—There were 1,110 cases of small-pox in San Francisco during the six months ending on the 11th of Dec. last; 398 were fatal. The proportion of cases to the whole population was 1 to 135.

Mr. Samuel Barrel and his wife, of Turner, Me., both died on Monday night; he at the advanced age of 88, and she at about 60. It is remarkable that husband and wife should depart this life so nearly at the same hour.

All fruit trees have military propensities. When young they are well trained, they produce many kernels, and their shoots are very straight.

Whatever we may think of woman's right to vote and legislate, there can be no disputing her right to bare arms.

To bring up a child in the way he should go—travel that way yourself.

Schenck's Pulmonary Syrup. Severe Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It is the only remedy that cures them. It is the only remedy that cures them. It is the only remedy that cures them.

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FOR 1869.

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J. H. STORRS
WILL SELL, FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS.

DRY GOODS, CARPETS.
AND
MILLINERY GOODS.

AT LESS PRICES THAN CAN BE FOUND
AT ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT IN
HAMPSHIRE COUNTY.

We shall offer goods at the following prices
FOR 30 DAYS ONLY.

Best New Styles DeLaines, 20 cts.
Best New Styles Prints, 12 1/2 "

Merrimac, Colcheco, and others, 12 1/2 "
Good Prints, 8 & 10 "
Fine 4-4 Cotton, 12 1/2 "

Heavy Amoskeng 4-4 Cotton, 15 "
CLOAKS, CLOAKS, CLOAKS.
AT REDUCED PRICES—from \$6.00 to \$20.00.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS
Just received, in New Designs.

FEATHERS, FEATHERS.
Received Fresh Every Week, and will be
SOLD AS LOW

AS CAN BE BOUGHT IN BOSTON OR
NEW YORK.

We have now received our
FALL AND WINTER
MILLINERY GOODS.

NEW STYLES OF HATS, RIBBONS,
PUMES, WREATHS, &c., at LOW PRICES.

SHAWLS, SHAWLS, SHAWLS.
IN A GREAT VARIETY.

We shall offer goods in every department at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BARGAINS!
—AT—
J. H. STORRS.

Ware, Mass., Oct. 9, 1868. Sept 11

\$15 GET THE BEST. \$15
SENT BY EXPRESS, CASH ON DELIVERY.

THE GENUINE
ORIDE GOLD WATCHES.

IMPROVED AND MANUFACTURED BY US, are all the
best make. Having cases, finely chased and beauti-

HOLIDAY GIFTS!
HOLIDAY GIFTS!

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS.
BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS.
At the Warehouses of
STIMPSON & CO.,

Consisting of
PIANO-FORTES,
ORGANS,
MELODEONS, &c.

STEINWAY & SON.
CHICKERING & SON.

MAGNIFICENT PRESENTS!
NEW YORK CO., HAZLETON BROS., and MAR-

SHALL & WENDALL PIANO-FORTES.
All Beautiful Instruments. Also, the Wonderful
Organ of all Organs,

"THE BURDETT ORGAN,"
With the latest improved VOX HUMANA—per-

fectly Sound Chiming.
Don't fail to come and look at this stock before
purchasing elsewhere. It is to be closed out in the
next 3 weeks.

10 PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN AT ANY
OTHER TIME.
Prices always LOWER THAN CAN POSSIBLY BE
FOUND AT ANY OTHER PLACE. Therefore,

LET US SING:
"Shouldn't you acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?"
Shouldn't you acquaintance be forgot,
And days of old long ago?

Principal Warehouses,
MAIN STREET, WESTFIELD, MASS.
CHAS. PHIPPS, Agent, WARE, MASS.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!
Having leased the Photograph Saloon lately oc-

cupied by F. K. Houston, and located it near the
site of Commercial Block, I am prepared to attend to
all orders.

PICTURE MAKING!
In all its branches, for which I have facilities
UNSURPASSED, EITHER IN CITY OR COUNTRY.

ALL STYLES FERROTYPES.
From the smallest gauge, at 25 cents per dozen, to
10x12 in. Frames, at prices from \$1.25 to \$2.00.

All Desirable Styles of
FRAMES, BOTH RUSTIC AND OVAL.
—ALSO—
PHOTOGRAPH AND TINTYPE ALBUMS,

STEREOSCOPES and
STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.
A good assortment constantly on hand.
H. G. CROSS.

Palmer, December 19, 1868. 11

NEW GOODS!
NEW GOODS!!
E. L. DAVIS,
at the old stand of THEODORE KAUTER, is now
preparing to show to his numerous friends and
patrons, a fine new stock of

NUMBER 47.

Calumny is like the brands fly from a large fire, which quickly go out, we do not blow them.

The Journal.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1869.

The story about Gen. Banks having been ordered to suppress Gen. Grant at Vicksburg, is denied by ex-Secretary Stanton. If the story is true or false Gen. Banks knows, and he should deny or confirm it for his own credit.

The Viceroy of Egypt has offered to furnish Turkey an army of 50,000 men in the event of war with Greece. Admiral Hord Pasha has abandoned the blockade of the Greek steamer Eueis, on the assurance of the Governor of Syria that permission will not be given for the departure of that vessel. It is reported in Paris that Greece has rejected the propositions of the Peace Conference.

The strong-minded women who were glorifying the Dakota Legislature for its advocacy of woman's suffrage, must be somewhat taken aback when they find that it has adjourned without passing the bill. One branch passed it, but the other insisted upon an amendment submitting the question to the present legal voters in the Territory for decision, and between the two branches no final action upon the measure was taken.

There is talk about building a new court house at Springfield, and our Springfield neighbors are anxious the county should put up another good building here. If county commissioners, district attorney, and all the good people of Springfield would turn in and do what they could to suppress crime and reform criminals, the present court house would be sufficient for our court and county business. We had better build school houses and pay school teachers than erect larger court houses and houses of correction.

The Liquor Law committee of the Legislature has commenced holding sessions and listening to what may be said. The advocates of prohibition are on hand in force, urging with tenacity the re-enactment of the old law in all its particulars, abating no jot or tittle of its rigidity. These men ought to have learned something in 1858, and ask only for a law that can be enforced without becoming obnoxious. When they tune their harp to too high a key the strings will snap as they did in 1867. Meantime the "mothers" of Massachusetts by thousands are petitioning for the prohibitory law.

REVENGE OF A JEALOUS WOMAN.—The Florence journals publish the particulars of the following atrocious crime: A young servant girl, remarkable for her beauty, was found to be barbarously murdered and thrown out of one of the windows of the house in which she served. Her person was dreadfully disfigured and her mouth filled with earth, with the evident purpose of stifling her cries. Her mistress, an elderly woman, married to a young husband, has been arrested with her brother, on suspicion of having committed this crime, which is supposed to have been prompted by an entirely groundless jealousy.

A TRIPLE TRAGEDY.—A murder, followed by two melancolic results, lately occurred near Columbus, Miss. A young man named Dempsey was murdered by one Jake Hampton. Young Dempsey was an only son, and his father, on hearing of his tragical death, was so overwhelmed with grief that he dropped dead where he stood. Another member of the family, a daughter, brave and spirited, though stricken with grief, started after the body. Returning to the house, she found that her mother was also dead of a broken heart, and dressed ready for burial.

SHOCKING.—A horrible accident occurred in the neighboring town of Exmouth, Me. A man named Sweet was cutting trees, when his axe glanced and buried itself in the body of a lad named Marston, killing the boy almost instantly. They were alone, and Sweet was so horror-struck that he went into convulsions. He was found writhing in the snow in that condition, and the dead body of the lad near by, the liver protruding from the wound. It is feared that Sweet will also die from the effects of the shock.

FATAL SHOT.—A man named Isaac Poirson, in order to have some fun, climbed upon the roof of a slanty occupied by Louis Cote, at one of the lumber camps near Green Bay, Wisconsin, on the evening of the 28th inst., and initiated the screech owl. Thinking it was really an owl, one inmate of the slanty took a gun, and seeing an object on the roof fired at it. Poirson was shot in the head and so badly injured that he died in a very short time.

RICH STYLE.—The richest street dresses are now trimmed with fur. Velvet or velveteen is made with two skirts, the lower with pleated flounce, of course; the upper crossing in front like a shawl, and bordered with sable, ermine, astracian, or grube. The fur plush is used on velveteen with good effect. A short tight jacket is worn with this costume, and the round point should have a border of fur.

ASTRACIAN FURS.—The astracian set-jacket, muff and collar, which sell in New York for \$70 at the least, cost in Vienna how little do you think? Seventeen dollars only—as sets have been brought over by private individuals which only cost that price. The addition can easily be made by wanting the various profits and duties which are imposed on such an article.

PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC.—Rev. Mr. Callier, of Chicago, in a sermon last Sunday evening in reply to Father Hecker, concerning the growth of Protestantism compared with Catholicism in this country, estimated the Catholics at 4,000,000, the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians at 4,815,000.

ASSASSINATION IN HAVANA.—A dispute about the right to the sidewalk led to an altercation between a young Cuban and a Spanish officer in Havana. The officer ran the Cuban through the body and killed him. He was buried secretly by the police the next morning, but a crowd of 4,000 was in attendance, and into some thing like silence by a battery of artillery.

LETTER FROM MICHIGAN.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Hundreds of miles from good old Palmer, I look for you every Tuesday as anxiously and probably more eagerly than most of your readers at home. While perusing your columns it occurred to me that not one among a hundred of your readers ever heard of East Saginaw, and much less that one of Palmer's triumphant has chosen this Saginaw valley for his Western home.

The city of East Saginaw (its original name was Tie-wa-bu-ming, meaning the "Butternut Place") is an incorporated city of Saginaw county, Northern Michigan, and is pleasantly situated on the east bank of the beautiful Saginaw River, about sixteen miles from its mouth. That you may form some idea of its growth, I will say that only back in 1850 the only buildings here were a small cottage, a board shanty, and a log hut, which was occupied by Leona Suey, an Indian interpreter. In the year 1855, the population had increased to eight thousand; in 1857, to 14,261, and now probably it contains two or three thousand souls more, showing what rapid strides are being made in the race of population and civilization by this young giant city. No wonder she is often called one of the marvels of Michigan.

The rapidity of its growth has been eclipsed by no city in the State. We have seen heard of cities in the old regions of Pennsylvania sprouting up like mushrooms, and with little more permanence and vitality in them. We have seen speculators build a city built of the size of old Springfield, but already the size of old Springfield, and in as rich and costly style of architecture, set down in the midst of a lumbering region, where the undisturbed trunks of the original forest trees, and even some of the trees themselves, ornament the suburbs and sentimental the nature boundaries. These structures have not come up like Jonah's Gourd, to be overturned by an East wind, to be abandoned when the pioneer company finds a dry well, or to be forsaken when word comes that a richer lode has been discovered in a neighboring gulch. Nothing looks that way in these streets. Let us see what the foundation of all this prosperity is. It can be answered in a few words—Saginaw lumber, Saginaw salt, and fish from Saginaw river.

Why, may, perhaps, get the best idea of the extent of this young city by viewing it from the top of some of the highest buildings. Prominent in the plain that stretches away on every side are the public school buildings of the city, erected and operating under the free school system. They are ornaments of which the citizens may well be proud. The spires of a dozen churches, their worshippers congregations here and there. Within the circle of our vision we can count nearly one hundred chimneys and smoke stacks, indicating as many manufacturing of lumber, shingles, staves, foundries, &c. The Saginaw River stirred by the steady on in its busy tugs, flows steadily on in its northerly course. Vessels of all kinds lay at her docks, receiving and discharging freights.

In the busy street almost any cosmopolitan sojourner can find a fellow citizen. Here are representatives from all quarters of the globe; but the everlasting, omnipresent Yankee is from their camps a few miles distant to look upon what a few years ago were their old hunting trails, and, with sorrowing hearts, see the growing power of their pale-faced successors. The squaw carries her papoose on her back, and admires the curiosities displayed in the numerous show windows. The Indians are generally dirty, lazy specimens of mankind, and get their living chiefly by hunting and fishing, bringing in large quantities of deer and bear, which are annually plenty in the present season, probably owing to the large crop of acorns last fall and the very open winter. When I first came out here I must own I was somewhat timid, and getting too far out of the city limits on account of these Indians, bears, &c., but I have got so accustomed to them that I sometimes get a sort of sight of home.

There are several railroads terminating and passing through this city, as well as a number of regular steamboats. The Saginaw River is navigable as far as here for lake vessels, and a few miles above for small vessels; and during the season of navigation the beautiful stream is almost covered with them, their tall masts and white sails presenting a pleasing appearance. The season usually lasts from the middle of March to the first of December.

I might write something of a description of the manufacture of lumber and salt, but I fear this is already too long, and I am sure that letter writing is not my forte. I forgot to mention that the city fathers have, during the past season, caused the principal streets to be paved with the celebrated Boston Nicholson pavement. The new buildings are mostly of brick, stone being entirely out of the question. The only stone I have seen here is one my little M. found while out walking. It is about the size of a goose egg, and of a light blue color. The merchants and manufacturers are mostly young, energetic men, and ready to assist in anything that will conduce to the welfare of the city. Should any of my friends have the Western fever, I hope they will pay this city a visit, and see some of the inducements it holds out before settling in any old locality. The Bancroft House is the leading hotel, and has almost as excellent a reputation as the old Massachusetts at Springfield. However, my doors are open to any one from old P., and I should be most happy to welcome them in the Saginaw Valley.

Yours, &c., C.

The city council of Elgin, Illinois, have closed the schools for colored children, and forbidden their admission to the other schools.

A lively tiger in the Madras presidency has eaten two hundred natives in less than two years.

It is reported that a defalcation of \$40,000 has been discovered in a New York internal revenue office.

French citizens of New Orleans have subscribed \$25,000 to the stock of a cotton mill to be erected in that city.

In Minnesota they have "torch-light sleigh-rides," made brilliant by transparencies and culminated by music.

At the Baltimore reception Gen. Grant shook hands with about fifty-four thousand persons.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

From our own Correspondent.
SATURDAY, JAN. 25th, 1869.

I have thought you and your readers might be interested in the important action of some of the more important committees of this Legislature. You know from experience that little or nothing is done till the reports of committees begin to be forthcoming. All I have to say at present is, as regards the joint special committee on the License Law. This committee is composed of seventeen, five from the Senate and twelve from the House. It has already held three meetings in the Green Room. The first was preliminary and informal, the two last were formal and eminently dignified. This committee is made up of no mean men, unless the writer be an exception. Its chairman, Mr. White of the Senate, and Mr. Baker of the House, are noble men, and you may rely upon it, will not degrade themselves by any mean shuffling as regards the matter committed to their consideration. The committee has given opportunity for two hearings, on the part of all concerned, and what is worthy of remark none have appeared but those who are in opposition to the present License Law, and in favor of the former Prohibitory Law. The gentlemen who have thus appeared, are Mr. Huntington of Salem, Dr. Mier of Tufts College, a Mr. Spooner of Boston, J. M. Usher of the "Nation," Judge Crosby of Lowell, a very venerable gentleman of that city, and Rev. Mr. Thayer, sec'y of the Mass. Temperance Alliance. These gentlemen have been thoroughly questioned touching all matters relating to the present License Law, and have given their unqualified testimony that it is an utter failure. On Thursday at 3 o'clock the committee gave their final hearing to those concerned. After that, the gate will be shut down unless as they may find occasion to call in testimony. What will be the final action of the committee and what one thing is certain, to be seen, but his fellow, when stricken as said the thunderbolt and when he asked him if he could pray and being answered in the negative, "Well," said he, "something must be done anyhow."

Small Chaps.—Jeff. Davis dined with Slidell New Year's day.

Twelve New York churches have boy choirs.

A Cincinnati clergyman has been preaching to the police.

The proposed Erie river bridge will cost New York \$30,000,000.

Gen. Lee is to set up a farm in connection with his college.

Belle Boyd "drew her dagger" on a stage manager in Texas the other day.

The sensation in Yo Semite Valley is the first natural death of a white person.

The smallest baby in Hartford is three months old and weighs less than two pounds.

A French aeronaut is in New York with a big balloon, in which he proposes to cross the Atlantic.

Of the 623 patients in the Illinois Insane Asylum, twelve have lost their mind from disappointed love.

A Desdemona case has occurred in Tennessee, a young girl eloping with her father's negro apprentice.

An ingenious chap wants to contract to keep the Hudson river from freezing by slinking artesian wells along its channel.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—The women of Perryville, Ohio, recently mobbed a rum shop and destroyed its contents. The owner brought suit but was beaten. A little curious to know on what ground the act of these women was defended and justified. We can understand perfectly that they would understand perfectly that they would get the right to establish a shop for the sale of liquor in their town; but where they get the right to destroy it, with impunity, we are at a loss to know. Are women at liberty to drive out of town everybody whom they do not like, and to destroy their property?

A MYSTERY.—About a week ago a trunk was received at one of the express offices in Buffalo marked, "To be called for." Owing to the fact that a very disagreeable smell was emitted from the box, and no one having called for it, it was opened and found to contain the body of a woman badly mutilated. Just above the heart a stab was discovered. Efforts are being made to solve the mystery.

LUCKY PALMER.—There is a lucky farmer in Dubuque, Iowa. On Monday night of last week two of his sheep became mothers of seven lambs, one producing three and the other four; one of his cows had a calf; and a sow had a litter of seventeen pigs; and his wife presented him with two bouncing boys.

DEEP SNOW.—Snow fell in such abundance in St. Petersburg and its suburbs in the latter half of December that in several streets it rose to fourteen feet in height. Accounts from the provinces state that whole villages are buried under the drift.

REVIVAL.—There is a great revival in progress in the Baptist Church at Colchester, Conn. Meetings are held every night, and hundreds of persons are unable to find room in the church. Many hopeful conversions are reported.

BAIL FOR A WOUNDED HEART.—Anastasia Slattery, a factory girl at Providence, R. I., on Monday, recovered a verdict for \$3,000 against Bernard Fanning for breach of promise of marriage.

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—Rev. Mr. Thayer, Secretary of the State Alliance, alleges that boys in the district schools, in numerous instances, have come to school drunk on cider!

BRILLIANT NIGHTS.—In Minnesota it is said, every night the skies flame with auroral lights, and the days are warm as October. These phenomena excite wonder.

Last week, E. C. Johnson of Unadilla, Ct., shot a seal in the Thames river, near Montville. It measured five feet in length and weighed about 200 pounds.

There are now twenty-two Legislatures in session—more than ever before assembled at one time.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

A SWEET THING.—Somebody stole a swarm of bees from E. Marshall's apiary, in this village last Sunday night.

DANCING.—The Young Men's Club will hold their next cotillon party at the Antique House, on Friday evening, next week.

The Good Templars played Drunkard to a full house Wednesday evening, realizing over \$100 in receipts.

HUMPHRED.—A revival of unusual interest is in progress at Brimfield. It is said that over thirty conversions have occurred.

The friends of Rev. E. M. Haynes are invited to meet at his house Monday evening, February 1st. It is especially requested that no mention of the meeting be made to Mr. Haynes.

S. N. DAVIS, of New York, has completed his arrangements for putting up a palm leaf shop in this village early in the spring. He will only employ fifteen or twenty hands in the shop, but hopes to give employment to a large number of women outside.

BECHERTOWNS.—The sleigh manufacturers have turned out more than 200 this winter, and have sold them all. The Willis district school house was burned on Saturday last. The winter term of the town high school commenced on the 4th.

AN UNPLEASANT SIGHT.—Last Saturday afternoon a boy not more than fifteen years of age drew a crowd about him on South Main street, and his drunken conduct. It is hardly possible that he may have liquor dealers who would sell such a boy spirit, but he must have got it from some of them.

VISIT OF A COMMITTEE.—The legislative committee on public charitable institutions visited the State Primary School and Almshouse on Wednesday last, to see whether it best to give the institution steam heating apparatus, &c. They acted very much in favor of doing it. The committee went to Northampton in the evening.

THIEVES ABOUT.—On Monday night thieves effected an entrance to Haydon's billiard saloon by breaking a pane of glass and raising a window. They took away a suit of clothes, a couple boxes of cigars, several dollars in change, and helped themselves extensively to confectionery. Several suspicious-looking individuals have been about town this week.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.—Velocepede talk is heard on the street, and the machines may be seen speeding through the village at no distant day. The cat-kill about here must be very treacherous animals, judging from some of the beef shops at our markets. When the palmy leaf shop gets started shaker hood cleaving citizens say we can have water enough to put out fires if we will put in hydrants and tap the hills; but it is easier to do the talking than the tapping. We ought to have a Sorosis in Palmer, our women don't like to be outdone by New York, Boston, or Chicago ladies. Our shop-keepers, our trades are dull; the shop-keepers, keepers are as sharp as ever. "When can I go to Springfield?" said a stranger to a wag at the depot the other day. "You can go now if you have a mind to," was the reply. "There is nothing in the way," was the answer. "Go," answered the wag. "Cars don't go here, they just whiz." There don't go here, of "tinkling brass" the other night. It woke the echoes of darkness, and stole sweetly out on the frosty air. Pedestrians stopped to listen and inspire the charming sound, which was screaming to emanate from the Palmer Band, practising for outdoor exercise, which shall come. The singing of his shall come. The music in the one of our churches last Sabbath afternoon preached from ten texts! Just think what a sermon it must have been. The insurance officers did the honorable thing by Dr. Vaill when his house was damaged by fire; they paid him more than he asked. They are not accustomed to do such things. Leo-houses are pretty much filled with good hard, blue ice, and the ice man will give us a taste of it next winter. The month is on its last legs, that is if months have legs, and if they don't have legs how can they travel away so? Many of our people are wanting to visit Madame Kinney, at Holland, and are patiently waiting for snow that may bring a sleighing. Holland doctor of Palmer, "the great" Indian doctor of Palmer, has a big sign on his door in Connecticut just now. In fact he is on the run about all the time.

SOUTH WILBRHAM ITEMS.—The Methodist Society have a festival announced for this evening, at their church. Dr. Edward Cook of the Academy gives an address. The choir, under the leadership of Amos Himes of Stafford, furnishes the music. A meat supper, with refreshments, will be in the vestry, make a good program. A. W. Bennett, the come-outer from the Baptists, has commenced holding meetings. His first was on the "Highlands," at Samuel Pease's. He had a full house, persons coming from Monson, Wilbrham and Stafford, Ct. He proposes to preach at the Hall in the village at such times as he can make it convenient, and give all the opportunity to hear for the winter. Not a few individuals have sent small sums of money in sending through the mail from this post office. No money can be got through to Boston or New York. There is a "peg loose somewhere." I am informed a letter mailed at your office (Palmer), directed to Wilbrham, with \$17 enclosed, has not come to hand. Another mailed at Stafford Springs for Wilbrham, with \$37, shared the same fate. Not a few have been mailed at the office in South Wilbrham for Boston, Worcester, New York, &c., and still they do not reach their destination. Something should be done. Albert Burleigh, from your place, who is working on the Cong. Church here, is out after a severe sickness of erysipelas. His daughter, who has also been sick with the scarlet fever, has now recovered out of danger. A son has been considered out of danger. A son has been considered out of danger. A son has been considered out of danger.

CHEESE CHEAPER THAN MEAT.—Those who profess to know, say that cheese is more nutritious than meat. But when cheese is 25 cents a pound a good many will continue to eat meat.

INDIGESTIBLE.—A dozen four-penny nails and a piece of crude gold weighing two pennyweights, were found in the pannich of a huffer slaughtered at Nashville the other day.

THEY KILLED HIM.—A Vermont paper says a fox was hunted in Morristown a few days ago took refuge with a colony of polecats, who killed him. When found he was in close quarters with eight live skinks.

Death is making a raid on the proprietors of the Water street dance houses in New York. Two have died within a few days, and several more are sick, including the notorious Kit Burns, who is nearly dead from the effects of a rat bite.

The effect of an Indiana divorce upon the relations of a husband and wife in New York is now on trial in the latter place. It has taken four trials, decrees, and judgments, to get the couple apart, and it hasn't been accomplished yet.

A lively vendetta is in progress in Lafayette county, Miss. The trouble arose about the renewal of a note for \$2500, and now half the whole neighborhood is hunting the other half, and three or four men have been killed.

A young woman was arrested in Providence the other day because she looked so sorrowful, and a bottle of landanum and a letter directing where she should be hurried were found in her pocket.

A one-legged soldier and a one-armed sailor have gone into partnership in the hand-organ business in New York, and grind out about \$40 worth of music a day.

day.—Mr. Geo. A. Converse, for the past year agent of the late Hamden Man. Co., having purchased an interest in the Worthington Mills at Somerville, Conn., will assume the agency of that company, and remove thither about the 1st of April. The many friends of Mr. C. feel sad at losing so good a citizen, friend, and neighbor, and wish him success in his new associations.

Tenements are scarce, and there is a great demand for them, and so long as business prospects are so good the demand will continue the wants of the community in this respect. Plenty of real estate is offered for sale but not at very low prices. The "Ancient and Honorable" horse sheds still decorate the old landmarks and cause remarks of not a very pleasant nature by the property holders in this vicinity. Probably if there had been a fire engine in town they would have been among things of the past. James T. McMaster's house, near being destroyed by fire on Saturday last, but fortunately the fire was seen in time to save what otherwise must have been a disastrous conflagration, as the wind was blowing quite severely at the time. Mr. Harvey Griggs who has been employed as a book agent for the past year, was severely bitten by a dog in a town in the interior of New York State, and immediately returned home, since which time he has been confined to his house, and is quite indisposed in consequence. Dwight Fuller, of Belchertown, has sold his dwelling house and lot on Green street to Mansson Chaffee.

SHOCKING.—On Monday night, 18th inst., a widow living in Marlboro, being taken with the pains of child-birth, sent her only companion in the house, a servant woman, to a neighbor's for assistance. The distance being a mile or more, the neighbors arrived only to find the poor woman dead, and, by her side, two newly-born living babes.

LOST IN THE WOODS.—Joseph Crapo, brother of Gov. Crapo of Michigan, was lately lost in the woods of that State, and was six days without food. He had been on a surveying expedition, and became entangled in a dense swamp, and taken sick, and only by the greatest exertion extricated himself from his perilous position.

A TRADING PREACHER.—An Illinois preacher "swapped" his marriageable daughter for a neighbor's wife, offering \$5000 to boot. Nobody would have heard of it if he had not refused to pay up, but when his neighbor couldn't get the \$5000 he prosecuted the preacher for seducing his wife.

SHOT.—Annie Kane, a negro woman, while drinking in a saloon in Memphis, Tenn., was shot through the head and instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol lying on a shelf, which was cocked. It is supposed that the jar caused by replacing bottles caused it to be discharged.

A SCANDAL CASE.—Syracuse has a scandal case. A travelling agent returned home sooner than expected, and arriving at night found a substitute in his place. He didn't have an attack of momentary insanity, but simply packed the wife and lover out of the house then and there.

WE LIKE THAT RELIC.—Gen. Butler pronounced "colored metal" a relic of barbarism, "the bag of servitude," the "instrument of tyranny," etc.; only think what dangerous enemies unsuspecting people carried in their trousers pockets in old times and were not harmed!

HOSTILE TO MISSIONARIES.—The Mormons are hostile to missionary effort in Utah, and recently the Episcopal missionary in Salt Lake city was arrested while holding his regular Sunday services, on a charge of violating some city ordinance.

BAD LOOK.—Gov. Bullock of Georgia has drawn \$35,000 out of the bank in New York where the State funds are kept, for which he has not rendered any account, and the matter as it stands has a bad look for the Governor.

CHEESE CHEAPER THAN MEAT.—Those who profess to know, say that cheese is more nutritious than meat. But when cheese is 25 cents a pound a good many will continue to eat meat.

INDIGESTIBLE.—A dozen four-penny nails and a piece of crude gold weighing two pennyweights, were found in the pannich of a huffer slaughtered at Nashville the other day.

THEY KILLED HIM.—A Vermont paper says a fox was hunted in Morristown a few days ago took refuge with a colony of polecats, who killed him. When found he was in close quarters with eight live skinks.

Death is making a raid on the proprietors of the Water street dance houses in New York. Two have died within a few days, and several more are sick, including the notorious Kit Burns, who is nearly dead from the effects of a rat bite.

The effect of an Indiana divorce upon the relations of a husband and wife in New York is now on trial in the latter place. It has taken four trials, decrees, and judgments, to get the couple apart, and it hasn't been accomplished yet.

A lively vendetta is in progress in Lafayette county, Miss. The trouble arose about the renewal of a note for \$2500, and now half the whole neighborhood is hunting the other half, and three or four men have been killed.

A young woman was arrested in Providence the other day because she looked so sorrowful, and a bottle of landanum and a letter directing where she should be hurried were found in her pocket.

A one-legged soldier and a one-armed sailor have gone into partnership in the hand-organ business in New York, and grind out about \$40 worth of music a day.

ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

TWELVE dollars is the legal price of a kiss in Bridgeport.

A man who claims descent from the Royal Stuart line is under arrest for murder in India.

A mad dog at Cincinnati, a few days ago, bit twenty persons before he could be killed.

Joseph Wagner blew his brains out in New York because his wife was quarrelsome.

A workman at the London docks sucked brandy from a cask through a pipe until he died.

The notorious John Allen has signed the temperance pledge.

The valuation of Springfield is \$20,500,227, against \$17,800,230 in 1867.

New York markets are overstocked with game. Large quantities of rabbits have been thrown away.

This has been a very poor season for hunting in this section. There has been no opportunity for sleighing the deers.

The telegraph is a failure in Mexico. The people send the wires as fast as they are put up.

Wendell Phillips calls Reverdy Johnson's talk in England "the sentimental nosh of magnanimity."

One Sample, aged a poor sample at that, has married the second wife after her divorce at Chicago from her fourth husband.

At a recent ball in New Jersey Jenkins saw a girl who led him to believe "that one of the angels had escaped from the sky."

A recent sensation in a New Orleans hotel was caused by a young and lovely female entering the wrong bath.

A man in Providence who applied to the Overseers of the Poor for aid received an answer from a grocer and took the answer in Cincinnati publicly thrashed a young lawyer who had been writing letters "full of meaning" to his daughter, a schoolgirl.

At the recent banquet given by the Duke of Norfolk on his coming of age, a ton and a half of family plate appeared on the table.

In the Superior Court at Portland, this week, John J. Kennedy was sentenced to ten years in State Prison for abusing and beating his wife while she was in delicate health.

Chicago has 200 men employed in the manufacture of tobacco.

Dr. Mead's attorney thinks his client will soon be pardoned.

It is said that James Fisk, Jr., has purchased Wood's Museum in New York. Insatiable manager, would not one suffice?

A Bridgeport Dutchman says that "too much whiskey is too much, but too much lager beer is stout right."

At present the town of Ansonia, N. H., has no lawyer or doctor, and but one blacksmith shop, grocery, grist-mill and but one blacksmith shop, squandering the heads of people who ride in the horse cars at night has become a favorite amusement with New York toughs.

"BOYS AT SANDHURST, OR, LIFE IN A PUBLIC INSTITUTION."—This is a handsome little volume of 254 pages, published by the Cong. Sabbath school. Publishing Society, and written by Rev. Chas. F. Foster, chaplain and principal of the State Primary School. To those who would learn something of institution life, this volume will be found valuable and interesting. Mr. Foster has drawn his pictures so naturally that the reader can see and realize all the phases of life which the children experience in a State institution. The volume is written in an easy, familiar style, calculated to interest, instruct and benefit. What is more, it is not all fiction. The character, the experience and the acts have all come from the real ones, and the acts have all come from the real ones, and the acts have all come from the real ones.

"The Boys at Sandhurst." Copies may be obtained of the driver of the Almshouse team.

Another fire in Lynn, to the tune of \$200,000, occurred on Monday.

THE Safety Lamp, which is being introduced by the Bluecock Brothers, is meeting with much favor wherever its merits are known. Having tested it for several evenings we are happy to say, I regard it as not only non-explosive under the severest tests, but as giving a more brilliant light than any other lamp I have seen with the same size burner.

WM. D. TITTLE, Pastor of 1st Cong. Church, in Warr.

SPEER'S STANDARD "WINE BITTERS," containing stimulant and astringent properties, with freedom from acidity, are very agreeable to the taste, and in cases of pure biliousness, accompanied with indigestion, and will give tone to the system. We regard them as the best ever offered to the public. Sold by Druggists.

MANY persons suffer with sick headache and nervous headache, usually induced by overeating, indigestion, &c. Such persons will find relief, if not cure, by keeping the bowels open with small doses of "person's Purgative Pills."

HAVE you inflammatory sore throat, stiff joints, or lameness from any cause whatever? Have you rheumatism or other pains in any part of your body? If so, use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Our word for it, it is the best pain killer in this country.

WANTED, AGENTS—MALE OR FEMALE.—See Foot & Clark's Advertisement.

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Gilman's Pulmonary Troches.—Especially recommended for clearing the throat and relieving hoarseness. Much valued by singers and speakers. At once the best and cheapest. Sold everywhere by Druggists. Only 25 cents per box. May be had in quantity of GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Mass.

Information.—Information guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair upon a bald head, or to remove dandruff, itching, or the skin. Pimples, blotches, eruptions, etc., on the skin, leaving the complexion soft, clear, and beautiful, can be obtained without charge by addressing THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist, 25 Broadway, New York.

Twenty-five Years' Practice in the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed DR. DOW at the head of all physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to cure cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott St., Boston.

N. B.—Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment. Boston, July 1, 1868.

Information.—Information guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair upon a bald head, or to remove dandruff, itching, or the skin. Pimples, blotches, eruptions, etc., on the skin, leaving the complexion soft, clear, and beautiful, can be obtained without charge by addressing THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist, 25 Broadway, New York.

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 "Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days of auld lang syne?"

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The trustees of this institution take pleasure in announcing that they have secured the services of the eminent and well known **DR. A. H. HARRIS**, Surgeon U. S. Army, Vice President of the American College of Physicians and Surgeons, and President of the Boston Medical Society, as its first President. This institution now publishes the popular

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VOLUME XIX.

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A Song from the Suds.

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash and wring,
And listen to the clothes dry;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,
Under the summer sky.
I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away;
And let water and air, by their magic, make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be, indeed,
A glorious washing day.
Along the path of a useful life,
Will heart-ache ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,
As we busily wield a broom.
I am glad a task to me is given
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say,
"Heed, you may think, heart, you may feel,
But hand you shall work away!"

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Some years ago, while journeying through the central part of Ohio, a terrible snow storm occurred, which so obstructed the road that several passengers, including myself, were obliged to find accommodations in a small wooden tavern situated near by. After satisfying our "inner man" with a warm supper, we all congregated around a bar room fire, and soon were engaged in smoking, telling stories, and enjoying ourselves generally.

With us was a middle-aged gentleman, apparently a merchant, who remained a silent listener to the conversation the first part of the evening, but soon our collection of stories was exhausted, and the gentleman was politely invited to revive the drooping conversation by relating a story. He readily accepted the invitation, and told the following, which I give to the reader as near as my memory will permit:

"About twenty years ago," he began, "I was connected with a wealthy firm in St. Louis, and desiring to visit New Orleans, I was entrusted with a considerable sum of money by my employers, to be conveyed, with all possible haste, to a New Orleans merchant.

Early in the morning I got on board the boat, and leaned listlessly over the railing, watching the inhabitants as they went forth to their various occupations. I had not remained in that position long before the steamer moved slowly away from the pier, and soon the city was entirely lost to view.

During the day nothing transpired to render the voyage disagreeable, and as the shades of night began to hover over the water I repaired to the saloon, where several gentlemen were engaged in a rather stormy discussion of politics. I became entangled along with the rest, and gave my particular views on political subjects.

When conversing I thoughtlessly mentioned the fact of my having a large sum of money in my possession. Nothing further was said about it at the time, however, but the thought flashed upon my mind that, in a crowd of such desperate and unprincipled individuals as were my associates, it was not the place to tell such a secret, which kept me rather backward in conversation during the remainder of the evening. I retired soon after, fully resolved to be more prudent in the future.

The next day I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who professed to be a Methodist clergyman. He gave me several tracts, and soon we entered into a conversation that resulted in quite a friendly intimacy. He appeared to be well versed in his profession, and altogether a very agreeable companion. After conversing on the various topics of the day, the conversation naturally turned to the previous evening's discussion. Not being very well pleased with what had occurred at the time, I attempted to change the subject, but was prevented by my friend remarking—

"You were very indiscreet, Mr. R., in revealing the fact that you had money in your possession. There are men on this boat who would not hesitate to rob you if an opportunity presented itself; therefore, I advise you to be more careful hereafter."

I thanked him for his kind advice, and assured him that I intended to keep aloof from all suspicious individuals.

To this he made no reply, but rose from his seat, and, with came in hand, walked leisurely away to his room, leaving me to my own reflections, which were that I had a good companion and a valuable friend in the preacher.

On the journey I made the acquaintance of several gentlemen, but none that I valued so much as the clergyman. Nothing occurred of any note after this, and we arrived late in the evening at New Orleans.

Not being very well acquainted in the city, my friend offered to conduct me to a hotel where my expenses would not be very heavy, as I wished to spend as little money as possible. I thankfully accepted his company, and we walked up the street several blocks, when he gave me the proper direction to take, while he was obliged to go another way.

After parting from him I wended my way to the hotel, which was situated a little off from the busy thoroughfare. It was a large building, and had a very old and dingy appearance, and, in fact, did not look very inviting to a traveler; but as I did not expect to stay only a short time, I concluded to accept the accommodations, as they were much cheaper than could be found elsewhere.

I entered the bar room, and, after registering my name and eating a light supper, I asked to be shown to my room, and was conducted up a flight of rickety old stairs to a square room, where my guide left me. Proceeding to examine the apartment, I found that it contained one small window, which looked out on a dark back alley. The furniture consisted of a bed, a couple of chairs, a stand, and a heavy oaken cupboard, some three feet high and about eight feet long, with strong side doors. The appearance of the room did not dispel the gloomy feelings of distrust that I experienced when I first saw the building. However, I determined to make the best of it now I was there.

I noticed, before coming to the room, that thick masses of clouds were gradually gathering over the city, and the distant rumbling of thunder, with sharp, quick flashes of lightning that quivered across the western horizon, denoted an approaching storm.

Being very tired I immediately disrobed and jumped into bed, and was fast falling into a dreamless slumber when a low, scratching sound attracted my attention. It seemed to come from some place in the room, but I could not tell exactly where. My nervousness increased as the sound continued, till I determined to ferret out the cause of the disturbance. I jumped from the bed and looked cautiously around the room for some time, but could discover nothing. The sound had entirely subsided, and nothing could be heard save the wind which whistled mournfully by the window, or the distant rumbling of the thunder.

At last I concluded that it must be the window blind, or some such object, driven by the force of the wind against the house. Arriving at this conclusion, I again jumped into bed and laid for a long time, vainly endeavoring to sleep; but finding it impossible, I busied myself watching the expiring flames of the taper till a stray gust of wind whistled through the broken window and extinguished the object of my attention.

The storm, which had long been threatening, now burst forth in all its wild grandeur. The rolling thunder grew louder at each successive report; vivid flashes of lightning darted across the heavens, illuminating the room with its lurid flame, so that every object was plainly visible; the next moment pitch darkness followed so impenetrable that the most prominent objects were perfectly hidden from the eye.

While lying there, looking out from under the bed clothes, trembling with fear, the scratching sound commenced with renewed vigor, making the room resound with the peculiar noise which had before annoyed me.

Large drops of perspiration stood upon my brow, and rising to a sitting posture, I tremblingly gazed out into the darkness, trying to discern the objects as the lightning flashes penetrated the room.

At that moment a living sheet of radiance passed before me, and in an instant I beheld a man's arm protruding from the cupboard, while the hand grasped, as if for support, the strong open door.

I realized my situation immediately, and springing from the bed I grasped a heavy boot which lay near, and brandishing it over my head, I breathlessly waited for the lightning again to appear. It was but a moment ere a livid flame quivered through the air revealing the head and shoulders of a villainous looking man as I ever before beheld. The left hand supported the creeping form, while the other clutched tightly a large revolver. The hand was uplifted, and our eyes met. As quick as thought I bounded straight for the rascal, yelling—

"You infernal villain!"

The only answer I received was the sharp crack of a pistol, the ball whistling by and lodging in the wall near me. The next moment the heavy boot came down with a terrible crash on the rascal's face, making him yell something that I was unable to understand, for a loud peal of thunder drowned the sentence.

He struggled fiercely to free himself from the cupboard, but by my repeating the blows he was obliged to push back into his hiding place.

With a movement certainly commendable I closed the heavy doors, grasped the oaken structure by the top and pulled it over on its face, and sprang upon it, while the cursing which came from within could scarcely be heard above the raging storm which kept up an incessant roar.

Undressed and trembling with fear for one long hour I sat, yelling at the top of my voice for assistance, but was unheard on account of the raging elements without.

At last the storm gradually abated and my cries were heard by the Irish chambermaid, who came running into the room, but upon seeing me in such an unenviable situation, she frantically ran down stairs, yelling "murder!" with all the vehemence her vigorous lungs would permit. This brought to my room a crowd of excited individuals, all eager to find out the cause of the disturbance.

I explained the case as well as my shattered faculties would allow, but was frequently interrupted by the blasphemous language which the robber was holding forth within the cupboard.

After concluding, I jumped from my seat and stood a few steps away, breathlessly waiting, while my friends, by the light of a dim lantern, dragged forth, hatless and bleeding, his locks disheveled and his face all bespattered with blood, the would-be murderer—my trusted friend, the preacher.

I recognized his face immediately, and, springing back, I threw up my hands in horror and astonishment. The villain gazed steadily at me with a sickly smile, which told plainer than words that I was not the first victim of misplaced confidence.

A person was immediately sent to inform the authorities, who took him into custody, and afterward sentenced him to a long term in the State Penitentiary.

After the excitement had somewhat abated, I retired and slept soundly for the rest of the night, and was permitted to depart the next morning, thankful that I had escaped unharmed from the murderous rascal, and fully resolved never to place confidence in an entire stranger, whatever profession he might represent.

WANTED.

A few more females of weak minds to appear next season in some new absurdity at Saratoga. The medical faculty return their thanks for enormous increase of business in neuralgia and catarrh complaints, brought about by the present style of bonnets, and assure those who are hesitating in the adoption of the Grecian Bend, that hospitals for spinal complaints and chest contractions shall at once be established.

Manufacturers of high-heeled boots will bring forward the heels from the middle of the boot to the toe next season, and that portion of the faculty who give their attention to swelling of the joints are to govern themselves accordingly.

Also, a few more mothers wanted to dress young children in short dresses, bare legs and linen drawers (one pair only) all winter. It looks pretty to see them thus, and encourages physicians engaged in that branch of practice known as children's diseases. Also, mothers who will continue to leave children with hired nurses, to whom bandana, gin, and "soothing syrup," will be supplied at reduced prices. "Warranted to put a child to sleep and render it a 'patient' one for years to come."

A NEEDLE STORY.—A woman stood at a country merchant's counter tumbling over a great many goods and buying a few. At length she inquired for needles. These too she examined, but concluded not to purchase. The sharp-eyed merchant—sharp-eyed in a double sense—kept up a continued flow of good-natured banter, while he wrapped the goods and made the required change; then, suddenly seizing her in his arms, said in a most insinuating manner, "I believe I must have a kiss." The woman, thrown off her guard, laughed immoderately, and exclaimed, "O Mr. Penn—"

when needles flew in every direction over the counter from her well-filled mouth. She made a hasty exit, while he gathered up his property as well as he could through the tears that would gather as he in turn laughed at the incident.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR DESPONDING MORTALS.—"I have done nothing to-day but keep things straight in the house," said she wearily at the close of it. Do you call that nothing? Nothing that your children are healthy, and happy, and secured from evil influence? Nothing that neatness, and thrift, and wholesome food follow the touch of your finger-tips? Nothing that beauty in place of ugliness meets the eye of the cheerful little ones, in the plants at your window, in the picture on the wall? Nothing that home to them means home, and will always do so, to the end of life, what vicissitudes so-ever that may involve? Ah, careworn mother, is all this nothing? Is it nothing that over against your sometime-mistakes and sometime discouragements shall be written, "She hath done what she could?"

A well in California had dried up, and the country in the neighborhood was very dry, until the late earthquake, which caused the well to fill to the top and flooded the farm on which it was situated so that it must be ditched and drained before a crop can be put in.

To give brilliancy to the eyes—shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning.

FIRST LOVE OF DUMAS.

Alexander Dumas says in one of his recent articles in the *feuilleton* of the *Petite Presse*, "The public has often been guilty of the, to me, flattering impertinence of displaying a great deal of curiosity in regard to the affairs of the heart in which I was concerned. Ladies with whom I was, but very superficially acquainted became, in consequence, the cynosures of millions of eyes. Strange to say, no one has ever known or written anything about the girl who at first kindled tender emotions in my heart. I was at that time but nineteen years old, but most desperately in love. With whom? Ah, with the daughter of my next door neighbor, a bourgeois, who had recently come from Marseilles to Paris. He had established a little fruit store, where young Adele, a dark-eyed and dark-haired beauty of sixteen, sold lemons and oranges. She must have wondered at my fondness for oranges, figs, etc., for all my spare change was invariably spent at her father's store. I knew she was there alone, and, her familiar greeting, 'bon jour, M. Dumas,' accompanied with a little nod of the head and a kind of glance, never failed to throw me into ecstasies of delight. I thought no young girl was like her, and once when she happened to touch my hand, I felt the happiest of mortals. The idea that one day she might become Madame Alexander Dumas filled me with indescribable bliss. Alas! one morning I was told she was engaged to a neighbor, a sign-painter, a fellow with a big mustache, who henceforth became in my eyes the embodiment of all that is vile, contemptible and hateful. He did marry my fiancée, and some days of my life were more full of wretchedness and despair than her wedding-day. I had written two dozen love-sonnets about her, some of them were not so bad; but I flung them with an imprecation into the fire, while Adele and her bridegroom were at the Mairie. Perhaps she never knew how passionately I was in love with her; for, to my extreme disgust, I saw that she lived very happily with her husband; and a year afterward, when I happened to pass by her father's store, she hailed me, and with the most innocent air in the world, showed me her little baby, asking me naively if I did not think it was a fine looking boy, and that it looked very much like her husband. That question cut me to the quick. I then extended my hand to the father to the infant son, and I did not forget the pretty little mother for long weeks afterward for tormenting me, unwittingly, so cruelly.—Ten years afterward I met her again. She was very poor; her husband had become a drunkard. It afforded me the greatest pleasure to render her some services. I procured her a place as bar-woman at the Odéon. She had grown prematurely old. As Providence will do, unless they are very happy and treated with extreme tenderness. She may be alive yet, for ought I know. Without being aware of it, she played a great role in my early life."

DAMASCUS, THE ETERNAL.

Damascus dates back anterior to the oldest city in the world. It was founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah. "The early history of Damascus is shrouded in the hoary mists of antiquity." Leave the matters written in the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament out, and no recorded event has occurred in the whole, but Damascus was in existence to receive it. Go back as far as you will into the vague past, there was always a Damascus. In the writings of every century for more than four thousand years, its name has been mentioned, and its praise sung. To Damascus, years are only moments, decades are only flitting trifles of time. She measures time, not by days and months and years, but by the empires she has seen rise and prosper, and crumble to ruin. She is a type of immortality. She saw the foundations of Baalbec and Thebes and Ephesus laid; she saw them grow into mighty cities, and amaze the world with their grandeur—and she has lived to see them desolate, deserted, and given up to the owls and the bats. She saw the Israelitish empire exalted, and she saw it annihilated. She saw Greece rise and flourish for two thousand years, and die. In her old age she saw Rome built; she saw it overshadow the world with her power; she saw it perish. The few hundred years of Genoese and Venetian might and splendor were to grave old Damascus, only a trifling scintillation, hardly worth remembering. Damascus has seen all that has occurred on earth, and still she lives. She has looked on the bones of a thousand empires, and she will see the tombs of a thousand more before she dies. Though another claims the name, old Damascus is by right the Eternal City.

"Hullo!" ejaculated an anxious guardian, as he entered the parlor and saw his lovely niece blushing in the arms of a swain who had just popped the question, and sealed it with a smack, "what's the time of day now?" "I should think it was about half past twelve," was the complacent reply, "for you see we are almost one!"

Give your son a trade, and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune.

THE PUNISHMENT OF SILENCE.

Mr. James Greenwood has published in London a frightful account of the silent system, which is in operation at the Holloway Model Prison in London.

It is an offence for a prisoner to speak one word, and he is never addressed except in whispers, so that he may be in prison for two years without hearing the natural sound of a human voice. The effect of this is so terrible on the mind that prisoners will speak out in desperation, and at the risk of any punishment, rather than endure that horrible silence.

The prisoners never see one another, but remain in perpetual solitude. "One poor wretch, driven to desperation by unrelenting solitude and silence, recklessly broke out to Mr. Greenwood in these words: 'For God's sake, Governor, put me in another cell! Put me somewhere else! I have counted the bricks in the cell I am in till my eyes ache!'"

The request of the tortured wretch was refused. There is a fine hole in each cell, and as the warden wears shoes of India rubber soles, the prisoner can never be sure he is alone.

Those condemned to the treadmill have to ascend twelve hundred steps every alternate twenty minutes for six hours. And this in a place so hot and close that prisoners often lose in perspiration three stones in as many months. Every day the prisoners are taken to a chapel so arranged that they can see no one save the chaplain, and him only through an iron grating. And this is the order of devotion observed: "Wardens are constantly on the watch, lest for a single instant they, through the whole of the service, depart from the rigid 'eyes right.' They must look steady 'eyes right.' They must raise and lower their prayerbook with their elbows squared, and all at once like soldiers at drill. They may not scrape their feet without having first turned to explain the movement. They may scarcely wink an eye, or sigh, without danger of rebuke or punishment. God help their poor wretches!"

A MASON UNDER TORTURE.

Between the years 1740 and 1750 the Freemasons were subjected to great persecution in Portugal. A Jeweller by the name of Menton was seized and confined in the Inquisition, and a friend of his, John Coustos, a native of Switzerland, was arrested. The fact was that these two persons were the leading Freemasons in Lisbon, which constituted their crime. Coustos was confined in a lonely dungeon, whose horrors were heightened by the complaints, the dismal cries and hollow groans of several other persons in the adjoining cells. He was frequently brought to the inquisitors, who were anxious to extort from him the secrets of Masonry; but refusing to give any information, he was confined in a still deeper and more horrible dungeon. Finding threats, entreaties and remonstrances in vain, Coustos was condemned to the tortures of the holy office. He was therefore conveyed to the torture room, where no light appeared save two tapers. First they put around his neck an iron collar, which was fastened to the scaffold; and this being done, they stretched his limbs with all their might. They next tied two ropes around each arm, and two around each thigh, which ropes passed under the scaffold through the holes for that purpose. The ropes, which were of the size of one's little finger, pierced through his flesh quite to the bone, making the blood gush out at eight different places that were so bound. Finding that the torture above described could not extort any discovery from him, they were so inhuman, six weeks after, as to expose him to another kind of torture, which was more grievous, if possible, than the former. They made him stretch his arms in such a manner that the back of each hand touched and stood exactly parallel on the other; whereby both his shoulders were dislocated, and a quantity of blood issued from his mouth. This torture was repeated three times; after which he was again sent to his dungeon, and put in the hands of physicians and surgeons, who, in setting his bones, put him in exquisite pain.

A HAPPY EDITOR.—The editor of a Western paper is in clover. His printer boys having all gone off to fight the Indians, he enlisted a half dozen of the best looking girls in town, and is training a corps of compositors not subject to the draft. He will also be supplied with all the latest gossip and other local intelligence without going outside of his office. Wonder how long his happiness will allow him to live?

"What is time worth?" asks Dr. Young; and then adds, "Ask death beds, they can tell. Yes, they can tell." "Millions of money for an inch of time," was the exclamation of Elizabeth, England's vain and ambitious Queen, as she lay on her dying bed.

When you see an old man amiable, mild, equable, contented and good humored, be sure that in his youth he was generous and forbearing. In his end he does not lament the past or dread the future. He is like the evening of a fine day.

Give your son a trade, and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune.

HOW SOIL WAS MADE.

Prof. Agassiz said some interesting things concerning his pet glacial theory at the Amherst agricultural meeting recently. He declared that all the materials on which agricultural processes depend are decomposed rocks, not so much rocks that underlie the soil, but those on the surface and brought from considerable distances and ground to powder by the rasp of the glacier. Ice all over the continent, is the agent that has ground out more soil than all other agencies put together. The penetration of water into the rocks, frost, running water and baking suns, have done something, but the glacier more. In a former age the whole United States was covered with ice several thousands feet thick, and this ice, moving from north to south by the attraction of tropical warmth, or pressing weight of ice and snow behind, ground the rocks over which it passed into the paste we call the soil. These masses of ice can be tracked as surely as game is tracked by the hunter. He made a study of them in this country as far south as Alabama, but had observed the same phenomenon, particularly in Italy, where, among the Alps, glaciers are now in progress. The stones and rocks ground and polished by the glaciers can easily be distinguished from those scratched by running water. The angular boulders found in meadows and the terraces on our rivers now reached by water, can be accounted for only in this way. He urged a new survey of the surface geology of the state, as a help to understanding its constituent elements, and paid a high tribute to the memory of the late President Hitchcock.

WORK AND SUCCESS.—The great men of the world have been workers. Demosthenes was an Athenian blacksmith. Arkwright was a barber. In our own country, Ben. Franklin was a printer, and was not born with a gold spoon in his mouth. He wandered about the streets of Philadelphia for work, with a loaf of bread under his arm, but kings sat at his feet, and listened to his words of wisdom. Jackson was so obscure that it is not known when or where he was born, or whether he had any parents. Clay was the mill boy of the slaves, and supplied his mother's bowl with meal. Tom Corwin was a wagon boy. Judge McLean was a newsboy. Men who have thus made their mark are working men—co-workers with the Almighty.

EARLY HOURS.—It has been suggested that one of the reforms of society in which the woman clubs can lend powerful aid, is the observance of early hours at social gatherings, parties and balls. At public balls, the season for which is now commencing, dancing does not begin much before ten o'clock, and consequently the evening is prolonged until four or five o'clock in the morning. Hence, on the next day, the participants in what should be an amusing relaxation, are entirely unfit for business, or for the lighter tasks at home. Headaches, general depression and unstrung nerves are the result of entertainments which become dissipation. After midnight every party goer should be at home. —Philadelphia Ledger.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.—California has produced an apple seventeen inches in circumference.—Wisconsin has to import its potatoes, but it grows some wheat.—New York City consumes weekly 5,500 beavers, 21,000 hogs, and 22,000 sheep.—Maine has been buying to the extent of a million tons last year.—Antelope meat from the plains is plenty in the Chicago market.—A right to fish in Taunton Great River, Mass., has been sold for \$718.—Coal or gas tar applied about a corn crib will keep the corn from devastation by rats.—A drove of four thousand sheep recently crossed the Mississippi for southwestern Missouri.—American hay is selling in England for about \$25 a ton. It is gaining a reputation in that country.

THE LATEST COMPOSITION.—The following is the latest of the series of compositions by youngsters of observing habits:

ABOUT DOGS.—"Dogs is usefeller as cats. Mice is afraid of mad cats. They bite 'em. Dogs follow boys and catches a hog by the ear. Hogs rarely bite. People eat hogs but not the Jews, as they and all other animals that doesn't chew the cud isn't clean ones. Dogs sometimes git hit with boot-jacks for barking at nites. Sleepy people git mad and throw at 'em. Dogs is the best animal for man; they do more for man than ground hogs or kooks or even gotes. Gotes smell. 'The end."

HYPOCRISY.—Many persons make a wonderful display of good will when you call on them; urge you to visit them often, and chide you for a long absence; when, at the same time, they are wishing you farther off, and will indulge in personal remarks as soon as you are gone. There are many more of this class than superficial observers dream of.

SOUND ADVICE.—A Baltimore clergyman said recently that he would advise every young man at the outset of his career: First to be a good Christian; second to insure his life; and third, get a good wife. Then he is happy.

100

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars a year. A discount of 25 cents made to those who pay in advance. Six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Single copies, 5 cents.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the following rates: One square, one week, \$1.00; 25 cents per square for each week after the first. One square, one year (without change), \$12.00. One-half square, one year, \$7.00. Legal advertising, \$1.25 per square for three insertions. Notices in editorial columns, 25 cents per line; an charge less than \$1.00. Oblique notices, 6 cents per line; no charge less than 25 cents. Notices of funerals (under the head of deaths), 25 cents each. Special Notices (before marriages and deaths), 33 1/2 per cent. advance of regular rates. The space occupied by twelve solid unprinted lines constitutes a square. A liberal discount to merchants advertising largely and by the year.
JOB PRINTING, of all kinds, executed in the best style, and at short notice.
G. M. FISK. A. W. BRIGGS.

Silent sorrow.

Speak not a word to break the spell
That binds a heart in silent sorrow,
No one can know of a grief so well
As he who hears a funeral knell.
And thinks of many a lonely sorrow.
No one can share the weight of grief
That bows the form of all who bear it,
No sigh or tears can give relief,
No smiles bring joy, however brief,
Or linger on the lips that yearn it.
No comfort can a friend impart
In words, however kindly spoken;
No hand can dry the tears that start
From the chilled fountains of that heart.
When once the crystal bowl is broken.
But from each calmer, holier thought
Can we alone our comfort borrow,
We find it soonest when untought;
Joy comes to us as again unsought,
And we forget our silent sorrow.

THE BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

Some years ago, when I was a single man, and dreaming (as some single men do) of double bliss yet destined to arrive, I went to a concert in Music Hall in Boston. Music is poetically and proverbially "the fool of love," and in my sentimental state I consumed a great deal of it; not that I had any object in view. Mine was abstract love; I cultivated it; I increased my stock, so that I might have a good deal of the tender passion on hand, whenever I saw an eligible opportunity of investing it. Well, to return to the concert, it was crowded to excess, and the rush on leaving to reach cabs and carriages, was very great. I wore, on this memorable night, a blue coat with brass buttons, and flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room. I tell you, candidly, I admired myself, and next to myself the other party I was struck with was a girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some young friends a few rows distant. I hoped she noticed me in my blue coat with brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; and being, as my friends would say, in rather a spoony state, worked myself to a towering passion of love. But how was I to come to the object of my admiration, for I was as ill-fated as devoted, "as shy as I was, I was vain," as an over candid friend once said. Hail Columbia, which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared as at my first glance, to improve the occasion, and the company were shoaling out, while I stood gaping after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party eddied for awhile by the inner door of the concert room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current and lost to view.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forever all opportunity of identifying myself; but alas! the lights in the outer corridor were few and far between, so that no glimpse of my star could I get. I pushed and elbowed my way fiercely through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair one's party emerged, and thus gaining one more sight of my sweeting.

"Hang it!" I muttered impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat tail, and was instantly conscious of one of my hind buttons having hitched to some lady's dress; my progress was suddenly arrested. "How provoking!" thought I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button, or tearing a dress; "how provoking the modern fashion; a lady now has as many hoops and tangles about her apparel as a sea anemone." It was with some irritation that I stopped to undo the button, but my hurry made the task more difficult, and instead of undoing I only bungled and more twisted the loop around the button.

"Please to let me try," said the lady herself, as I bungled over the business; she unhooked her hand, it was a sweet hand, so I looked at her face. Stars and garters; but it was the fair one, the black hair and dark eyes I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight blush tinted her cheek. Oh, it was delicious. I hoped she would never undo the loop, and indeed I thought she never would, for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my heart was beating audibly; I tried to help her; our fingers met.

"Please to make way there," shouted a gruff voice behind. We were blocking up the passage; was there ever such an unlucky spot for an entanglement?

"You hinder the people from going out, Anna," exclaimed one of her companions, with some asperity; "plague upon the tiresome loop, break it;" and, snatching the action to the word, the speaker leaned forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend's dress in one hand, and my coat tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug, severed us.

The crowd bore on, and we separated, not, however, before I gave my "star" a look which I intended to speak volumes. I thought she did not seem conscious of my meaning—our eyes met; I knew that this was the only consolation left me, for immediately afterwards I lost her and her party to view, in the darkness outside.

That night I scarcely closed my eyes, thinking of my "bright particular star," and by what means I should find her out, and to expect to know the name of my fair one by mere description, was hopeless, as there doubtless must be a great many with black hair and dark eyes, within the "bill of mortality," as elsewhere.

My love grew more violent in the course of the day, but tired out at length with my search, I returned to the hotel, and took out my portmanteau, to feed my flame even with the contemplation of the handsome button, that had detained the black-eyed divinity so long. It was with no little delight that I now discovered what did not before catch my eye—a fragment of the silk loop of her dress, still adhered to the button around the shank. I pressed it to my lips—it was lilac in color—and stooped to disentangle it from the bit of brass as though it was a tress of my loved one's hair, when something eluded my pocket. Supposing I had lost some money there—I omitted to search the coat on taking it off the night before—I thrust my hand into my pocket. Graelous me! What, did I behold, what did I take out?—a gold chain and bracelet!

You could have brained me with my lady's fan. I saw at a glance how matters stood—in the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the lady had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, which had, not unnaturally, fallen into the coat skirt with which she was engaged, and doubtless on missing it, instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was one of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled myself in her dress to rob her of her jewelry.

Here was an anti-heroic position to find one's self in—when I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be the most expert of pickpockets. Was ever an honest lover in such a plight? And to make it worse, I could not see how I was to escape from this inevitable dilemma. I must go down to the grave remembered only in the dear one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of her bracelet. To find her out was impossible; but a bright idea struck me, as my eyes lighted on a newspaper lying on the coffee-room table. I sat down and wrote an advertisement in the following words:

"If the lady whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's coat button, in leaving the concert last Wednesday, will call at or send to the Tremont Hotel, she will hear something to her advantage."

There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the boy, and five shillings to pay for the insertion in the paper; there, if that will not give me a clue to the escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time know who my enchantress is, the fates must indeed be very unpropitious.

My plans being thus far adopted, I ordered dinner, and waited patiently, or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newspaper next day. It was brought up in my room damp from the press, and then I read in all the glory of large type, my interesting announcement—but, my stars, with what an advertisement was it followed in the same column. I only wondered my hair did not stand on end as I read as follows:

"REWARD.—Lost or stolen at the concert at the hall, a Gold Chain Bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pickpocket of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on leaving the hall.

Any one giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or to the capture of the thief (if it was stolen), will receive the above reward on applying at No. 7 Cambridge Place.

There was a plight—to be advertised in the public papers as a pickpocket, when my only crime was like Othello's, that of "Loving not wisely, but too well."

My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the identical blue coat so accurately described, and taking the paper in my hand, proceeded to Cambridge Place.

I knocked at the door, and asked the servant who answered the name of the family. Having heard it I said, "Is Miss Raymond in?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant woman, "who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her that the pickpocket with a gentlemanly address, and blue coat with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here, and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my message, she left me, and went, as I supposed, to carry it to her mistress.

Soon there came out, not my fair one, but her stalwart brother.

"That," I said, handing him the bracelet, "is Miss Raymond's property; and though, as you perceive, I wear the blue coat with

the brass buttons, and am flattered to think my manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in endeavor to say I am no pickpocket."

"Then, sir, you shall have the reward," said the brother, taking out his purse.

"No," I replied, "for, strange as it may appear, though I am no pickpocket, I stole the lady's bracelet."

The man looked puzzled; but when I told the truth, and pointed to the advertisement in the same paper, as a proof I did not want the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and did not wonder the least at his sister's description of the gentlemanly pickpocket.

"Well," he said, "you had better walk in and have tea with us, and my sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a constable."

You may rest assured I accepted the invitation. Need I go further with the story? The lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pickpocket. The bachelor's button no longer adorns my blue coat, and I have now framed and glazed over the fireplace the advertisement, in which I am publicly described by my own wife "as a pickpocket, with a gentlemanly address."

When I charge her with the libel, she always does what she has this moment done, pay damage for the slander with an amount of kisses, declaring, though not a pickpocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart and pocketed her bracelet.

STORY ABOUT GENERAL WADE HAMPTON AND HIS FATHER.—Young Wade Hampton was sent when a very young man to the West with a large sum of money to buy land. His father was very rich. When young Wade reached New Orleans, he had a desire to look at the pictures and see the sights. He went one evening to a gambling house, and was induced to play at a faro table. He was cleaned out, having lost twenty-five thousand dollars. He wrote to his father and confessed his folly and his loss. The old gentleman came on to New Orleans, and caused his son to point out the gambling house where he had lost his money. Dropping in he looked at the play for a while, and then threw down a purse upon the table. He lost, and the keeper emptied the purse of five hundred dollars in gold. He threw down another purse, and this time he was a winner. The keeper opened the purse, and counting the gold was about to pay over the amount won, when Mr. Hampton remarked that he had not emptied the purse of all its contents. A little examination discovered in the purse a check for twenty-five thousand dollars, which had been so concealed that it would not fall out with the gold. The keeper of the bank made no objection to paying over the sum, which Mr. Hampton quietly put in his pocket and walked off. The next morning he handed the twenty-five thousand dollars to his son, told him to be more careful of his money, never to gamble again, but to go about his business and complete his purchase of land.—Troy Whig.

SEASHORE PIETY.—A quaint writer compares a certain class of professors of religion to "sheet-iron stoves heated by shavings." When there is a little reviving in the church, they all at once flame up and become exceedingly warm and zealous. They are ready to elide their pastor and elders for their coldness and want of activity. But, alas! the shavings are soon burned out, and then the heat goes down as it went up. They are never seen in the prayer room, or more spiritual meetings of the church again, until there is another excitement. If such people had not souls of their own to be saved, they would not be worth taking into the church. They remember it, though they may themselves receive benefit from a connection with it.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.—The other day a Dutchman in Cincinnati was severely thrashed by his "vrow," and while smarting under the infliction, he complained to the Mayor, and had his better half arrested for the outrage, whereupon she was fined three dollars and the costs, but she not having the money, her husband was called upon to fork over. Upon which he "opened his eyes in great surprise," exclaiming, "Vot for I pay? She vip me!" The "statute" was explained to him and he paid, but announcing that hereafter his wife might wallop him as much as she pleased, but he would never again take steps to uphold the "majesty of the law."

ANOTHER MIDDLING.—Old Rev. Mr. B. was one day attending the funeral of one of the members of his church, when, after praising the many virtues of the deceased, he turned to the bereaved husband and said: "My beloved brother, you have been called to part with the best and loveliest of wives." Up jumped the horror-stricken husband, interrupting the tearful minister by saying: "Oh, no, Brother B., not the best; but about middling—about middling, brother B."

SWEET TEMPER.—The first and most important quality in the character of a young woman, is the possession of a sweet temper.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

From our own correspondent.
Life here is vivid. Brown has sketched some of its daily phases with a masterly hand, and Matthew Hale Smith has painted its "Sunshine and Shadow" in colors not too deep. No where on the continent are there more striking exhibitions of the energy and enterprise of our people; no where is there more throb and bustle, dash and daring. Walking these crowded streets by day, or at evening, when a thousand gas lights give Broadway a Parisian brightness, one can hardly picture in imagination Manhattan Island in its primeval solitude; hardly in the quietness of 1697, even when it was voted "that lights be hung out in the dark time of the moon within this city that every 7th house do hang out a lantern and a candle in it;" when the stocks, the pillory and whipping post stood where now stands the U. S. Treasury building, corner of Nassau and Wall streets.—"Stocks" are found there now, though less "firm" than the stocks of olden time, and as for the other places of dishonor to which thieves or vagabonds were consigned, it is almost a pity that Wall Street has removed them, so much are they needed now.

Business is quiet, yet no one sees any less bustle or life in the street, any less gaiety in theatres, saloons, or skating rinks. Indeed, with depression in business and anticipated crises in financial matters, the pulse of pleasure beats into accelerated speed, and lavish expenditures often flow from impoverished pockets. I have been sauntering over Stewart's palatial warehouse. Since here last the addition has been completed, and now his retail establishment covers two acres of ground and eighteen acres of floors. There are about 2000 employees, 750 of whom are salesmen and boys, and the remainder sewing girls and other attaches. The gas is lighted by electricity, seven miles of wire being used for this purpose. The wholesale department, corner of Broadway, Reade and Chamber streets, is another of the metropolitan marvels for which space will not allow description. Of a ramble over the immense book manufacturing of the Harpers my next will speak.
—E. P. T.

A GIRL'S OPINION.—A girl at a boarding school responded as follows to a note from her father, announcing an interesting event in the family:—

My dear pap—I was right glad to hear from you, but I did not like it a bit to hear that mother had a baby, because it was a boy. I should be glad if it were a little girl, but I hate boys—they are not nice. Now I am going to tell you what to name him. I am going to choose a homely name, because I don't think boys ought to have pretty names. Boys are squalling all the time. You don't have one minute's peace while there is one in the house; but a girl baby is a good thing to have in the house, for it never cries. Name him Yuba Dam; that's good enough for a boy. You must excuse me for writing so much about boys; the reason I wrote so much about boys is because I don't like boys. My love to ma, and tell her I hope she will do better next time.

NOT FIT FOR A CONGRESSMAN.—It is told of the new Indiana Senator that, many years ago, as he was walking past a watermelon patch with a clerical friend, the latter picked one and began to eat it in the primitive style. "Throw that melon down," shouted Pratt in horror; "it does not belong to you. You are a minister of the gospel, and I trust you are not going to commence your working by stealing." Now we protest it is a crime against innocence to send such a man as that to Congress.

A FORGIVING HUSBAND.—Several years ago a young man, resident in Milford, discovered certain indiscretions on the part of his wife which led to a divorce. She left town immediately and engaged in some mechanical business, the savings from which amounted to \$1000. This she brought with her to Milford and offered to her husband, provided he would forgive and forget. This he did. Another wedding was celebrated and the couple are as happy as turtle doves.

A CAPITAL REASON WHY.—Brown, on his first journey per coach, now long ago, worried the driver beside whom he sat with incessant childish questions about everything on the road. At last he got his quietus thus:—

Driver—"There's been a woman lying in that house more than a month, and they haven't buried her yet."

Brown—"Not buried her yet! and pray tell me why not?"

Driver—"Because she ain't dead."

EXCESS OF MALES.—California's population is only one-fourth female. In Nevada there are eight men to one woman, and the proportion in Colorado is twenty to one.

STILL LIFTING.—Dr. Windship still continues to lift his 200 pound dumb bells eight times in succession with either arm.

If good men are sad, it is not because they are good, but because they are not better.

Mouths to Feed.

In field and workshop sounds the song
From labor's brave and manly throng;
Tis echoed back from far and near,
Tis joy to every honest ear:
Each avail struck, if we but heed,
Chimes with the burden—"Mouths to feed."

A cry that nerves the weary hand,
A mighty rhythm, proud and grand;
A song that wakes the sleeping brain,
A warning note in joy and pain,
Though heart may faint and feet may bleed,
No spur like this one—"Mouths to feed."

A song for you, a song for me,
Of low and pleading melody.
Then up and toil with smiling face;
To fall or falter is disgrace.
The kindly word, the noble deed,
Make sweet the burden—"Mouths to feed."

A LADY IN THE WRONG BATH.

A newly married couple recently arrived in New Orleans. Jaded and tired, they would each have a bath before retiring. They found the baths so situated that a lady and gentleman (especially when the lady is the gentleman's wife) can take their baths in adjoining apartments. But unfortunately for the happiness of our couple, baths at the same time were ordered for other guests who had just arrived, and by the most natural mistake in the world our bride got into the wrong bath.

It was in that moment of supreme enjoyment, when the warm, genial water was coquetting with the beautiful form; when, like the maiden on the banks of the Ganges, the bride was admiring the loveliness the water reflected, that the door was pushed gently open, and a tall, bearded masculine entered.

Of course the lady screamed—indeed she did. Such a succession of shrieks have rarely echoed through that building, numberless as may have been its experience in screams.

"Oh, hush; for God's sake be quiet; you'll alarm the city."

"O, you dreadful man!" and the shrieks waxed more loud and piercing, and the angry little hands beat the water around her into a foaming cascade, like a miniature Niagara.

By this time the whole house was alarmed, and the patter of running feet was heard through all the corridors. The man couldn't get out, because he was not dressed. He couldn't remain, because it was immodest. The husband by this time was thundering at the door, and inquiring in accents far from calm, what the d—l was the matter.

"Help me! help me!" screamed the bride. The horrified husband heard in reply:—

"Wait till I get my clothes on and I'll go!"

He could endure no more, but, bursting open the door, rushed like a demon into the room, crying frantically for "Mary, Mary! My God, what's the matter?" But at the same time his eye lighted on the stranger, turning madly in ineffectual attempts to resume his apparel. On him he seized, and with his fist raised, demanded the meaning of this intrusion.

It was afforded in a trembling tone, which disclosed his sense of the peril.

"The lady had got into the wrong bath; he was not aware of her presence until he undressed; he meant no offence. For mercy sake let him out!"

The explanation proving satisfactory, the unfortunate stranger fled, and the bride was left to the consolations of her lord.

A QUAKER'S HORSE.—When the second Indiana Cavalry Regiment was originally recruited, it was in want of horses, which the government could not then supply. A certain Quaker gentleman was applied to, among others, to furnish a horse for the good of a cause to which it was known he was in heart and soul devoted; whereupon he replied to the colonel:—"Thou knowest we are opposed in principle to war; but those five horses in yonder meadow are mine, and if one is missed in the morning, I shall not inquire about it."—Lipincott's Magazine.

ONLY A MOUSE.—At a party a lady treated her company with stewed pears. A gentleman at the table put one, as he supposed, into his mouth, and attempted to pull out the stem. After pulling for some time he was obliged to give it up, and putting it out on his plate, he found he had been tugging away at a mouse, which had probably fallen into the lady's preserve jar. With the utmost coolness he inquired of the lady if she had a cat in the house. Yes, sir—why? "Well, I would like to have her take this mouse away—that is all!"

A COURSE RUNNER OF ITS WEALTH.—A western paper relates that a young lady was lately buried wearing a large amount of jewelry, including a gold watch. It was found the next day that the coffin had been despoiled of its silver screws, and the corpse of all its adornments.

RESORT FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—Minnesota has been a favorite resort for persons troubled with pulmonary diseases, but it is reported in East Tennessee that consumptives from the former State are seeking the mountains of Tennessee for relief from their diseases.

GRAND CHANCE.—Young men, matrimonially inclined, are recommended to call on Anna Cagarin of Moscow, the wealthiest heiress of Russia, young, pretty, worth \$100,000,000, and "unengaged."

A story is told of a certain Mrs. Petroleum, whose husband had suddenly come into possession of a large fortune, and had erected a house to correspond with the enlargement of his means. Mrs. Petroleum had heard that it was necessary to have a "library," and accordingly sent to a popular bookstore and ordered one. A well assorted library of standard works was sent up to her house. Next day, down comes my lady in a towering rage at their selection. "Choiceest works?" cried she, as an explanation was attempted, "both your choicest works; they were all different sizes and colors. I wanted them all blue and gold, to match my furniture!"

A story is told of two Vermont capitalists in the war between whom was a generous rivalry, relating to their own gallantry and that of their companies. Both were dangerously wounded at the Wilderness. Capt. B. was insensible for two days, but on the third day opened his eyes and inquired if Capt. W. was alive, and, on being told that he was doing well, said, energetically, "Well, if W. can live, I'll be d—d if I'll die," and he didn't.

The North Bridgewater Gazette tells of a man in Freetown who, when a member of his family dies, procures a gravestone for the deceased, which, instead of being erected by the grave, is kept in his house. His father died about fifty years ago, one sister about forty years, and another about thirty years since, and the grave stones for them all are still in his house.

A young lady, rather given to gossiping, was in the habit of complaining of a bad taste in her mouth every morning. She consulted a physician on the matter. He told her it was because she went to bed every night with so much scandal in her mouth. "Well, then, doctor," said she, "if that is the case, I will be sure to let it all out before night, hereafter."

In order to amuse the children on a Sabbath, a lady was engaged in reading from the Bible the story of David and Goliath, and coming to that passage in which Goliath so boastfully and defiantly dared the young stripling, a little clasp, almost in his first trousers, said:—"Sister, skip that; he's blowing! I want to know who licked."

Some folks are prodigiously penitent over other people's sins, and seem to think they have a special call to confess them before the whole world. They will gouge their brother's eyes out rather than leave a single mote in them. At the same time they are singularly blind respecting their own failings.

Work is the order of this day. The slow penny is surer than the quick dollar. The slow trotter will out travel the fleet racer. Geulins darts, duffers and tires; but perseverance wears and wins. The all-day horse wins the race. The afternoon man wears off the laurels. The last blow finishes the nail.

A keen, bright-eyed little angel, only four years old, was chided for sitting on the knee of a gentleman visiting the family, as she was too large a baby to tire the visitor. Little girl retorted: "Why, 'why, girls nineteen years old sit on laps, and you wouldn't call them babies would you?"

Never he ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man on earth is ignorant of many things. Inasmuch that what he knows is a mere nothing compared with what he does not know. There cannot be a greater folly in the world than to suppose we know everything.

God's people are like stars that shine brightest in the dark night; they are like gold that is brighter for the furnace; like incense that becomes fragrant from burning; like the camomile plant, that grows fastest when trampled on.

The full force of Colt's Armory at Hartford is now engaged on the contract to furnish the Russian Government with thirty thousand Berdan rifles, and upon the one hundred Gatting guns ordered. The armory is to be enlarged.

Servants of favorite actresses in Paris make a good thing by selling the bouquets thrown to their mistresses. The flowers are disposed of to the flower girls on the streets, and some of them undoubtedly do homage to more than one actress.

It was a good reply of Plato, to one who murmured at his reproving him for a small matter—"Custom," said he, "is no small matter. A custom, or habit of life, does frequently alter the natural inclination, either to good or evil."

A lady in Paris was out of all patience and spirits at hearing nothing but French, day after day. One morning she heard a cock crowing, and exclaimed:—"Thank God, there's somebody who speaks English."

The man that hath not oysters in his soul, and is not to be moved by concert of sweet stews, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spalls.

Quite a number of United States Senators are to be elected yesterday.—*Springfield Republican.*

Didn't you have "a little something to take," down there to-morrow?—*Northampton Free Press.*

A lady advertises for sale one baboon, three tabby cats and a parrot. She states that now being married, she has no further use for them, because their amiable qualities are all combined in her husband.

It is said that the maps used by the Indians, Africa is depicted as a small island, and America is made one of its chief towns. No one is obliged to believe the story until he has seen such a map.

The escape of the murderer of the late Mr. Rogers, in New York, is not so remarkable as the escape of the murderer of Mary Rogers, the pretty cigar girl, in the same city, several years ago.

It takes two to make a quarrel—just remember that. It takes two to get a quarrel fairly going, so hold your tongue the moment a storm is brewing, and you are without the pale of discord.

"Died of ignorance," was the return of a Hartford physician to the Register. The case was that of a child whose parents did not know enough to follow prescriptions.

A gentleman, on taking a volume to be bound, was asked if he would have it bound in Russia. "Oh no," he replied "Russia is too far off. I will have it done here."

He who brings ridicule to hear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—one more likely to cut himself than anybody else.

A negro, after gazing at the Chinese, exclaimed, "If de white folks is as dark as dat out dere, I wonder what's de color oh de niggers?"

"Forever," in the rhetoric of a woman's affection, is a sentimental hyperbole meaning a period of exactly two months.

As the best tempered sword is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous to their inferiors.

A statistician says a man has sixteen chances of being struck by lightning, to one of being worth a million of money.

Ladies who have won husbands by gay plumes in their hats, are said to have feathered their nests.

Silver and golden anklets for ladies, to be worn outside the stockings, are about coming into fashion.

The greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Married life too often begins with rosewood and ends with pine.

Castles are proud things, but 'tis best to be outside of them.

A stitch that doesn't save time—a stitch in the side.

He that lives upon hoping will be fasting.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

Having leased the Photographic Saloon lately occupied by F. K. Houston, and located it near the corner of Commercial Block, I am prepared to attend to

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10 PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN AT ANY OTHER TIME.

Prices always LOWER THAN CAN POSSIBLY BE FOUND AT ANY OTHER PLACE. Therefore,

LET US SING:

"Shouldn't acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Shouldn't acquaintance be forgot,
And days of old long since?"

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This institution has just published the popular medical book entitled "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF PRESERVATION," written by Dr. Hayes, in which he discloses the secrets of life, and the causes of disease, and the means of prevention, and the treatment of all diseases, and the means of prolonging life.

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The Palmer Journal.

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Three Bugs in a Basket.

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two;
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all—
But what should three bugs do?
Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two;
And all were scold in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said: "We will eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."
Three little bugs in a basket,
And the best but two would hold,
So they all three fell to gnawing
The white, black, and the gold,
And two of the bugs got under the rug,
And one was out in the cold!
So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from off the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.
And so there was none in the basket,
Ah, pity, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved at last,
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rug from both the bugs,
And killed and ate them, too.
Now, when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree,
The white, the black, and the gold,
And share what comes of bread and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold!

THE COAST GUARDSMAN'S TALE.

"It is not so many years ago, sir, eight or nine maybe, when a young gentleman came down here to spend a month or so—our town being a quiet sort of place like. He wasn't a bad looking fellow, and had small white hands. Indeed most people would have called him handsome, though there was always a kind of look about his mouth I didn't like to see. He was staying up at the Miner's Arms, and there soon got tales about the town of the way in which he had two or three other young fellows used to go on: the sitting up late at night, the drinking and playing cards, and the wild freaks they used to be at. But as he always had plenty of money, and paid his bill every week (it was by his own wish), Polmarthen, the landlord, never cared to say anything to him. He was a close man, was Polmarthen, and no doubt made plenty of money out of his customer; but it would have been better for him if he had never let Mr. Herndon under his roof. His daughter, pretty Kate Polmarthen, as she was always called, was the prettiest girl for miles about. I see you guess what is coming, and many was the glass that had been emptied in her honor, and many a young man would have given much to have stood well in her good graces; but, though she was a bit of a flirt, there was none that had ever found favor in her eyes but Ralph Tregarva—a likely young fellow as ever was seen. Folks often wondered how it was that old Polmarthen ever allowed his daughter to engage herself to Ralph Tregarva, who was only a poor fisherman, but though the old man loved money much, he loved his daughter more; although I heard there was some trouble about it, yet in the end he gave way to her in this.

It was not long, however, after Mr. Herndon came down here, that a change seemed to come over poor Kate. She would sit silent for hours, and if Ralph came to try and cheer her up, she would speak sharply and harshly to him, and sometimes burst into a flood of tears, beg his pardon, and kiss him, and tell him that he was the dearest and best of men, and that she was not worthy of him. I was a great friend of his, and I gathered most of this from him at the time, poor fellow! I was sitting in my cottage, one day toward evening, thinking it would soon be time to be going off in my boat, when young Tregarva burst in with a face as white as a sheet, and scarcely able to stand. "What is the matter, man?" said I; "have you seen a ghost?" but he staggered to a chair, and fell rather than sat down on it, holding his face between his hands, while the big sobs that burst from him seemed to shake him from head to foot, though not a tear fell through his fingers. I stood for some little time, but he seemed to grow worse instead of better, but at last I laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "Come, Ralph, be a man; what is all this about?" He turned on me like a tiger. "Leave me alone, curse you. Do you, too, mock me?" and with one spring he was past me and out of the door like a mad man. I followed in great haste, greatly alarmed, as you may suppose, but could see nothing of him. There was a mist rising, and any one would have been invisible at any moderate distance, and it was with deep forebodings that I went my rounds that night.

When I returned to my cottage I noticed a small piece of paper lying on the floor. It explained all. It was a letter from Hen-

don to Kate, evidently written in a great hurry, and was crumpled up as if it had been clutched in his fingers. No doubt it had dropped from Ralph's hand, though how he got it I do not know. It left no room for doubt. He urged her to fly from the village, and promised to provide for her. Soon after I heard more. That same evening Kate Polmarthen had disappeared. That morning her bedroom had been found empty, and she was gone. What surprised others, though not me, was that her father made no search after her—for he had made none. He knew only too well why she had gone. Herndon was still there, in order, I suppose, to divert all attention from himself, as he was not aware that the note had been found, Ralph and I each keeping our own counsel. What need had I to publish the certainty of her shame? I heard nothing of Ralph for three days, when he returned and went about his work just as usual, but resenting fiercely any mention of the past. His manner, too, was quite changed. Oh! so haggard and wild he looked, and with a dogged kind of sullenness in place of his former light-hearted gaiety. Even to me he never spoke now, and one or two attempts I made to draw him into conversation were met by such bursts of rage that I was obliged to leave him to himself.

And now I must come to the most painful part of my tale. You see that the bay below is closed in at high tide, and the sand gets quite covered. It was high water about half-past eleven on the September evening, when I was on a boat, and a bright night, just like this. I was walking along the cliff, just where we are now, when I thought I heard a voice below, on the beach, which was nearly under water. Surprised at this, I looked over and saw there a man looking about and shouting up. I could recognize the voice of Herndon, who called out:—"Hello, there! Help! help! I am cut off by the tide. I can't swim. Send a boat. For God's sake, help me!"

So it was. Sauntering along, he had, I suppose, waited there, and had found himself cut off by the rising tide, which would have been the case an hour and a half before I saw him, so that for at least that length of time he had been confined there, with the water gradually rising higher and higher. But what was to be done? True, I had a rope, and instinctively I had taken it out, but it was only a short one, about a dozen yards long. I always carry it about me. It often came in useful, but what good was it now? I could not descend the cliff, and if I left my boat and went for assistance he would be drowned before I could return. Even while I hesitated I heard a step behind me, and Ralph Tregarva stood by my side.

"I can go down that cliff," said he, in the measured dogged tone he always used since then, though there seemed to be an expression of savage exultation in his tone that night that made me shudder. "I will go. Give me that rope." "Good God!" I exclaimed, "it is certain death!" While I spoke, however, he had snatched the rope out of my hands and let himself over the edge of the cliff, and was going down, hand under hand, clenching at every little bush and every tuft of grass. My head swam watching him. One slip, and he would have fallen, literally smashed on the rocks below; but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for still I could see him going down, further and further, crawling like a lizard, till he was some eight or nine yards from the bottom. There he stopped. There is a flat ledge of rock there, and he laid down on it. It was a still night, and I could hear him as plainly as I could you, sir.

"Mr. Herndon!" he called out.

"Oh, I thank God you have come at last!" I heard Mr. Herndon answer.

"Here I am. How can I reach you? I have a rope with me; if I throw it to you, can you get up here?"

"Yes, yes, be quick, be quick. The tide has risen up to my knees, and I am half dead with the cold."

"Just so," was the strange answer of Tregarva.

"Quick! quick! do not trifle with me; I shall drown."

"You will not drown for half an hour yet, Mr. Herndon, replied Ralph, with a laugh.

"But such a laugh! It sounded like the laughter of a fiend."

"Oh, for mercy's sake, be quick!"

"Merely!" echoed Tregarva, "such as you have shown shall be shown to you; where is Kate Polmarthen?"

"I do not know. I do not, indeed! Quick! the water is over my knees."

"Liar!" returned Ralph, heedless of agonizing entreaties. "I have ventured my life to come here. Did you think it was to save you? No, it was to secure my revenge. Never shall you come up here alive. Listen to me. When I heard of her flight I was among the first to visit her house. Her father found a letter from you, telling her where to go, and that you would meet her. She had dropped it in her hurried departure. But never shall you meet her in this world. Liar! Liar! Your last hour has come. I have but to throw you this rope and you are safe. Your life is in my hands; but had I a thousand lives, and

were each of them entwined in your one, I would give all, all to punish you."

Again the scream arose—"Mercy! mercy!"

"Merely!" again echoed Tregarva. "Such mercy as the lion shows to his prey, such shall you have. You shall die, wretch—die in your sins; and, as the water mounts higher and higher, think of her whose body and soul you have murdered; think of me whose peace of mind, you, in your wantonness, have utterly wrecked, and then ask for mercy. Never."

Oh, that I could forget the fearful scene that followed. The wretched Herndon, as the water mounted higher and higher, while each wave almost tore him away from his frail hold on the projections of the rock, clung to the cliff, shrieking out mingled prayers and blasphemies in his agony, while the relentless waves came dashing in, rearing up with a hoarse boom against the rocks, while, above all, rose the frantic yells of Tregarva, as he exulted in his terror and sufferings, like a wild beast over his victim. The crisis arrived. One mountainous wave came rolling in, and while his death-shriek still rang in my ears, Herndon was torn away from his hold. His white face appeared gleaming among the spray for one moment, the next he was dashed with fearful force against the rocks, and the next a bleeding and shattered body was borne out to sea.

Ralph was reascending the cliff, when, losing his scanty foothold, he slipped away. For one moment he hung suspended from the shrub he was holding, and then, as the roots gave way under his weight, he fell down into the same tomb to which he had consigned his victim. His body was never found. That of Herndon was recovered the next day, and an inquest held. I was the principal witness, and a verdict of willful murder was returned against Tregarva.

I have little more to tell. Poor Kate and her babe lie side by side in the churchyard. And now, sir, can you wonder that I don't much like being here all alone? But I see my mate is coming, just in time, so I will bid you good night, sir."

"Good night."

And I returned to my lodgings, a sadder and more thoughtful, if not a wiser man.

THE WEATHER HAS MODERATED.—We heard of one individual whose wife had long importuned him to buy her a pair of skates. On leaving the house after tea, Christmas eve, he promised to bring her the coveted articles that night as a Christmas present. Of course she was delighted. Visions of daily trips to the rink (and trips on the ice, perhaps) ran through her head throughout the evening. But the hours wore away and no husband, and what was worse, under the particular circumstances, no skates. Along about two o'clock in the morning the truant husband came stumbling in. It was a terribly cold night, but he was all aglow. In a voice rendered exceedingly thick by the egg-nogg he had been taking, he said:—"Midcar, (hie) wisomerry (hie) Chris'us." The good woman's thoughts were too intent upon skates to fully comprehend his situation. "Where are my skates?" she exclaimed. "What skates, my dear?" "Why you told me you would bring me home a pair of skates for a Christmas present." "So I did, my love," suddenly recollecting, "so I did; but you see skat'z gone, the we'er's (hie) mo'erated."

LITTLE PICTURES WITH GREAT EARS.—How observant children are, and how their ears prick up at an intimation that anything is going on which they are not particularly desired to see or hear! A little fellow—a "minister's son," by the way—sat on the floor one afternoon, playing with his blocks, when some ladies called on his mother. Very soon the conversation turned (I am sorry to say) on a bit of scandal that was in the village. Remembering suddenly that the child was in the room, and not knowing exactly how much he might understand of what was being said, an abrupt pause was made in the conversation. There sat the little fellow, busy with his blocks, and in reality not heeding a word of what was being said. But no sooner did the pause come than he turned around, and, rolling on the floor and laughing as though his little sides would split, shouted, "Go right on; that's just such as I like to hear every day."

A MODEL OBITUARY.—A Rocky Mountain paper publishes an obituary notice of the famous "Jim," Chief of the Washoe Indians, who died recently. Jim seems to have possessed many virtues. He is said to have been a good though very dirty red man. He possessed a well-balanced head of hair, and stomach enough for all he could get to eat. His regard for truth was notable—he never meddled with it. He left no will, and his estate, consisting of a pair of boots, will have to be settled by his heirs through the medium of a game of "old sledge." After life's fitful "fever and ague" Jim sleeps well.

ARRIVAL OF CHINA WOMEN.—Two hundred and forty Chinawomen arrived in San Francisco by a late steamer, and created a sensation among the resident Chinamen, who got into something of a row concerning their distribution.

"SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING."

Commend us to the girl of whom it is sweetly said, "She works for a living;" in her we are always sure to find the element of a true woman—a real lady. True, we are not prepared to see a mincing step, a haughty lip, a fashionable dress, or hear a string of splendid nonsense about the balls and young men, the new novels and the next party—no, no, but we are prepared to hear the sound words of good sense, language becoming woman, a neat dress, mild brow, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel.

You, who are looking for companions and wives, turn from the fashionable, lazy, and haughty girls, and select one from those who work for a living, and never—our word for it—will you repent your choice. You want a substantial friend and not a doll; a helpmate and not a helpmeet; a consoler and not a simper. You may not be able to carry a piano into your house, but you can buy a spinning-wheel or a set of knitting needles. If you cannot buy a ticket for the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor.

Be careful, then, when you look for companions, and when you choose. We know many a foolish man who, instead of choosing an industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one from the fashionable stock, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame.

The time was when ladies went visiting and took their work with them. This is the reason why we had such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle darning her father's stockings, or carding wool to spin! Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a woman would be a prize to somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses for his wife from the despised "who works for a living."

HOW TO MAKE NEW ROPE PLIABLE.

Considerable difficulty is sometimes experienced in handling new rope on account of its stiffness. This is especially the case when it is wanted for cattle ties and halters. Every farmer is aware how inconvenient a new stiff rope halter is to put on and tie up a horse with. And new ropes for tying cattle are frequently unsafe, for the reason that they are not pliable enough to knot securely. All this can be remedied and new rope made as limber and soft as once as after a year's constant use, by simply boiling for two hours in water. Then hang it in a warm room, and let it dry thoroughly. It retains its stiffness until dry, when it becomes perfectly pliable.

THE WIND.—How little we appreciate the effects of wind on locomotion; how much it helps a traveler when it flows with him, and how much it hinders him when against him. We often see a thoughtless driver whipping his horse, when going against the wind, because the animal falls behind the usual rate of speed; not considering that the effect of that head wind was equal to the addition of a hundred or more pounds to his load. On an English railway lately a train was able to make but 3 miles in 31 minutes, with a full head of steam!

HOW SHE KNEW.—Two young misses, discussing the qualities of some young gentlemen, were overheard thus:
"Well, I like Charlie, but he is a little girlish; he hasn't got the least bit of a beard."
"I say he has got a beard but he shaves it off."

"No; he hasn't either, any more than I have."

"I say he has, too, and I know it, for it scratched my cheek."

And that's how she knew.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.—A New York paper thus philosophizes on the subject of riches: It is said that the quickest way of making a fortune is to marry a fashionable young lady, and sell her clothes. The objection to these proceedings is that the seller might also get sold in the transaction. We think, however, that there is little question that the quickest way of spending a fortune would be to marry a fashionable young lady and buy her clothes. The experiment has been tried frequently, with the same results.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Old farmer Smith was somewhat lacking in literary culture, but did not know it; and his attempts at long words were sometimes quite amusing. Having sold several daughters of a marriageable age, he sold his farm and moved into the village to live among the "aristocracy." An acquaintance meeting him a short time after cried out—"Hello, Smith! sold your farm?" "Yes," was the reply, "I kinder got tired of farming, so moved into the village, to be among the 'aristotittles!'"

HUMILITY.—Nothing procures love, like humility; nothing hate, like pride. The proud man walks among daggers pointed to him; whereas the humble and the affable have the people for their guard in dangers. To be humble to our superiors, is duty; to our equals, courtesy; to our inferiors, generosity; and these, notwithstanding their lowliness, carry such sway as to command men's hearts.

THE WONDERS OF A SEED.

Is there upon the earth a machine, is there a princely mansion, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful, as is enclosed in a single seed—one grain of corn, one small seed of a tree picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones; the smallest of a poppy or bluebell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about in the air, invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds.

About one hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnæus, who was called "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants, and he then thought that the whole number existing could not exceed ten thousand; but a hundred years after him, M. deCandolle, of Geneva described 40,000 kinds of plants, and he supposed that the number might even amount to one hundred thousand.

Well, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right kind of seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has the seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or the seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak, to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell unnoticed, and in sixty years it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

FOND OF CIDER.—We remember the story of an old lady, true, of course, for we saw it in a newspaper, who was inordinately fond of cider, and, after it got hard and strong, used to get gloriously drunk on it daily. Finally her friends, out of all patience, one day when she was insensible, procured a coffin, and placing her in it, laid in wait to see what she would do. They had previously told her they should bury her if she got drunk again. She came to her senses, and evidently supposed that she had shuffled off this mortal coil, and was in a new state of being. After a time she got thirsty, and being unable to stand it any longer, she rapped loudly on the coffin lid, exclaiming, "Children of this world, have you any good cider?" Her friends did not again attempt to reform her by this process.

FEMALE TALKERS.—It was customary in some parish churches for the men to be placed on one side, and the women on the other. A clergyman in the midst of his sermon, found himself interested by the talking of some of the congregation, of which he was obliged to take notice. A woman immediately rose, and wishing to clear her own sex from the aspersion, said, "Observe, at least, your reverence, it is not on our side." "So much the better," answered the clergyman; "it will be the sooner over."

POWERFUL REMONSTRANCE.—The reply of a farmer to a tax collector whose receipt he had lost, who asked for payment a second time, was somewhat forcible.

"Would you believe it, when I told him I had paid it once, and would not pay it again, the fellow began to abuse me?"

"What did you do?" asked his friend.

"Why I remonstrated with him."

"And to what effect?"

"Well I don't exactly know," was the reply, "but the poker was bent!"

HOW TO AVOID CALUMNY.—"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself; that his censure may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato, being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said: "It is no matter; I shall live so that none will believe them."

MALICIOUSNESS.—The malicious man is no man's foe so much as his own; for while he is out of charity with others, God is so with him; if he loved himself he would not hate his brother. I will love all men for His sake that made them; but the Christian, because he is God's son, I will love him doubly—for his own sake—for his father's sake.

PITHY AND TRUE.—Elder Swan used to say, that if the doctrine of universal salvation be true, then the bible ought to read: "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to heaven, and everybody goes there; straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to hell, and you can't find it if you try."

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—A young actor was once instructed to deliver the following message to Lord Randolph, in "Douglas." "My lord, the banquet waits." But having lost the run of the sentence, he called out, amid the roar of the audience, "Mr. Randolph, your supper has been ready for some time."

WISCONSIN, or as it is more properly and beautifully spelled, Oisconsin, means "Gathering of the Waters."

RATHER OBLIVIOUS.

At a revival excitement in Connecticut, a respectable old lady was struck with conviction and became a convert, and was proposed for membership of the church. There was a meeting held for the examination of the candidates, of whom there were several in attendance.

"Well, my dear sister Rogers," said the venerable examiner, addressing our venerable friend, "please relate your experience."

The old lady, on being thus addressed, lifted up her voice:

"Well," said she, "I don't know what to say, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, before I came here, but I believe I have experienced a change, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, after I came home from meeting, when I became convinced that I was the most sinful creature in the world, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, and says he, 'I think so, too.' Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, I was going to lead a different life, was going to trim my lamp, and have it burning again the bridegroom come. Then Mr. Rogers, my husband, said he didn't see what I wanted of another, but he didn't make no objection. Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, that I would join the church, and prepare myself for the place where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; and my husband, Mr. Rogers, told me I'd better."

WHAT AM I FIT FOR?

There is only one method by which a young man can discover what position in life he is best fitted to occupy. He must try. He may be qualified to plan, to lead, to control, or his talent may be simply executive, and of the kind that assists in carrying out the ideas of other men. In either case his aid is needed in the vast and diversified field of labor presented by a great and growing country. The head and the hand are equally requisite in every branch of science and business, in all the pursuits of actual life. If a man who is merely expert of hand, stands or seems to stand, on a lower level than he who plans largely and wisely, let him not repine at that, for on the plane where his capabilities have placed him there is less of responsibility and anxious care than the higher positions assigned to more powerful and comprehensive intellects. Having found his true place in the great commonwealth of industry, let the young man cling to it, and not allow himself to be prompted by plausible stories of sudden wealth, into speculation for which he is not fitted.

A young lady appeared at a Louisville (Ky.) masquerade the other night as the "Almighty Dollar." Her costume was of white and silver tissue, bordered with bank notes, and gold coin on her neck and arms; and in her hair. Several devoted admirers agreed with her financial policy, and seemed to be anxious to take any amount of stock.

When a stranger treats me with want of proper respect—said a philosophic poor man—I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slighted, but my shabby old coat and hat; which, to say the truth, have no particular claims to admiration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it's nothing to me.

A religious paper declares:—"The legitimate sphere of the press is to preach by wholesale. It sets all the world to talking, and that is preaching. Truth well shaken up with error finds its level at last, and error like chaff is blown away."

A member of the Tennessee Legislature seems to value his reputation at less than \$60, for he has procured the arrest of a prostitute for robbing him of that sum while stopping over night at her house.

What madness it is for man to starve himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy; for his joy at your death will be in proportion to what you leave him.

Keep doing, always doing. Wisely, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing and repining, are idle and profitless employments.

A Cincinnati paper says that Alexander H. Stephens has been invited to accept the professorship of belles-lettres in a Southern college.

People who advertise only once in three months forget that most folks cannot remember anything longer than about seven days.

To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is luck; but twice lucky he who can open his month without betraying the spoon.

A country boy, having read of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was seasickness that made them do it.

An excellent cure for dyspepsia is to give a hungry dog a piece of meat, and chase him till he drops it.

What should a clergyman preach about? About a quarter of an hour.

Many a sweetly fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

Never run down your opponent's goods in public. Let him pay for his own advertising.

Persons who teach the art of riding velocipedes are called, "velocipedagogues" in Boston.

The Minnesota legislature has accepted an invitation to visit the Wisconsin legislature.

Variety is the spice of life. So of a newspaper. But neither should be all-spice.

The covetous man makes two cents of one; and a liberal man makes a shilling of it.

The proper abbreviation for Alaska is said to be L. S.—the Place of the Seal.

A Buffalo man offers to go over Niagara Falls in a boat for \$20,000.

Why are the clouds like coachmen? Because they hold the rains.

A hindrance to marriage—the government tax on matches.

An early spring—jumping out of bed at 5 o'clock in the morning.

What did the potter say to the clay? Be-ware.

Light reading—A motto in fire-works.

A man of mark—the sign painter.

A man of letters—the type-setter.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! Having leased the Photograph Salon lately occupied by F. K. Houston, and located it near the site of Commercial Block, I am prepared to attend to

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CROCKERY! A FULL LINE JUST RECEIVED, and for sale CHEAP, By S. W. SMITH.

MARSHALL CALKINS, M. D., CORNER STATE AND MAPLE STS., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Office hours—7 to 10 a. m., 1 to 2 and 6 to 8 p. m. Jan. 13, 1889.

\$100 TO \$200 PER MONTH salary paid to good agents to sell our Patent Non-Corrosive White Fire Clashes. State age and past occupation, and address the American Wire Co., 75 William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED.—For the only steel engraving of Gen. Grant and his family published with their portrait. Engraved by Sartain, size 15 by 10, \$2.00. 100 per cent. to agents. Adress GOODSPEED & CO., Chicago, or No. 37 Park Row, N. Y.

TURKS ISLAND SALT. 100 bushel—just received, by S. W. SMITH.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to make immediate payment. S. W. SMITH. Palmer, Jan. 1, 1889.

HOLIDAY GIFTS!

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS. BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS. At the Warehouses of

STIMPSON & CO., Consisting of

PIANO-FORTES, ORGANS, MELODEONS, &c.

STEINWAY & SON, CHICKERING & SON.

MAGNIFICENT PRESENTS!

NEW YORK CO., HAZLETON BROS., and MARSHALL & WENDALL PIANO-FORTES.

All Beautiful Instruments. Also, the Wonderful Organ of all Organs, "THE BURDETT ORGAN."

With the latest improved VOX HUMANA—perfectly Soul Charming.

Don't fail to come and look at this stock before purchasing elsewhere. It is to be closed out in the next 3 weeks.

10 PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN AT ANY OTHER TIME.

Prices always LOWER THAN CAN POSSIBLY BE FOUND AT ANY OTHER PLACE. Therefore, LET US SING:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne?"

Principal Warehouses, MAIN STREET, WESTFIELD, MASS. CHAS. PHIPPS, Agent, WARE, MASS. may 23 18

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It is a complete and up-to-date treatise on the human system, written by Dr. Hayes. It is the only book of the kind ever published in this country.

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REASONABLE TERMS, in the above named and other good Companies.

LIFE INSURANCE, Effected in the Best Mutual Companies. Policies issued which are non-forfeitable, to the extent of the premium paid. Also,

INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENTS, Effected in the Original "Travelers," of Hartford, Conn. E. F. MORRIS, Agent. Monson, July 29, 1887.

ALE, WHISKEY, AND OTHER LIQUORS. The undersigned is sole agent in Eastern Hampden for the sale of

MILLARD & WATERBURY'S PALE ALE. Also, agent for

GORDON, FELLOWS, McMELEN & CO., NEW YORK. Dealers in all kinds of

AMERICAN AND IMPORTED LIQUORS, Comprising

BOURBON WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, ST. CROIX RUM, RYE GIN, MEDFORD RUM, AND ALL KINDS OF WINE.

These Liquors are all PURE AND UNADULTERATED! And will stand the test of Analysis.

All orders for any of the above liquors will be promptly filled. MARSHALL FOX, Palmer, Aug. 29, 1888.

THE MEDICINE FOR WHOOPING COUGH! DODGE'S NERVE AND INVIGORATOR gives agreeable and almost instant relief in the spasms of whooping cough.

This is a complaint that all children are expected to have; and when it comes, it is a source of great anxiety to the parents.

It is a disease which is not only a source of great anxiety to the parents, but it is also a source of great anxiety to the child.

It is a disease which is not only a source of great anxiety to the parents, but it is also a source of great anxiety to the child.

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SPEER'S STANDARD WINE BITTERS.

THE BEST BITTERS FOR THE WEAK, FOR THE PALE, FOR THE SICKLY, FOR THE AGED, FOR FEMALES, FOR SPRING USE!

No Bitters Equal to Them!—29

SPEER'S STANDARD WINE BITTERS, —MADE OF— WINE, HERBS, AND ROOTS.

Speer's Celebrated Wine, so well known, with PERRY'S BARK, CAMOMILE FLOWERS, SNAKE ROOT, WILD CHERRY BARK, GINGER,

and such other HERBS and ROOTS as will, in all cases, assist Digestion, promote the Secretion of the System in the natural channels, and give

TOSE AND VIGOR TO THE YOUNG AND OLD, MALE AND FEMALE.

All use it with Wonderful Success. It brings COLOR to the pale white lips,

BLOOM AND BEAUTY to the thin, pale, and careworn countenance; cures Fever, and creates APPETITE. Try them. Use none other. Ask for SPEER'S STANDARD WINE BITTERS. Sold by Druggists and Grocers. See that my signature is over the cork of each bottle.

ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J., and 213 Broadway, New York. For sale by WOOD & ALLEN, Palmer, Mass. June 20 18

FIRST LETTER FOUNDRY IN NEW ENGLAND. COMMENCED IN 1817.

BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY. Always noted for its

HARD AND TOUGH METAL, and its large varieties of

BOOK AND JOB TYPE, and lately for its unrivalled

NEWSPAPER FACES. Address all orders to

JOHN R. ROGERS, Agent, 53 Water St., Boston.

The Type on which this paper is printed was furnished by this Foundry.

NEW SPRING STYLES OF CLOTHING, For MEN'S, BOYS', and YOUTHS' WEAR.

Also, a Good Assortment of FURNISHING GOODS, HATS AND CAPS, OIL AND RUBBER GOODS.

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Springfield, June 13, 1888.

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For full, free, flowing, clear, sparkling, pure and graceful style; for poetic genius; for beauty of thought and rich glowing imagination; for nice analysis of character, graphic delineation, and fine scholarship; for life-like pictures, glowing words and happy illustrations, this work has no equal. Such commendations, as the above, have been received from Bishop Simpson, Rev. Albert Barnes, Dana Porter, D. D., L. L. W. A. Stearns, D. D., Geo. Dana Boardman, D. D., L. W. Willey, and many other distinguished names.

Send for circulars containing the same. Agents are everywhere meeting with unparalleled success. It is a most beautifully illustrated and elegantly bound book, and pleases the eye.

COMMISSIONS, \$10 TO \$20 PER MONTH! According to ability and energy. Address, ZIEGLER, McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

TO ALL WHO WANT AND WILL HAVE ALES AND LIQUORS.

Having been licensed by the State and United States, I am now prepared to show my stock of Ales and Liquors, and some of the best in the West, for Smith's Philadelphia Ale, Philadelphia, Smith's New York Ale (Gold Medal awarded at Paris Exposition). Also,

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS, such as

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All orders promptly attended to at short notice. WM. C. GREEN, Nassawannock Block.

Palmer, Sept. 26, 1888.

MOODY'S EXCELSIOR TOOTH PRESERVATIVE.

This Preparation never was intended to impose upon the public. It is composed of refined sugar, and some of the best of our properties, and some of the best of our properties, and some of the best of our properties.

It is a most beautiful and elegant preparation, and it is a most beautiful and elegant preparation.

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AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

R. H. EDDY, Solicitor of Patents.

Late Agent of the U. S. Patent Office, Washington, (under the Act of 1857.) 78 STATE ST. (Opposite Kilby), BOSTON.

After an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years, continuing to secure Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries, Current, Specifications, Bonds, Assignments, and all papers, and drawings for Patents executed on liberal terms, and with dispatch. Researches made into American or Foreign works, to determine the validity or utility of Patents or inventions, and legal or other advice rendered in all matters touching the same. Copies of the claims of any patent furnished by returning 10 Assignments of Patents.

No Agency in the United States possesses superior facilities for obtaining Patents, or ascertaining the patentability of inventions.

During eight months, the subscriber, in the course of his large practice, made, on twice repeated applications, sixteen appeals, every one of which was decided in his favor by the Commissioner of Patents.

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JOHN T. TROTTER, Boston, January 1, 1889.

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The largest, best and cheapest subscription book ever published, and endorsed by all Literary People in Europe and America.

As well to supply a much needed want in our country by disseminating correct information in a form best adapted to our people, as to gratify repeated solicitations from friends to issue a new edition of this valuable work, the publishers have undertaken the enterprise. The vast amount of illustrated trash that has flooded the country for some years past demands a book of this character, for the benefit of those who wish to read for instruction and enlightenment, instead of cheap pictures and sensational newspaper clippings bound up in the form of a

The Palmer Journal.

PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1869

NUMBER 51.

VOLUME XIX.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY
GORDON M. FISK & CO.

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JOHN PRINTING, of all kinds, executed in the best style, and at short notice.

G. M. FISK. A. W. BRIGGS.

Three Old Saws.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it;
Let their comfort hide from view,
Winners that deform it.

Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiant galler;
You will soon forget to mourn—
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it;
Will it help your loneliness,
On the winds to die it?

Raise a hut, however slight;
Weeks and months, weather;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it.

Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river.

THE ESCAPE.

We were sitting by the window, Nellie and I, watching the white blinding snow as it came slanting down, shrouding the earth deeper and deeper with its frozen mantle.

Nellie spoke first.

"Edward," said she, tenderly, "do not go to Wellville to-day; perhaps we can get along two or three days with what we have, or until this storm is over. I fear to have you go, for it will surely blow and drift badly, and the trail is already lost in the snow. You would certainly perish before you could reach the village," and the blue eyes filled with tears at the bare suggestion.

Nearly two years before, we had left a pleasant New England home, humble, but surrounded by kind friends, and turned westward, hoping to better our fortune.

We removed to Minnesota and bought a small farm which had been partially improved by a family from Kentucky, who had left the State, being unable to endure the inclemencies of a Minnesota winter, and more especially unable to sympathize with the strong Republican sentiment which existed there before the outbreak of the Rebellion. As the farm contained both timber and prairie, a little cabin of hewn logs bordering on a creek of pure water, we planted a few flowers, and were contented and happy in our new home so far from kindred ties, and so near the outskirts of civilization.

Our nearest neighbors were two bachelor brothers, from the State of Indiana, and commonly known as "the Gordons."

They lived in a secluded, isolated sort of a way, seldom associating with the surrounding inhabitants.

They lived fully four miles from us, and nine miles farther in an easterly direction was the flourishing village of Wellville, situated on the bank of a considerable river.

The creek on which we were located, by a circuitous route of twenty miles or more, joined the river two miles below the village. Instead of following the winding stream, we always went directly to the village, across the plains, and over the bluff, on an old Indian trail, which led to St. Paul.

The first year after our arrival, what with buying provisions and a partial failure of crops, our small stock of money had been nearly expended.

Now was the second winter, and another failure of crops, still more severe than the first, had brought the grim monster, hunger, nearly to our door.

I had been waiting nearly a week for a pleasant day to present itself, that I might go to the village to procure the provisions which we were seriously beginning to need; but each day seemed destined to be followed by one still more severe.

I had just told Nellie that I should try and ride "Billy"—our noble horse which we had brought with us from the East—to Wellville, rather than to run the risk of waiting for the storm to abate, when she made the exclamation which I mentioned at the commencement of this story.

I tried to reason away my wife's fears, and as she gave a reluctant assent, drew on my outer clothing, and strapping a sack across "Billy," mounted him and rode away.

The wind was at my back, but I had a rough time of it, reaching the village just about four o'clock in the afternoon.

I had been expecting a small sum of money from the East; a bad debt which I had left in the hands of an attorney when I started for the West, and who, several weeks before, had written me that he had got a clue upon some concealed property, and thought that he could collect the entire amount of the obligation. He had decided to send it by Express, and I had been waiting for it for some time, but had at last

concluded that he had failed in his expectations of reaching it.

Upon arriving at the village I went directly to the Post Office, and calling for my mail, was rejoiced to receive among other matter, a large Express envelope addressed to Edward Watson, Wellville Post Office, Co., Minn., with \$140 marked upon the upper corner. I hastily transferred it to my inner coat pocket, and turning encountered a pair of glittering black eyes, attentively observing my movements.

Recognizing Thomas Gordon, I passed the compliments of the evening with him, and with several of the villagers who were also present, and soon after left the office. Proceeding to a provision store, I made my purchases, and entered into a spirited conversation on the engrossing topic of the War, with the merchant, a brisk, sharp-eyed New Englander.

Some time elapsed while we were thus engaged, and after noting the flight of time, I arose with the remark that I had a long ride before me. The merchant urged me to stay with him until morning, but I told him that I had left Nellie alone and she would be frightened should I stay away. Scarcely fastening to my horse the articles which I had bought, I mounted him and turned homeward with a lighter heart.

"Look out for the wolves, Watson," said my companion. "I understand that a large pack of them have been seen near the Dawson woods, about twenty miles south of here."

"Never fear," I replied, laughing lightly. "Billy is fleet and we can outwit them any time," and, bidding him good night, rode away.

It had ceased snowing, and the stars shone out here and there between the patches of cloud, like occasional gleams of sunshine in a dark forest. The wind was blowing fiercely from the north-west, and almost directly in my face, and the light snow was sending before it like dry leaves in an autumn gale, and filled my face ever anon with its cold touch that sent a shiver all over me. It had grown cold very fast since dark, but I was in fine health and spirits, dressed warmly, and was well prepared to endure the blast of a winter night.

Soon after passing the habitation of the Gordon Brothers, the only house on the whole route, I ascended a bluff or higher ground, and as I rose to the summit the piercing blast swept against me with a double force, and I was obliged to exert all my energies to keep from freezing.

After gaining the height, the trail extended along for nearly a mile beside a heavy forest, which swept miles away to the south-east beyond the river. I urged my horse; when he lowered his head, as if looking for the trail, then partially halted and extended his nostrils as if in fear, when suddenly two forms sprang up from the snow close beside me, and seizing the animal on either side by the bit, held him fast, one sternly demanding my money in a voice which I instantly recognized as belonging to Thomas Gordon. Being half frozen, and knowing that resistance would be useless, I proceeded to procure the envelope which I had that evening received, when, suddenly striking upon our quickened ear, came a sharp howl proceeding from the contiguous wood, which need be heard but once to be remembered a lifetime.

In less time than it takes me to record this, the cry of the wolf had been answered and re-answered till other terrors were lost for the moment, and night was made hideous by their fearful cries. Terrified, the assassins stood for a moment as if spell bound, but soon recovering, the elder Gordon exclaimed in a fearful tone, "My God, Jasper, we must kill Watson to save our lives, for the cursed wolves will be here in a minute longer!" Drawing a murderous looking knife, the demoniac villain sprang forward to execute his avowed purpose, when with a terrible struggle my horse freed himself of his antagonists and plunged madly forward.

The howlings sounded nearer and nearer, when suddenly the horse, over which I had no control, losing the trail, plunged into a dry gulch or ravine, and lay floundering in the snow. Several minutes elapsed ere we regained our feet and the higher ground, when looking away to the East I could see sharply defined against the sky, the figures of my would-be assassins flying for life, and close upon them, uttering their murderous yells the savage brutes thirsting for blood.

The accident saved my life, for the wolves probably emerged from the forest just after the horse fell, and seeing their victims, turned after them en masse at a speed which rendered human efforts unavailing.

I regained the saddle and rode home as fast as the willing animal could carry me.

Many an offering of praise and gratitude ascended from our lips to the Great Ruler of all when I had told my wife the thrilling story of my escape from the double danger which threatened me.

Two days after I rode over to the village, and relating my adventure, soon ministered a goodly company of the villagers, who returned with me to search for the victims.

We succeeded in finding a few bones and some of the clothes of the wretches; also the murderous looking knife which came so near ending my existence, covered with

gore in the struggle of its owner to free himself from the terrible embrace of the wolves. My express envelope was found with all its contents safe, near the spot where I had been required to deliver it to the assassins, whose terrible fate was a just retribution of their meditated villainies.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

With February is linked associations of St. Valentine's Day, when youthful lovers have such a passion for quivers, cupid's rings and darts, and emblems surrounded by lace-edged paper, and wreaths of forget-me-nots, that lie temptingly in the windows and appeal most strongly to the hearts of susceptible youth. What a trembling and anxiety among the fairer portion of humanity if, perchance, they receive one of those mysterious effusions, and it happens fortunately to come from some one they secretly enshrined in one corner of their heart. On no account would they express their joy—received with the most superb indifference and carelessly thrust into their pocket, only on the sly, to be taken out and carefully read over again.

Yet St. Valentine's Day is one of unoffending deceptions, dedicated to false signatures and handwritings so disguised that the sender themselves might be almost puzzled to know who penned the address. Letters and notes must necessarily be posted far away as possible, even if meant for some one near, for what fond lover does not expect his valentine to penetrate through any thin disguise? The postmaster himself can scarce refrain from wearing a knowing look as he delivers the various packets to those for whom intended, and almost knows from whom each one came, by the office that entitles him to acquaintance with all the youth and older ones far and near.

Millie Gray looks very bright as she adjusts her golden ringlets before the glass, for did she not see dark-eyed Will Lawson looking at valentines yesterday? and she is fully aware who he regards the prettiest lassie in all the town. Then shy young Minnie Ray wonders if the "Squire's" son, rich Jimmy, will remember her, or the dark and stylish Lena Dudley, of whom she is a trifle jealous; and anxiously all await the coming of events, while the pretty farmer's daughter sits demurely by the fire, wondering if Robert really meant all he said, and she should answer all his vows of fidelity on the morrow.

The origin and mystery of Valentine's Day is as uncertain as ever, and probably were it discovered its source would be as unmeaning as those from which many of our time-worn customs have originated. 'Tis a pleasant amusement, however, and as many of our fore-fathers won their hearts' first love in this way, perhaps it may as well be often followed by as good results now-a-days.

DOING NOTHING.

Many persons are growing up with the idea that idleness—especially manual idleness—is not quite respectable. There is no modern notion that more completely cuts at the root of wholesome sentiment and national or individual prosperity than this. Whether idleness takes the form of street loafing and gossip, that begets more active vices, or of the dreamy sentimentalism that fritters away life in vague fancies, or the busy idleness that occupies itself in a hundred ways to avoid the steady energetic pursuit of regular duty, it is equally culpable in its character and pernicious in its effects. To some degree, circumstances may attend to produce this evil. Some climates and some seasons of the year induce lassitude; some constitutions have less energy and power of will than others; and many diseases deprive the body of strength, and the mind of its elasticity. Even in these cases, the complete surrender to such influences is the surest method of increasing their power, while resistance will gradually weaken, and often remove much of the cause. In by far the larger number of instances, the vice of idleness results from the indulgence of luxurious habits, which breaks down the native energy of character. The person who regards pleasure as the chief of good, will soon lose the vigor and enterprise necessary to undertake, and the perseverance to carry through, any scheme requiring industry and self-command. Some, from a paucity of ideas, lack enterprise, and become torpid, being unable to see the utility of proper undertakings; while others, overwhelmed with a vast conception of what is to be done, sit down to the inaction of despair. Others there are who begin with eagerness and hope, but lacking perseverance, are intimidated by the first difficulty, and accomplish nothing because they have not the courage to face obstacles.

A WONDERFUL GIRL.—A certain Mlle. Marie, in Paris, who is without either arms or legs, sews, embroiders and writes by means of her mouth. The Figaro, which confirms this phenomena from ocular demonstration, says that nothing can be more wonderful than to see this young girl, whose face is very pretty, threading a needle and using her scissors by means of her lips.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

From our own correspondent.

Feb. 1869.

AS HOUR WITH THE HARPERS.

Fifty-two years ago James Harper and his brother John opened a small printing office on Dover street, New York, and went to work printing Senece's Morals and Lake's Essay on the Understanding. Eight years after they moved to their present location, two more brothers being added to the firm. In 1854 they had thirty-three of the largest power presses at work, some of them night and day. On the 10th of December, a plumber, lighting his lamp from a gas burner, threw the bit of blazing paper he used into what he supposed was a dish of water. His excessive caution proved to be the occasion of irreparable mischief. The dish was filled with camphene? Instantly the flames drove the occupants from the room, and in three hours the vast edifice was in ruins. Six hundred were employed here, but no lives were lost. Without long delay new and larger buildings, fire proof, were built of iron, brick and stone, covering about half an acre. The Franklin square building is used for offices and warehouse; the other on Cliff street for the mammoth factory. In the seventh story are the compositor's rooms and the electrotype's chambers; below, the binderies, press rooms, etc., a detailed account of which would occupy a volume. The immense amount of work done is shown by supposing, for example, that the sheets of the Magazine were spread out on the earth, they would cover over 16,000 acres, and as each is printed on both sides there are more than 32,000 acres of printed matter. Spread over pavement 15 inches wide they would stretch 9000 miles. Pile the numbers into a wall 5 feet high and 2 feet thick they would make a solid breastwork for five miles. Add to these the two weekly papers published by the Harpers and the countless volumes that come from their presses, and the results are enormous.

The quality as well as the amount of work is unexceptionable, in an artistic, mechanical, or moral point of view. This is the crowning excellence of the establishment. To Joseph W. Harper, Jr., your correspondent would feel under special obligations for permission to explore the buildings, and for the facts already stated, as well as others of which the crowded state of your columns forbids narration.

EXPRESS OF THE EYEBROWS.

The eyebrows are a part of the face comparatively but little noticed, though, in disclosing the real sentiments of the mind, scarcely any other feature of the face can come into competition. In vain the most prudent female imposes silence on her tongue; in vain she tries to compose her face and her eyes; a single movement of the eyebrows instantly discloses what is passing in her soul. Placed upon the skin and attached to muscles which move them in every direction, the eyebrows are obedient, in consequence of their extreme mobility, to the slightest internal impulses. There majesty, pride, vanity, severity, kindness, the dull and gloomy passions, and the passions soft and gay, are alternately depicted. "The eyebrows alone," said Lavater, the prince of physiognomists, "often give the positive expression of the character."

"Part of the soul," says Pliny, the elder, "resides in the eyebrows, which move at the command of the will." LeBron, in his treatise on passion, says that "the eyebrows are the least equivocal interpreters of the emotions of the heart, and of the affections of the soul."

"No, Sir."—In the palmy days of the late Duke of Wellington, when his influence was so great in England, an old friend who aspired to ecclesiastical promotion, wrote to him: "One word from you, and I am a bishop." The Iron Duke replied: "Not one word!" The reply of General Grant to those who called upon him for a speech at Providence, was even more laconic than that. "A speech, General, a speech!" exclaimed an enthusiastic admirer—"just give us two words." The General very emphatically responded, "No, Sir!" Whatever may be thought of its brevity, no one can deny that the General spoke just as many words as he was called upon to speak. It is a remarkable fact that men of the greatest deeds are generally the men of the fewest words—but when they do speak it is to the point. They hold to the truth of the axiom—"If speech is silver, silence is golden."

LOVE MAKES A FOOL OF OLD MEN.—A rich old farmer, aged seventy, in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, proposed marriage to a designing young child of sixteen, and was accepted. The old man's grown-up children had their anatomy progenitor apprehended on the charge of lunacy. The judge gave him a sound lecture on the subject of deceitful women, which so opened his eyes that he left the room vehemently protesting that he "didn't want to marry nobody, no how."

"Ma," said a little girl, "what is revenge?" "It is exemplified when your daddy scolds me, and I hit him with a broomstick."

Hope for the Dying.

The days of trial soon are o'er;
Tombstones, darkness, sorrow gone,
Already see the shining shore,
And let the bark move swiftly on.

The waves are dashing round the prow;
And hostile clouds are in the sky;
But wave nor cloud can hurt us now;
Behold! The shining shore is nigh!

I hear them from the land of flowers;
I see the bright, the happy band;
Row on! The victory is ours;
We soon shall reach the happy land.

Row on! row on! 'Till soon he's o'er;
And tears and joys shall be no more;
Let billows dash, let tempests roar;
Our feet have touched the shining shore.

SINGULAR FESTIVITIES AT POMPEII.

The municipality of Naples had no idea of being behind either Florence or Turin in welcoming Prince Humbert and his wife, who are soon expected to take up their abode in the palace. If they carry out the project they have now under consideration, the chances are that a larger crowd of sight-seers from all lands will be collected there than were attracted by the tournaments of the present capital of Italy. It is proposed to give a grand feast at Pompeii, which is to last for twenty-four hours. During that period, Pompeii is to be restored to what is supposed to have been its condition before it was destroyed. The shops are to be fitted up as in the days of old, and shopkeepers are to stand at the stalls in the costumes of the period. The streets, the temples, and the public monuments, are to be decorated as they would have been on festival days in ancient times. In fact, the present skeleton of Pompeii is to be revived, and the last days of Pompeii are to be enacted over again. At mid-day there are to be wrestlings, races and boxing, and Pompeian games, but no gladiators. The victors are to receive their prizes in the Temple of Fortune, and afterward it is proposed to open the old theatre, when a Greek tragedy, translated into Italian, will be acted. In the evening, the large amphitheatre is to be illuminated with torches, by the light of which dancers are to dance until daylight appears. Such is the spectacle which the municipality have now under consideration. If it is given, it will not only be magnificent as tournaments or illustrations may be, but it will have an interest of its own, which will attract many to witness it who are not ordinary sight-seers.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.—A certain fashionable lady residing on Fifth avenue, New York, recently discovered, on going to her chamber to dress for a party, that her diamonds, valued at half a million or thereabouts, had disappeared from a safe in her dressing-room. She applied to Tiffany for aid, and he recommended the offer of a large reward and no questions asked. Five thousand dollars was advertised for the return of the brilliants, and the next day came a note stating that they would be delivered in the presence of the lady and her husband only. The lady sent for a professional diamond merchant to test the stones, but instead of their being returned, there came another note upbraiding her with lack of faith in the honor of the thief, and stating that they would now be returned only in a vacant lot near Central Park. There a servant was sent the next day, and the diamonds returned.

JAPANESE STRATEGY.—Official dispatches from Japan give an account of an unparalleled piece of strategy on the part of one of the insurgent princes. He was encamped within a fortified enclosure on the summit of a hill. When the army of the Mikado advanced to besiege this stronghold, the gates were opened and a large delegation of the prince's officers appeared with a flag of truce. On being conducted before the Mikado's General-in-Chief, they declared that the prince repented, and would surrender himself, his army, and his stronghold. To show their contrition, and to prove their sincerity, they committed Haraki to the spot.

Some five hundred of the Mikado's best troops then marched into the stronghold, when the gates were closed and they were massed on the spot, the whole pretence of surrender having been carefully planned.

THE MODERN LADY.—It is one of the cherished dogmas of the modern lady; that she must not do anything for pay; and this prejudice of senseless conventionality is at this moment the worst obstacle in the way of feminine talent and energy. Let the co-operative house-keepers demolish it forever, by declaring that it is just as necessary and just as honorable for a wife to earn money as it is for her husband; let them moreover, resolve that time and skill is what they will pay for, and not sex, and the age will soon see what efforts women can make after excellence when there is hope of just reward for it. Then alone shall we begin to walk in self-respect, and the poor workwomen throughout the world to raise their drooping heads.—Atlantic Monthly for Dec.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.—Visitors are much pleased with the exhibition which the Niagara Falls are now making of themselves. There is an immense quantity of drift ice passing over them, which adds greatly to the grandeur of the scene.

WHAT WE OWE TO POVERTY.

Wealth owes to poverty an immense debt. Society is immensely and everlastingly indebted to the poor who have done its work, the long forgotten work on which it builds and lives.

It is poverty that felled the forests and planted the wilderness, and levelled the hills, and made straight the paths which we walk. Poverty handled and trimmed and laid upon one another every brick and stone by which this city has been built up, stretched every telegraph wire from Maine to California, twisted every strand of the cable which binds the hemispheres in electric communication.

Directed by intelligence, it is true, but what were the brains without the hands? Without poverty, who would serve us and do our work, build our railroads, and navigate our ships, and procure the products by which civilization subsists? Let not wealth come in and say: "It is my capital that has done all this!" True, my brother, but whence the capital? Hast thou, then, spun it spider-like out of thine own bowels? That capital is also the product of poverty. Thy capital is kneaded and moulded by the sweat of thy brother's face. His years, his weary years, are in it. It is carved out of thy brother's life. For what is capital but concrete labor—the labor of the past condensed and made portable? Poverty, not wealth, has done the work. He is the great and patient creditor of us all. Poverty, hard-handed, coarse-clad, toll bowed, weather-seared, shut out from the palaces and temples of thine own rearing, thou art our creditor. Who shall repay thee thy long dues? What a reckoning will that be when thou and wealth shall "sweet and compete?"—Dr. Hodge.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE. Ten thousand human beings are sent forth together on their journey. After ten years one-third, at least, have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary, and lie down and rise no more. At three score and ten a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety, these have been reduced to a mere handful of thirty patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again and the work of death is finished.

A MAN WITH A BIG SNAKE IN HIS STOMACH.—In Watertown, Wisconsin; there is a young man who has been troubled for the last twenty years with some living creature in his stomach, which has had the effect of seriously injuring his health, and at times has threatened to end his life. The notions of the animal can be distinctly heard and felt by placing the hand or ear upon his stomach. Frequently it comes up into his throat, producing strangulation. At such times he says he can still feel the lower part of the creature moving about in his stomach, leaving no doubt that it is a snake, and not a very small one either.

HOME CHEERFULNESS.—Many a child goes astray not because there is want of prayer and virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases they are apt to seek it. If it displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and faultfinding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

Not a great while ago, the school committee of a town in a neighboring State met for the purpose of examining a candidate who presented himself as a preceptor to teach the young how to shoot. After some interrogatories, the following geographical question was asked—"In what zone do you live?" "Zone! zone! do you think a man of my education lives in a zone? I live in a house."

"Mr. Timothy," said a young lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangle, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Almira," meekly replied the adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy the upper story entirely."

"Aw!" exclaimed an English cockney to a Western traveller in England, "speaking aw of the law of primogeniture, 'ave you bentail in America?" "Bentail!" said the American, looking at his interrogator with curiosity; "no, sir. We have the cocktail in America, and a very popular drink it is."

"I would do anything to gratify you; I would go to the end of the world to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Well, sir, go there and stay, and I shall be pleased," was the reply.

During the present year Council Bluffs will become a terminus for eight railroads.

The Journal.

SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1869.

The inauguration of Gen. Grant will take place next Thursday. He is becoming more talkative as the occasion approaches, and will probably make known who are to constitute his cabinet before his inauguration. That he will disappoint many aspirants is quite certain.

We have just found out what the women are after in their demand for "women's rights." The organ of women's rights at Chicago says they want sovereignty in the parental realm, in short they want the privilege of going a-courting as the fellows do, and selecting their own husbands. That's a grand idea, but we suppose the other sex will have the privilege of saying No, when they pop the question, and unless these ungallant fellows undergo a change of nature they will dislike the female that comes running after them. We doubt if the custom of wooing can be much changed by these women who haven't been courted and want to court somebody, and we fear that most of them will die outside the pale of matrimony.

Borrowing is coming into fashion in high circles. We have read that bridal presents were borrowed for show, and costly diamonds are borrowed for stylish parties. Gen. Butler has gone ahead in this line by borrowing furniture from the Capitol to furnish his own house at a brilliant party. Perhaps borrowing will become more and more the fashion, and it would certainly be economy for somebody to open a store where wedding dresses could be borrowed for a day or two, and also mourning dresses for funerals. By these means people in ordinary circumstances could appear in as costly style as the more affluent neighbors, and one dress would serve for fifty occasions. It would not cost so much to get married if some such means were adopted, and we are not sure that it would not be productive of matrimony in this extravagant age. The experiment is worth trying, at any rate.

DEATH OF REV. DR. VAILL.

REV. JOSEPH VAILL, D. D., died in this village on Monday morning last, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Last week we announced his sudden illness, but he was not then thought to be in a dangerous condition. His disease, which a post-mortem examination showed to be inflammation of the heart, rapidly culminated, and after five days of suffering he quietly sank into the repose of death.

Dr. Vaill was born at Haddam, Ct., July 28th, 1790, and graduated at Yale in the class of 1811. In the same class were S. E. Morse, late of the New York Observer, the late Gov. Baldwin of Connecticut, and Gideon Granger, Postmaster-General under Harrison, with whom he was on intimate terms. He was first ordained in the ministry at Brimfield, Feb. 2d, 1814, when but 23 years of age, his father preaching the sermon, and an only brother, also a clergyman, being one of the council. The Congregational Church over which he was settled consisted of only 70 members, but under his ministrations the number increased to 176 in four or five years. After twenty years' service, he left Brimfield and removed to Portland, Me., where he was pastor of a church for four years. The climate not agreeing with his health, he returned to Brimfield by invitation, and was a second time settled over the church there, his brother, Wm. F. Vaill, preaching the sermon. His final separation from this church occurred three years after, when he left to engage in soliciting help for Amherst College, which was then struggling with poverty. He was elected trustee of that body in 1821, four years before it was incorporated, and continued a member to the time of his death. During his pastorate at Brimfield he collected for the college \$35,000, but the institution needed further help, and he was again pressed into the service, devoting four years of his life to the exclusive work of the college. In all, the institution must have realized nearly a hundred thousand dollars from his labors, and to his efforts it owes its present prosperity.

Having finished his work at Amherst, he again entered the ministry, and was installed over the Cong. Church in Somers, Ct., Aug. 5th, 1845. He remained in Somers nine years, when, at his request, he was dismissed to become pastor of the 2d Cong. Church in Palmer. On the 6th of Dec., 1854, he was installed here, and after thirteen years' service he asked to be relieved, having continued in the ministry for over fifty years. His connection with the church here was dissolved in Feb. 1868, but he continued to preach in other places, having more calls than he could supply.

Dr. Vaill belonged to the old school of what were termed orthodox ministers, but he did not let his theology nor his habits get old or rusty. When first settled at Brimfield, his sermons, after the fashion of the day, were an hour and a half long, though mercury was below zero, and there were no stoves or fire in the church; but here his sermons were usually limited to half an hour. "If they are shorter," said he, "I mean to make them better," and he was continually writing new sermons, "suited to the times," as he expressed it, though he had thousands of old ones at his command. He abhorred the idea of becoming rusty, and meant to keep himself bright by constant use. During his ministry he was frequently called to sit in ecclesiastical councils, and performed many other duties outside of the ministry. He was for awhile trustee of the Theological Seminary at Bangor, was a member of Amherst Academy corporation, and for the past

thirty years or more was one of the corporation of Monson Academy. He also found time to give thirty years as school committee in the places where he preached. As long as five years ago, he had preached seven thousand times, and written out more than two thousand sermons, besides having given many public addresses and lectures.

Though nearly four score of years had gathered upon his head, Dr. Vaill kept himself young, and would have passed for a man of sixty. He dressed with care and neatness, and his presence was always striking on any occasion. He was social in his habits, and few could tell a story better or give a sharper retort. The esteem in which he was held in this vicinity was exhibited last November in his election to the legislature. In that body he occupied the place of chairman on the committee of parishes and religious societies, and was a member of the committee on the Liquor Law. He leaves a wife, five sons and a daughter. Two of his sons are clergymen, one settled in Cape Elizabeth, the other in Shutesbury.

IN THE LEGISLATURE.

On Tuesday, the death of Dr. Vaill was announced to the House of Representatives by Mr. HAYNES of Springfield, who was followed by Rev. Mr. Sanger of Webster in the following appropriate remarks:

MR. SPEAKER.—In the absence of the gentleman from Belchertown, upon whom would devolve the duty of offering resolves and such remarks as are appropriate, it becomes my duty, by selection, to address through you the House.

Sir, before we had assembled here to assume our legislative duties, the press announced to us that death had summoned one of our number from the walks of time to those of eternity. Again he has entered our ranks and laid low the senior member of this House. It was but yesterday that we saw him walk these aisles in the vigor of health and with high, with the elasticity of youth. But he has gone to his God and our God.

Joseph Vaill was born July 28, 1790. He graduated at Yale College in 1811. He was first settled as pastor of the Cong. Church in Brimfield, Feb. 2d, 1814. After a successful pastorate of twelve years, he removed to Portland, Me. His settlement in Portland covered a period of three years, when he returned to Brimfield and ministered to the flock of his youth and maturity. For many years he was engaged in the ministry at various places, and was a member of the Synod of the Cong. Church in New England. He was a man of high character, and a blessing to the community. He was a man of high character, and a blessing to the community.

The best preparation for death is true preparation for life—a preparation that prepares us to meet faithfully the duties of life—to discharge with resolution and ability the responsibilities that meet us. We remember him as he came to us in the age and rich in experience. We shall remember that prayer he offered for the first day of our session—

Our session—It will bless us as long as we live. His vacant seat speaks more pointedly than any poor word I can offer. His absence is more eloquent than any set of words I can frame. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his."

Mr. Sanger then offered the following resolutions, which, with the exception of the last one, were adopted by a unanimous vote, the House rising:

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep emotion the tidings of the death of the senior member of the House, Joseph Vaill, of Palmer, representative of the second district of Hampshire county, whose venerable age, whose long and successful ministry, and whose high character, and whose devotedness to his fellow-men.

Resolved, That the loss of one so long and well known, so highly esteemed in the religious community, and whose death is a loss to our country, is a loss to our country, and that a generation was a trustee of one of our most prominent institutions of learning—will be deeply felt by the whole community.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our deepest sympathy in their great bereavement, and to the community in which he lived, our condolence for their loss of an honored and faithful representative.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for the services and character of the deceased, a committee be appointed to attend his funeral.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and that a further testimony of respect the House do now adjourn.

The Speaker then appointed as the committee to attend the funeral, Messrs. Haynes of Springfield, Blake of Belchertown, Sanger of Webster, Williams of Worcester, Davis of Lunenburg, Wells of Chicopee, Leonard of Southbridge, Edwards of Westhampton, and Fiske of Cambridge.

The last resolution was adopted, and the House accordingly adjourned.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of Dr. Vaill took place at the Cong. Church Thursday noon, a prayer having been previously offered at his residence by Rev. Mr. Fullerton. Besides a large gathering of his friends, neighbors, and former parishioners, there were present several of the trustees of Amherst College and Monson Academy, with whom he had been associated, a committee of the legislature, accompanied by the chaplain of the House, and the sergeant-at-arms, and many clergymen from the neighboring towns.

The exercises at the church were as follows: Chant, by the choir; reading of the scriptures, by Rev. B. M. Fullerton of Palmer; prayer, by Rev. O. T. Walker, chaplain of the House of Representatives; singing hymn, selected by the deceased for the occasion—

"Jesus, lover of my soul;" sermon, by Rev. Dr. Stearns, president of Amherst College, founded on John 19:30—"It is finished." The speaker remarked that as Christ, at the close of his remarkable life, had said "It is finished," so it might be said of the good man, when his measure of life had been filled and he was gathered to his final rest. The sermon was mainly historical, furnishing a detailed account of the labors and life of the deceased, from facts furnished by him in the winter of 1867, when he requested that if Dr. Stearns should survive him he would preach his funeral sermon. As the sermon will be published, we omit further notice. Rev. H. M. Parsons of Springfield made the concluding prayer, and the services closed by singing the anthem—

"Cast thy burden on the Lord." The large concourse of people then took a farewell look at the remains, which were encased in a rosewood casket, trimmed

with silver. A wreath of flowers lay upon the casket, and the desk, in front of which the body was placed, was draped in mourning. The remains were taken to Brimfield for burial, where he had prepared a suitable spot and erected a monument. On their arrival there the casket was opened, and hundreds of his former parishioners pressed forward to take a parting look. Rev. Mr. Hyde, pastor of the church in that town, offered a fervent prayer, and then, with the closing day—the sun sinking behind the western hills—the remains of Dr. VAILL were committed to their final rest.

MORE SHOOTING AT WESTFIELD.—Westfield is a wicked place for one of its size, and rowdiness, street fights, and drunken orgies are of frequent occurrence. That a man gets killed now and then is not to be wondered at. Last Sunday, two men, W. H. Bell and Thomas French, went into a barber's shop, and while there got into a fight with another man, and when officers went to arrest them they jumped into a sleigh and fled towards Southfield. They were pursued, overhauled, and arrested, but they fought the officers, and Bell got away and was running when officer Tyler commanded him to stop, threatening to shoot if he did not. Bell continued running, and Tyler fired, the ball entering Bell's heart, and he died in less than ten minutes. The officer was arrested, yet he cannot escape censure in shooting a man made insane by liquor, and not in the act of assaulting him. Bell was about 22 years of age, and was soon to be married.

WHAT A GIRL SAW IN A TRANCE.—A colored girl at Springfield was in a trance four days, recently, and after coming out of it she related that she had been to hell, where she was broiled one day in a lake of fire—then she was caught up to heaven, where she saw the Lord, and he told her to be a good girl and not to go to balls and parties any more. While in hell she saw a great many Springfield people (which isn't to be wondered at) who were rolling in the flames awaiting the day of judgment.

A TRICK PLAYED OFF.—Some Iowa girls lately played a sly trick, to which they invited two young men, for the purpose of taking charge of the team. A few miles before the destination was reached the young men jumped out to walk. The girls whipped up and compelled the young fellows to walk the rest of the distance. The latter on their arrival took the team and drove home alone, leaving the ladies to meditate on the fickleness of fortune, eighteen miles from home.

A WARNING TO MARRIED MEN.—Quite an interesting law case has been decided this week in Cincinnati. A young woman sued a man for breach of promise, with aggravation. The defendant was a married man, and the plaintiff was a married woman. The court held that this was not a bar to the recovery of damages when, as in this case, the knowledge of the previous marriage was withheld from the plaintiff.

A FAMILY FEUD.—There is a curious family feud in Abbotsville, Miss. The head of the family, an old man of 80 years, and his son, are at deadly enmity with his son-in-law and two grandchildren. This pleasant family party met on the street the other day, shot each other with pistols, hacked each other with bowie-knives, and finally retired, every one wounded, agreeing to settle it some other day.

A NOVEL SUIT.—The latest novelty in suits growing out of matrimonial relations is reported from Belleville, Illinois. A Mr. File sued Mr. Eisdelle for fifty dollars commission for securing a husband for the daughter of the latter. The case was thrown out of court, but Mr. Eisdelle thought it advisable to give the old fellow ten bushels of corn and pay his costs.

TERMINAL DISASTER.—A dreadful disaster occurred on board the Austrian frigate Radetzky on Saturday last, while on a cruise in the Adriatic. An explosion took place in the powder magazine, completely blowing up the ship and killing nearly all the officers and crew.

NO HONEST POLITICIANS IN NEW YORK.—Mayor Oakey Hall is reported to have testified under oath, before the Congressional Committee sent to investigate the New York election frauds, that there was not an honest politician in that city.

CAUTION TO LOVERS.—An English girl has obtained £5 damages from a sweet-heart who, while courting her, squeezed her hand so hard as to break her finger. After marriage he might have broken her head with impunity.

A GREAT CALM.—It has been observed that there has not been for many years in Washington, during the two months immediately preceding the inauguration of a President, such an extraordinary calm as is now prevailing there.

HOW DID HE KNOW?—A correspondent of the Chicago Republican declares that the elegant apartment opposite the main doorway of the United States Senate Chamber is "notoriously the greatest assignation place in Washington."

FATALITY OF THE SMALL POX.—It is estimated that twenty-eight hundred persons have died of small pox in California during the past year. In the Chinese quarters of San Francisco the disease is almost unknown.

AN OLD STORY.—A story has been started in France that Maximilian was not killed in Mexico, but is still living. The most singular part of this story is the credence given to it by the French newspapers.

DECORATED.—On Friday, last week, the tomb of President Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill., was decorated by the citizens—the day being the anniversary of his birth.

A COMET COMING.—Wincke's comet is expected next June, and a larger one than has been seen in the present generation may suddenly make its appearance.

NEW STATE.—A new State is talked of, to be formed out of Delaware and the Eastern shore counties of Maryland. This is like making two bites of a cherry.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

TOWN MEETING.—Our annual town meeting occurs in two weeks from Monday, and the matter of town officers is already a subject of discussion.

NEW INVENTION.—John Waite of this village has received letters patent for a new harness saddle, which is said to be a great improvement on those now in use.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF Mr. Haynes' absence, there will be no preaching at the Baptist church in this village to-morrow. The usual parish meeting, however, will be held in the evening, at 6 o'clock.

BRIMFIELD.—Mr. and Mrs. Solander, of Brimfield, celebrated their golden wedding on the 17th inst. The people of the town gathered in large numbers, and gave them a family Bible and \$25. A letter from Rev. Dr. Vaill of Palmer, since deceased, was received and read to the company. Not one of the company who attended their marriage is now living.

WOUNDED BY A PISTOL.—Frank M. Mason of this village, while carrying his overcoat on his arm in the street at New York on the 14th, was shot by a pistol which fell from his overcoat pocket and struck the walk. The ball passed into the fleshy part of his leg above the knee, and has not been extracted. He returned home on Monday last.

SUCCESSOR TO DR. VAILL.—It is quite probable that the Speaker will appoint a time for a new election to fill the vacancy in the legislature occasioned by the death of Rev. Dr. Vaill. The session has not fairly commenced, and it is customary to wait until the session is well advanced before a successor is to be chosen, it would be fitting that some one who has had legislative experience should be elected, instead of a new man who would be an embarrassment to himself and the legislature.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.—The religious interest in the Cong. society still continues.—The Moses who attempted to lead the benighted people of this vicinity into the land of Spiritual light last week, made few converts. Denouncing other beliefs, the Bible, &c., is not apt to make proselytes in this age.—The latest, deep, stickiest mud of the season was found in our streets the first of the week.—Most of our winter schools have closed.—The town officers are footing up receipts and expenses for their annual report.—The month goes out to-morrow. Look out for March squalls about these days.—One more dancing school at the Nassawoman.

SOUTH WILBRAHAM.—The Congregational church which has been under repairs for more than six months, is quite, or nearly completed. It is to be rededicated the 3d of next month. Rev. E. D. Chamberlain, the pastor elect, is to be installed at the same time. Letters missive have already been sent inviting an ecclesiastical council for the purpose. The church has been very much benefited, and is already one of the most beautiful edifices in the vicinity. May they realize all they anticipate in their new church, and their new pastor.—James Stanton met with quite an accident Wednesday of this week. In taking his horse from the wagon he was run over and bruised considerably. It is hoped not seriously.

JOHN H. HOWELL.—The late Mr. Howell, of Stafford, Conn., possession given April 24th, Newton Beebe has fowls which lay eggs weighing one-fourth of a pound each. James Dorman has sixteen fowls, which, during the last twenty weeks have laid one hundred and twenty dozen eggs, and he has sold them at forty-five cents per dozen, amounting to the nice little sum of \$45. It is with regret that we learn the death of the venerable Dr. Vaill. He will be missed in more places than Palmer. He was considered here as a noble oak in the forest of ministers, and all mourn his death. I suppose there are already those who would like to fill his place in the State House for the remainder of the session. Have you another candidate to nominate? If not we have the material in Wilbraham.

MOXSON.—The forthcoming election of town officers is close at hand, and, as the present town clerk will resign the honors and emoluments of that office, a change will be made in that office, and it is also rumored that considerable change will be made in other offices.—Rev. E. Woods, former pastor of the M. E. Church, delivered a lecture at that church last Tuesday evening. Subject: "Familiar People," which was well attended and listened to with much interest, it being one of Mr. Woods' best, which is hard to beat.—Mum & King killed a two years old calf a few days since which weighed 821 lbs. dressed; and, as they will always have the best, forewarned good steaks know where to lay.—George S. Harvey and Joshua Tracy were drawn as jurymen for the March term of court at Springfield.—A poster, announcing an address on gymnastics, by Alvah B. Kittredge of Amherst College, and also that exercises would be given with dumb-bells, wand and Indian clubs, drew forth the following remarks from a tish peddler who said he "always did like to hear them dumb-bells; thought it was the prettiest kind of music, and the clubs, too, they help mightily; and guessed he should come down and hear that performance, anyhow."—The Lincolnton Society have arranged for a splendid exhibition on Wednesday evening next, to consist of drama, declamation, music, &c., and it will probably be the best performance of the season, as the parties interested are exerting themselves to make it more attractive than ever heretofore. They have arranged reserved seats for that class who always complain that they can't get a good seat, and the dined extra will make no difference with this class who want the best, and of course ought to pay for it.

BREVITIES.

Barum is writing another book.
A blunder-buss—Kissing the wrong girl.
New York is to have a new Jewish paper.
Florida is luxuriating on ripe watermelons.
Gen. and Mrs. Grant have called on Mrs. Gen. Butler.
One thousand barrels of whiskey were seized by the Government in New York last week.
It is said a Newport firm will clear \$150,000 by the late rice in molasses and sugar.
A couple were recently married on a railroad car between Oneida and Chicago.
There are six idiotic children in a family in Martin county, Ind. The parents are first cousins.
A lace dress which cost \$6000 in gold at Brussels appeared at a recent reception in New York.
An ingenious American once exhibited at a show in Bermuda a yellow silk handkerchief made of spiders' webs.

BURIED TREASURE.—A gentleman in Texas was so provident as to save \$25,000 in gold, and bury it, and so inconsiderate as to die without telling where it was hid.

ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

BEAR steaks are eaten in Paris.
Silver dust is an ornament for the hair.
"Old Pinto" is Bowdler's pet name in Memphis.

General Butler has nominated General Grant for 1872.
It is said that the tea most in favor among unmarried ladies, is *beau te*.

Cambrie sells, in blue striped patterns, are announced for spring fashions.
It is reported that Mr. Beecher is threatened with poisoning of the brain.
Velociped accidents are coming. A hold rider broke his leg in New York the other day.

Green pens are already appearing in North Carolina.

The Irish girls of St. Louis sent nearly \$10,000 during Christmas week to their friends in the old country.

A Kansas man has invented a new kind of silts, and has applied for a patent on it as a "mud velocipede."

A New Jersey youth has been sent to prison for a year for killing a boy who was beating his brother.

A patent for a "snoring preventive" has been applied for. It consists in the application of a clothes-pin to the nose.

About Norfolk the farmers have been putting in crops. Peas are several inches high, and the bread wheat is large.

Columbus, Ky., indulges in regular target shootings on Sundays.

Norwich, Conn., boasts of a book-keeper who can write equally well with both hands at once.

Virginia oystermen have a curious notion that it is certain death to eat raw oysters immediately after sugar or molasses.

A lady in New York ran up a bill of \$40,000 for dress goods in three months, and ran her husband into bankruptcy.

Fish eyes have been utilized. They make a due description of gluten, and attention has been turned to their preservation.

A lady lecturer at the West has been described in a newspaper as "an ornament to both sexes."

There is a very young negro mother at Palaski, Tenn. She is but 11 years and eight months old. Both she and her baby are in perfect health.

The Bombay High Court has decided that leprosy is a ground for divorce. One in every hundred of the population is a leper.

Women cooks in private families in New York command all the way from \$15 to \$10 per month, according to their skill and experience.

A lunatic asylum for persons crazy on solving the United States financial problem, is proposed.

A tombstone in Maine, erected to the memory of a wife, bears the inscription: "Fears cannot restore her; therefore I weep."

J. T. Leonard, of St. Joseph, Mo., has accomplished the feat of walking 100 miles in twenty-four consecutive hours. He performed the last mile in eleven minutes.

A New Haven merchant has insured his life for \$5000, for the benefit of the New Haven Orphan Asylum.

A Cincinnati juror, after a unanimous verdict of not guilty had been agreed upon, gravely suggested that the acquitted man be recommended to the merciful consideration of the Court.

The aged parents of a young man who recently fell a victim to the violence which prevails in Arkansas, dropped dead simultaneously when informed of his murder.

At the Congregational College at Grinnell, Iowa, out of three hundred students two hundred are young women. No bunnies are sold in the town. The college is \$125,000 in debt.

MURDEROUS AFFAIR.—A desperate tragedy occurred on Friday night near Raleigh Springs, Tenn. A party of white men (unknown) assaulted three others in the house of Colonel Morris Dickens, and, after killing one at the door, put out the lights and commenced an indiscriminate attack in the darkness. Colonel Dickens escaped by crawling to the door, and obtained help from his neighbors, who returned with him to his house to find his two companions and a negro woman dead, and the house riddled of everything valuable.

DECIDED TO HAVE A POSTMASTER.—In Janesville, Wisconsin, the people last week voted for two days on the question of the postmaster, the Congressman from that district having agreed to nominate the person who received the largest number of votes. A Miss Angie King received a majority of forty-two.

LAKES OF PETROLEUM.—Alaska opens rich. In addition to her valuable coal beds, lakes of petroleum have been discovered in the northern part of the country, specimens of which, dipped out in a tin cup, and poured into bottles, are on their way to Washington.

JOINED THE JEWISH CHURCH.—At Chicago, on Sunday, a young lady named Mary Gilmore publicly confessed her adhesion to the Jewish faith, at one of the synagogues, in the presence of about three hundred people.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.—The United States Hotel at Boston has passed into new hands. Messrs Barnes & Buck becoming the proprietors. Mr. Barnes has for twenty-eight years been a railroad conductor, and known the wants of the travelling public; and Mr. Buck has been twelve years proprietor of that model hotel at Lake Memphremagog. The new proprietors propose to restore the former glory of the States, and make it what it used to be when Col. Spooner presided there. The furniture, bedding, &c., will be entirely renewed or renovated, and the accommodations in every particular improved. Those who may have wandered away from the States in the past few years in search of better quarters, that they may return to the place of their first love as a slighted swain returns to the arms of his sweetheart.

LAVELY BUSINESS.—On Friday, the 12th, a man named Riggs stole a horse from Francis Atwood, of Watertown, Ct. The next day he was arrested and taken to New Haven to jail, and from there, on Tuesday, he was brought to Litchfield, and pleading guilty in the Superior Court, was sentenced to the State Prison for three years.

NOT TRUSTY.—A resident of Fairfield, Ct., recently deposited \$500 in the savings bank in his wife's name, to keep it safe. As the result of a domestic broil the wife has since decamped, taking the money with her, and her anxious husband is enquiring of her whereabouts.

ADVANCE IN SUGAR.—The revolution in Cuba has advanced the price of sugar, and the price of cigars has also an upward tendency. One Boston merchant has made \$120,000 on sugar within thirty days.

ONCE on a thine, it is said, a man sold his soul to the devil on condition that he should be prosperous and make money in every enterprise he embarked in. He accordingly grew rich, and every business he engaged in flourished to the astonishment of everybody. Finally he started a newspaper. It didn't pay, and the devil came to his relief, but the enterprise proved ruinous to both, and the devil has been known as a "poor devil" ever since. This reminds us that the great Erie speculator, Fisk, having grown rich in various enterprises in different parts of the country now contemplates buying a newspaper, (The Union probably) at Springfield, and trying his hand at that; also that Ben Butler is coming to his aid for the purpose of using up Sam Bowles of the Republican. Ben, it is said, has for a long time wished to be at the head of a well established journal, and now the opportunity has dawned. It will be a good chance for him to scatter his ideas and his money.

MR. DAWES, our representative in Congress, withdraws his name as candidate for the speakership, which leaves the course clear for Mr. Blaine.

THE GREAT NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE.—The greatest interest is manifested in the Great Musical Festival, which is to take place in June next. The merchants of Boston are subscribing liberally, and success seems to be certain. Mr. Gilmore, the projector, knows no such word as fail. Mr. G. Tourjee, director of the New England Conservatory of Music, has charge of the formation of the choruses, and all societies, choirs and vocal clubs that desire to join should at once apply to him for admission. Carl Zerrahn will lead the great Chorus at the Festival. The selections of music will soon be announced. It will be the grandest affair ever known in this or any other country, and those who may assist in executing the splendid compositions of the old masters will be fortunate.

A SINGULAR REQUEST.—A man accompanied by his wife and five children, appeared recently at the Fall River police court, when the husband and father prayed to be sent one month to the house of correction as he could not refrain from the use of intoxicating drinks. The presiding justice granted his prayer.

VALUABLE CARGO.—The catch of bone of a ship belonging to New Bedford, on her last voyage, amounted to \$6,000 pounds, the last of which has recently been sold, the whole amounting to the handsome sum of \$106,000. Years ago whale-bone was hardly considered worth lumbering up a ship with.

HIS SONS THE PALE-BEARERS.—The funeral of Sol. Smith, the veteran actor, took place at St. Louis, on Tuesday, and was largely attended by prominent citizens of that city. Seven sons of the deceased were present and acted as pall-bearers, by his special request previous to his death.

LIBERAL PROVISION.—Mr. James Gordon Bennett has set aside \$10,000 for the benefit of the New York Herald Club. This association is composed solely of the Herald employees and is a mutual benefit society. Its members are thus kept above want in cases of sickness or misfortune.

WON'T CONFEDERATE.—The Legislature of British Columbia has decided against confederation with Canada, by a vote of eleven to five. It has also unanimously passed an appropriation for the encouragement of female immigration.

LONG PETITION.—The memorial sent by the Union League Club of New York to Congress for a change in the naturalization laws, is five hundred feet in length and contains 27,000 signatures. It is the greatest petition ever sent to Congress.

VELOCIPEDE RACE.—A fifteen hundred dollar velocipede race from New York to Chicago has been arranged between two gentlemen connected with the theatrical profession in New York. The day of starting is not yet named.

KILLED AT LAST.—Ritchie, the desperado who killed the sheriff of Pickens county, Georgia, last month, was overtaken in Tennessee and himself killed. In his final struggle, however, he succeeded in slaying two of his pursuers.

DIED SINGING.—An ex-sheriff of Brown county, Minn., F. A. Brandt, lately committed suicide by taking strychnine, and the St. Paul Press says "hilariously singing a song, and inviting his friends to a farewell drink."

THE RICHEST MAN.—The wealthiest man in America is young Stevens, son of the late Edwin A. Stevens, who, when he reaches his majority, will be worth \$150,000,000, by the advance of his estate in New Jersey.

PURCHASED FOR SHERMAN.—The Washington Intelligence states that General Grant's residence on I street, including the furniture, has been purchased for \$65,000, and will be presented to Lieutenant General Sherman.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—One of the passengers who was injured at the Erie Railway accident at Carr's Rock, some months ago, has been awarded damages in the sum of \$15,000.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—A man in Brooklyn, who was fined \$5 for whipping his wife, says, "It's all along of the women's rights talk."

Mobile has a Burdell murder case. Burdell was a negro, whose head was cut off by Sims, another freedman.

A Common Remark.—Pure SONO BITTERS are just what we need in our situation. It supplies a want and saves us much trouble. It is said or written to us every day by some one from all parts of the country. C. A. ROBERTSON, 99 Washington street, Boston.

and the thing is done.

O. D. MORSE &
CENTRAL SHOE
Springfield, Feb. 27, 1890.

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WANTED.—A few good W.
once, where the best of wages
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Agent for Brook
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PAYERS at
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 G. FAY,
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When information is wanted, please
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HAVE and four Round Corn
BEST MAKE. Can be seen at my
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WINTER BLEACHED
the very best for lubrication
At

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ing purposes.
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..

A HINT TO MANUFACTURERS.—A christi-
an business man in London, who has forty
hands in his employ, while himself tem-
porarily disabled by sickness, was led to
think how it would have been with one
of his men if the sickness had been sent upon
him instead. This led him to inquire
whether he could afford to increase the
wages of his employees. After a close cal-
culation, he decided that he could afford to
pay them in the aggregate \$1000 more per
year. He did so. Then he established a
prayer-meeting every morning at six
o'clock, to last a quarter of an hour, and as
it was in the time for which he paid them,
he required their presence, and met them
there. The result of the whole has been
very happy.

A LINGUIST.—A Hartford paper says
that a member elect of the Connecticut
Legislature is "short, fat, red-headed, and
speaks several languages, among which is
profane, with great fluency."

The key to a mother's heart is the
baby. Keep that well oiled with praise, and
you can unlock all the pantries of the
house.

Beecher once said, "There is a great
deal more gospel in a loaf of bread some-
times than in an old dry sermon."

An insensible heart is the devil's an-
vil; he fashions all manner of sins upon
it, and the blows are not felt.

A cruel wag turned a bald-headed
friend into an enemy by advising him to
have his head shaved.

Why are your nose and chin always
at variance? Because words are continually
passing between them.

When Autumn is married to Winter
the wedding cake is always frosted.

When does a man's ease lie in a nut
shell? When he's a Colonel.

An ex-plainer.—A retired carpenter.

VELOCIPEDIAN!

STALL FED! OYSTERS!!

Warrented Fat and Solid, and constantly on hand
At JEFF'S SALOON, SUTCLIFFE'S BLOCK.

Also, per Steamer Velocipede, a fresh assortment of

EGGS, RAISINS, COCOANUTS,

ORANGES, LEMONS,

SARDINES, NUTS, OF ALL KINDS,

Together with the best assortment of

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BAR SOAP, CODFISH, OIL POLISH, BLACK-
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Harnesses, Boots and Shoes, HAIR
DIE, HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Composition Powders, Essences, Smoking and
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JEFF'S SALOON, Sutcliffe's Block.

Monson, Feb. 15, 1892.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

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PICTURE MAKING!

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UNSURPASSED, EITHER IN CITY OR COUNTRY.

ALL STYLES FERREOTYPES,

From the smallest gem, at 25 cents per dozen, to
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All desirable Styles of

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—Also—

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H. G. CROSS,

Palmer, December 19, 1891.

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payment.

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S. W. SMITH.

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FOUND AT ANY OTHER PLACE. Therefore,

LET US SING:

"Shouldn't and acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Shouldn't and acquaintance be forgot,
And days of old lang syne?"

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bia College of Physicians and Surgeons, &c.

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Rooms, Commercial Block.

HENRY JONES, Barber and Hair-Dresser,

opposite the Antique House.

J. W. MUSHEN, Merchant Tailor and

Manufacturer of Custom Clothing.

JAMES FOUNDER, by Squier & Wood, Fur-

nace street.

J. H. HAYES, Attorney and Counsellor at

Law, office in Ferry's Block, opposite Antique

House.

JOHN SHAW, Brick Mason and Plasterer.

Residence at the Antique House.

S. S. LOMBS, Dealer in all kinds of House

Furniture, Coffins, and Burial Caskets.

LOOMIS & PAGE, Carriage-Makers and Re-

pairers, at the old stand of N. Smith & Co.

L. H. DODGE, Dealer in Books and Shoes.

Core Store, Palmer House Block.

L. C. CARTER, Dealer in Fruit and Con-

fectionery, Ferry's Block, opposite Antique House.

NASSAWANNO HOUSE, by J. W. Weeks,

opposite the depot.

SIMPLY E. HAYNES, Billiard and Refresh-

ment Room, Confectionery, &c., Cross Block.

S. W. SMITH, Dealer in Groceries, Pro-

visions, Flour, &c.

S. W. L. LAWRENCE will pay the highest cash

price for Hides and Pelts.

WM. MERRIAM, Currier and Retail Dealer

in all kinds of Leather.

WOOD & ALLEN, Druggists and Dealers

in Medicines, Books, Fancy Articles, &c.

WILLIS BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Mil-

linery, Carpets, and Crochery Ware.

WIFE.

CHAS. PHIPPS, Agent for Florence Sewing

Machines and Musical Instruments.

F. D. RICHARDS, Attorney and Counsellor

at Law.

G. K. CUTLER, Bookseller and Stationer,

and dealer in Paper, Hangings, Musical In-

struments, and Sheet Music.

H. M. CONLEY & CO., Dealers in Hardware,

Agricultural and Machine Tools, Paints, Oils, and

Glass, Furniture and Wooden Ware. Especial at-

tention given to Framing Pictures.

J. M. Aiken, Photographer and Dealer in